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POST
February 7, 1959 – 15¢

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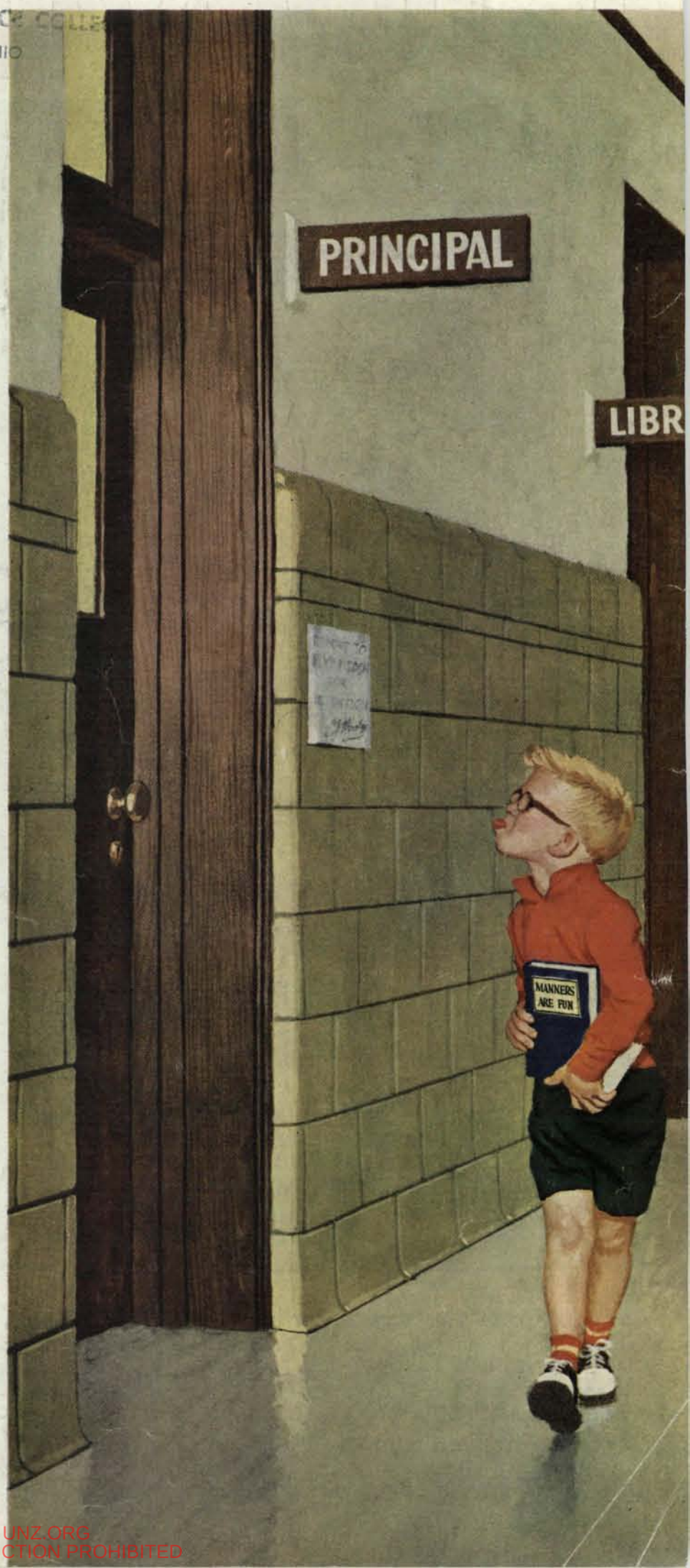

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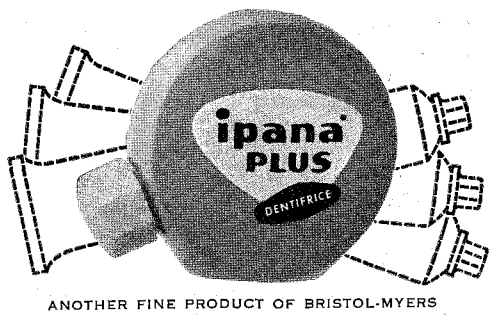

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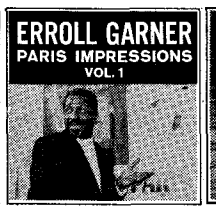
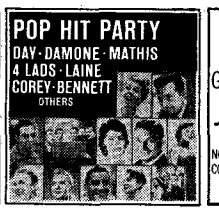
47. Pianistic fireworks abound in these 2 romantic scores

62. Blue Skies, Mean to Me, Nearness of You, 9 more



46. 8 numbers—Louise, Moulin Rouge, I Love Paris, etc.

30. "...superb...most sensuous of ensembles," N.Y. Times



44. A dozen hit tunes — performed by 12 pop artists

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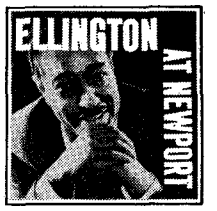
60. Dream Girl, A Kiss in the Dark, Toyland, 9 more

20. "Ravishingly performed," High Fidelity Magazine

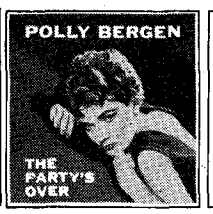


34. Newport Up, Jeep's Blues, Festival Junction — 2 more

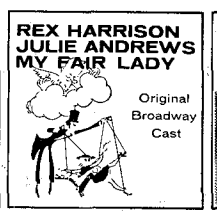
18. The intense drama of this work is here fully realized

17. Romberg's romantic operetta is always a joy to hear

22. Mozart's last work —called "an opera for the angels"



1. Make the Man Love Me, Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, 10 more



48. Rain in Spain, I Could Have Danced All Night, etc.

28. Hauntingly lovely music—beautifully played

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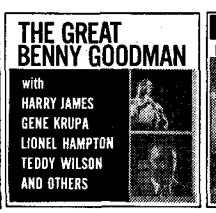
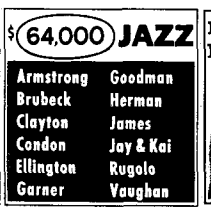


27. Orig. performances of 11 Goodman Classics in Swing

38. 12 beloved hymns —Let Him In, Sweet Hour of Prayer, etc.

7. Jezebel, High Noon, I Believe, Jealousy, Granada, 7 more

10. Schweitzer's interpretations of three Bach organ works

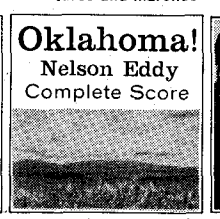


21. 13 Jazz Greats perform Honeysuckle Rose, Laura, etc.

50. 3 popular sonatas —played with rare keyboard artistry

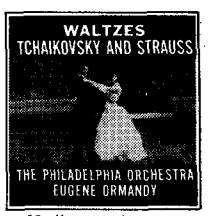
19. Duchin plays The Man I Love, April Showers, 13 more

63. A truly inspired performance of this majestic work

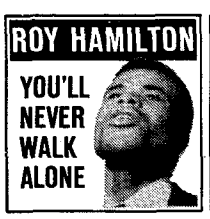


9. Complete score of Rodgers & Hammerstein's great hit

58. Istomin captures all the poetry and passion of Chopin



49. ". . . lustrous sound"—High Fidelity. 7 waltzes



29. The "Big Voice" sings Ebb Tide, I Believe, 10 more

16. Two ever-popular classics—superbly performed

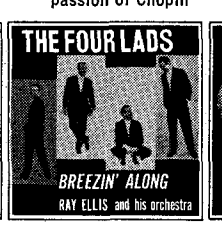
33. Three great Gershwin works—on one record

51. September Song, Love Paris, House of Flowers, etc.

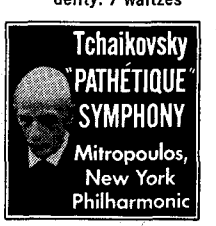
39. Exciting performances of two colorful scores

23. You Belong to Me, Far Away Places, 10 more numbers

54. Bright concertos that gleam with sprightly melodies



25. Come to Me, That's My Desire, Someone Like You, 9 more



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17	34	62
18	38	63

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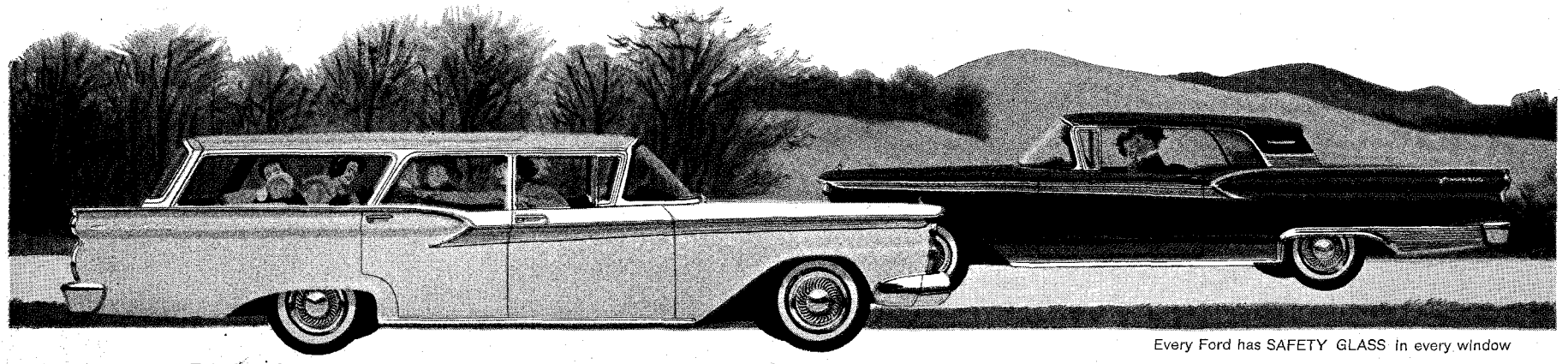

Every Ford has SAFETY GLASS in every window

February favorites! The Ford Country Sedan meets its match in style, the Thunderbird-inspired, new Ford Galaxie Club Victoria at right

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59 FORDS are built for savings

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

"Hi, sir! Glad to see you, sir!" How it warms the principal's heart to see this impulsive gesture of good will. *Not every student greets me with a bit of affection*, he reflects; *not every student greets me, period.* And he retires into his sanctum, blessing the lad for bringing this shaft of sunshine into his day. Chapter 2: artist Dick Sargent regrets to report that the charming child is addicted to raising hades in the classroom and has been sent for a book to read on how to act like a human being. So now the boy returns in a mood of depression and as he passes Old Baldy's door, alas, he suddenly deteriorates into his normal awful self. Potential Chapter 3: Mr. Baldy's mood of sunshine will also deteriorate if he happens to open the door before his little admirer retracts that tongue.

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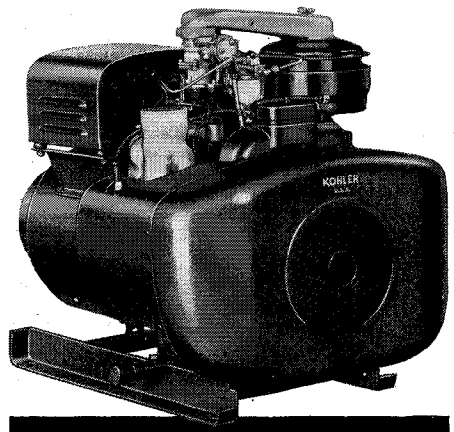

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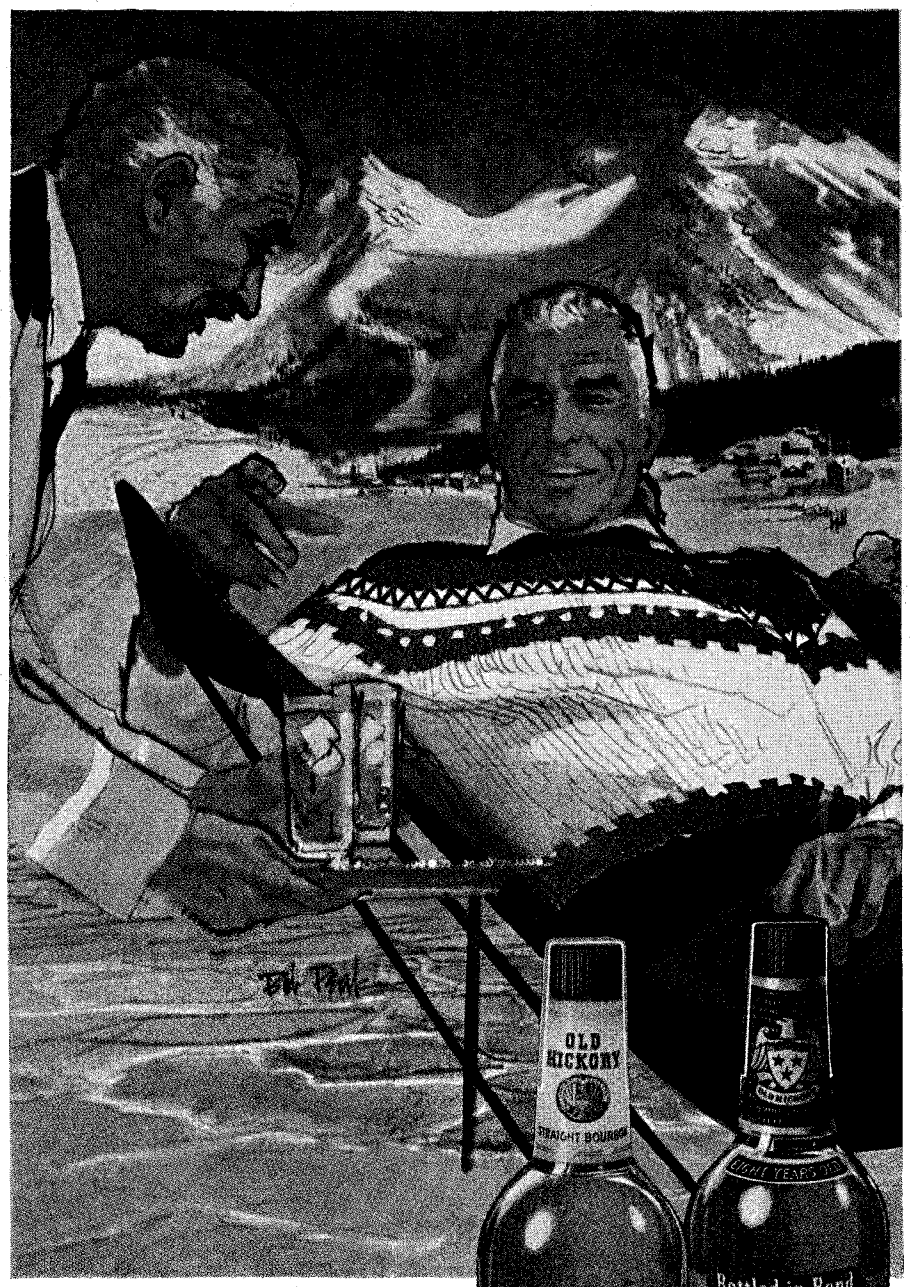

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Letters

Our Kukumber

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on your . . . article about the Foreign Service Institute [SCHOOL FOR MODERN DIPLOMATS, by Henry F. and Katharine Pringle, Jan. 3]. . . .

However . . . in the three words written in Russian on the blackboard [below],

Learning Russian.

there is one spelling error and one fundamental error in grammar which makes the phrase incomprehensible.

LEON G. GRANTT
Kinston, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

On the blackboard is a well-known, hackneyed proverb meaning, "Repetition is the mother of learning." The spelling is incorrect. No one halfway educated in Russian would ever make such a mistake any more than you, gentlemen, would write, "Coal as a kukumber."

BORIS SOROKIN
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

It was not nice of you to pull the leg of the Foreign Service Institute.

PAUL MEYER
Watertown, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Let's hope the Russian written on the blackboard . . . was done by a student, not one of the instructors.

WILLIAM BUFFUM
Associate Professor
U. S. Naval Academy
Annapolis, Md.

● *Blame the student. But not too much; he had been studying Russian only three months.* —ED.

Legalized Gambling

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading the article on legalized gambling which you presented in your Jan. 3 issue [SHOULD GAMBLING BE LEGALIZED? by Thomas J. Gibbons, as told to Earl and Anne Selby]. The basic picture that I receive from the article is one of a police commissioner who is at wit's end in his attempts to cope with the racketeers in his city. . . .

By awarding the halo of respectability to what amounts to a parasitic drug on society, I feel he is in danger of [destroying] our national moral character.

REV. FRANK HALSE, JR.
Parish, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I am for legalized gambling, legalized prostitution, legalized anything that will take the power out of the hands of the gangster and return it to the people.

JOHN SNYDER
San Jose, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Tom Gibbons is an intelligent, zealous, sensible, incorruptible public servant—a "good cop" in all that that implies. It would be well to heed his experienced counsel.

CYRIL G. FOX
Media, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

The situation outlined by Commissioner Gibbons is deplorable and probably results from poor legislation, poor administration, or both. The gambling rackets inevitably corrode and corrupt everything they touch, including local and state government. The numbers racket is one of the greatest threats to good government in the United States, and any attempt to legalize or license it would be a big step backwards. Just last year this office closed by civil injunction some sixty-six professional gambling establishments in Galveston, Texas, and they have remained closed. While serving as district attorney of Dallas County, Texas, 1946 through 1950, we absolutely stopped and eliminated a numbers or policy racket which was grossing more than $1,000,000 a year as an exploitation of the lowest income groups and the colored people. There has been no substantial re-establishment of the policy racket in Dallas since.

WILL WILSON
Attorney General of Texas
Austin, Texas

Dear Sirs:

As advertised in the New York Gazette, January 22, 1753, Benjamin Franklin was one of the managers of a lottery to raise £1012/10/0 to complete the steeple on Christ Church, Philadelphia, and purchase "a Ring of Bells." There were 4500 tickets to be sold at "four pieces-of-eight each". . . .

The founder of the Post was also a manager in other lotteries.

TEMPLE R. HOLLCROFT
Historian of Wells College
Aurora, N.Y.

● *Legal gambler Franklin apparently had his misgivings too. In Poor Richard's Almanac (1749), he warned: "Gaming, the vice of Knaves and Fools, detest."* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

I was pleased to learn that the editors of The Saturday Evening Post have taken a stand against legalized gambling. . . .

If the state controlled the gambling, the profits [would] be used . . . on such useless projects as curing cancer, spoiling

(Continued on Page 6)

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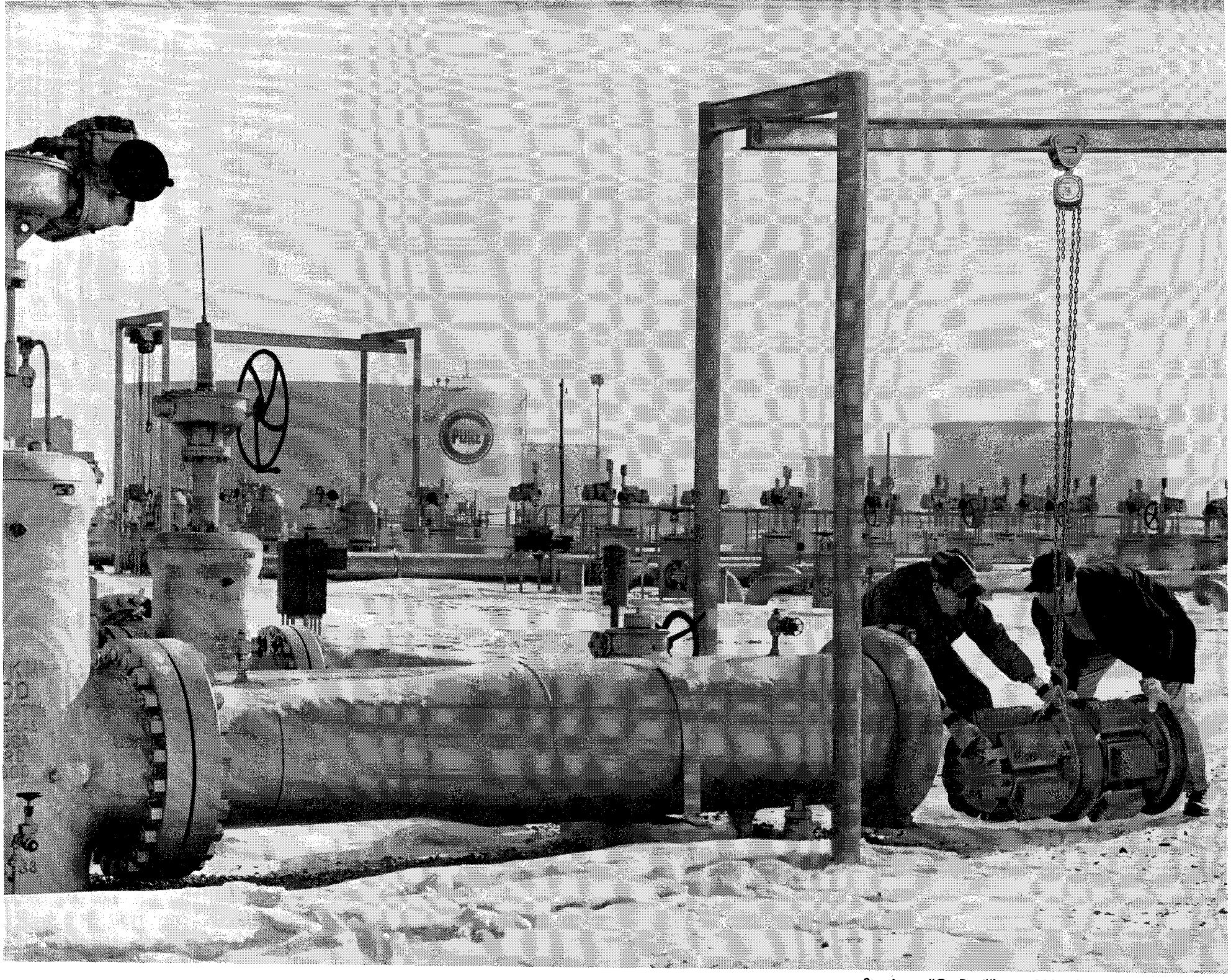

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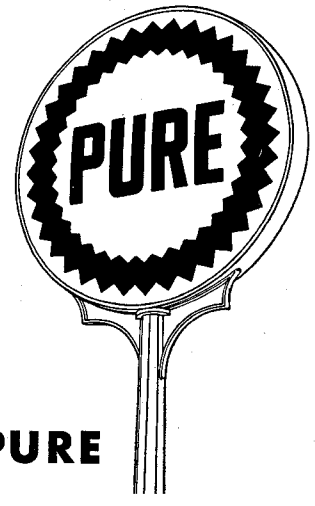
Ever wonder how a company like Pure Oil keeps thousands of miles of pipeline clean? It's no easy job. For example, some of the crude lines move as much as 100,000 barrels of oil a day. Paraffin accumulates inside the pipe, reducing the flow.

That's when we call on our "Go-Devils"—scrapers that are used to keep the lines clean. Pushed along by the oil, they scrape away the paraffin and sediment and deposit them in a trap at the end of a section of line. A single "Go-Devil" may be used to scrape out as much as 200 miles of line on one trip.

Our "Go-Devils" are getting busier all the time, as we increase our pipeline flow. With the addition of the 20-inch Tecumseh line running across northern Indiana, we can now move our own crude from places like Adena, Colorado, and Worland, Wyoming, through partially owned big-diameter lines all the way to Ohio, home of our Toledo and Heath refineries.

Good housekeeping, as we expand our operations and services to meet growing demand, helps keep the *sure* in PURE at our nearly 16,000 dealers in 24 states.

THE PURE OIL COMPANY, 35 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago 1, Ill.



BE SURE WITH PURE

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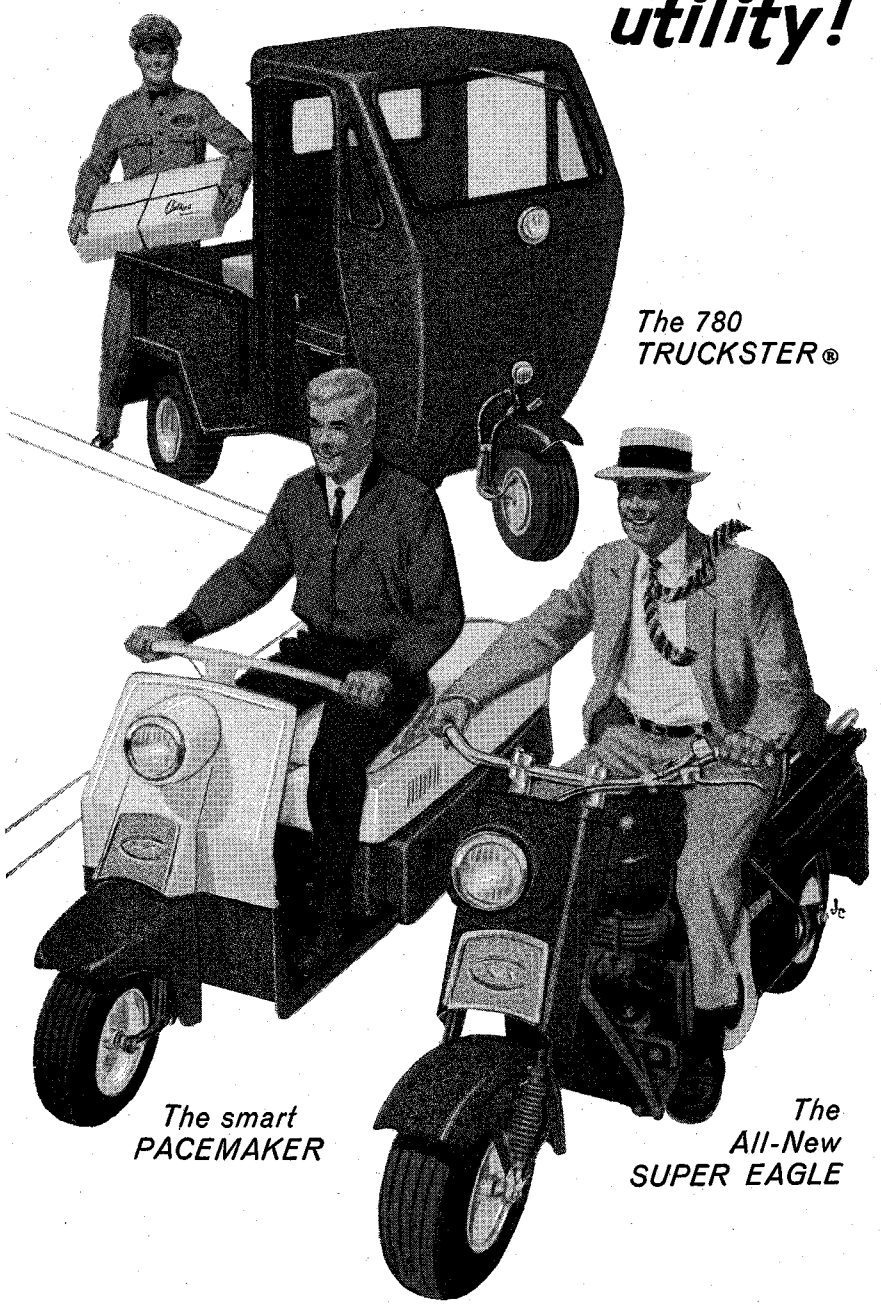
CUSHMAN®

...for lowest-cost utility!



CUSHMAN TWO-WHEEL SCOOTERS, built for smooth performance and rugged durability, take you anywhere and everywhere (they're easy to handle in traffic, easy to park). Figuring operating costs, maintenance and depreciation, you really save with a Cushman. Famous Cushman Husky 4-cycle engine delivers up to 100 miles per gallon of gasoline at speeds up to 50 miles per hour. Cushman Scooters are so smartly styled, the entire family will enjoy riding.

CUSHMAN 780 TRUCKSTERS effect substantial savings by hauling 800 pound payloads at amazingly low operating costs. Powered by the Cushman Husky 4-cycle engine, the three-wheel, shaft-driven 780 Truckster now incorporates no less than a dozen new improvements for greater-than-ever performance, safety, and ease of operation. All-fiber glass cab available as optional equipment. Wide variety of body styles. Electric starter also available.

CUSHMAN Electric GOLFER

for more golfing pleasure

Choice of such champions as Jimmy Demaret and Jackie Burke, Jr.

Ask your dealer for a FREE demonstration or write for illustrated literature

Sold and serviced nationally . . . Replacement parts immediately available . . . Dealer inquiries invited

CUSHMAN MOTORS
A subsidiary of Outboard Marine Corporation
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

M UTILITY VEHICLES
CUSHMAN MOTORS
1033 No. 21st, Lincoln, Nebraska
Please send free literature on
☐ Scooters ☐ Truckster ☐ Electric Golfer.
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

our children with adequate classrooms, building an adequate highway system, increasing Social Security payments, or just plain wasting it on research to try to catch the Russians. Let me join the editors of S.E.P. and the "leading Americans" against legalized gambling.

R. H. REA
Arlington, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Ours is a rich country. We do not need corrupt money to run schools and help the ill and aged.

MARY T. DOUGAN
Mason City, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

Licensed gambling? Sure thing! Why not extend the list . . . to include stealing?

O. E. HERSHEY
Willow Street, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Legalizing liquor created more bootleggers than Prohibition ever knew. The same result would follow legalized gambling.

EARLE W. GAGE
Jamestown, N.Y.

● *The volume of Federal alcohol law violations was far greater during the Prohibition era than since, according to the Internal Revenue Service's Alcohol and Tobacco Tax Division.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

The real solution, as indicated in the article, is better magistrates. An ignorant, good-for-nothing scalawag can become a magistrate in Philadelphia. . . .

There should be educational and, above all, moral qualifications. Legal knowledge would be a big aid, but will not replace the primary requisites—character and wisdom.

W. H. CONNERS
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

The article was tops and contained more wisdom than anything I have read in a long time.

RUSSEL RAYMOND VOORHEES
Tucson, Ariz.

Delayed Reaction From Down Under

Dear Sirs:

I have just opened your Sept. 27 edition and am thoroughly disgusted by what Mrs. Wayne B. Vinson writes: ". . . it's a disgrace to publish a picture [see next column] of this Althea Gibson dancing with Lew Hoad, who looks like a white man."

Yes, Mrs. Vinson, Lew Hoad is a white man, and he's an Australian. Here in Australia, we believe in treating black people just as well as white people.

MRS. JEANETTE KEBBLEWHITE
Yowie Bay, Australia

Dear Sirs:

Although the Sept. 27 edition is only two weeks old here, I realize it is now a few months since this was published. But I feel the actual trouble itself is so old that this short time is not of too much consequence. . . .

Surely this isn't the writing of a land whose [silver] dollars flaunt "In God We Trust" and "Liberty"! Where does your belief start and finish?

Hoad and Gibson.

VERNA CHANDLER
Wayville, Australia

● *Lest our Australian readers become too smug, we venture to remind them that their "white policy" (i.e., anti-yellow) is one of the most rigid in the world.* —ED.

"I'm Being Smeared"

● *A December 27 editorial reported on the recent vindication of Mrs. Mary Markward, who was defamed in 1954 for testifying that Pentagon coderoom clerk Annie Lee Moss was a Communist. The editorial quoted TV critic John Crosby, who had defended Mrs. Moss and assailed Senator McCarthy. Here is Crosby's reply:* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

I fail to understand why my name was dragged into the editorial, HERE'S AN "INFORMER" THE REDS SHOULD NOT HAVE TANGLED WITH! In that editorial, a single sentence from my column upholding Annie Lee Moss's right to the "pursuit of happiness" was quoted. In the very next line, the editorial stated: "Mrs. (Mary) Markward was smeared by liberals as an 'informer.'"

That sounds as if I were one of the smearers. Neither in that column nor in any other have I ever mentioned Mrs. Markward. In the column you quoted, I simply came out in support of the second paragraph of the Declaration of Independence, which was signed a stone's throw from your office. Is the Post against the Declaration of Independence?

It seems to me I'm being smeared.

JOHN CROSBY
New York Herald Tribune
New York, N.Y.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–Ollie Atkins. • 6–Le-Roye Productions. • 17–Nederland; Combine. • 18–Nederland; Eugene Kammerman; Wide World; Artica Press. • 19–Eugene Kammerman; map by Center Studio. • 20, 21–Erik Blegvad. • 22, 23–Joern Gerdts. • 24, 25–Peter Stevens. 27–Philippe Halsman. • 28–Earl Mayan. • 29–Claude Jacoby. • 30–Hans Knopf. 31–Bill Shrout. • 32, 33–Bob Smallman. • 34–Hans Knopf; two by Irving R. Levine. 35–Larry Kritcher. • 36, 37–Sam Bates. • 41–Mac Conner. • 88–Joern Gerdts. • 92–Joern Gerdts. • 96–Map by Center Studio. • 112–Ollie Atkins; Larry Fried.

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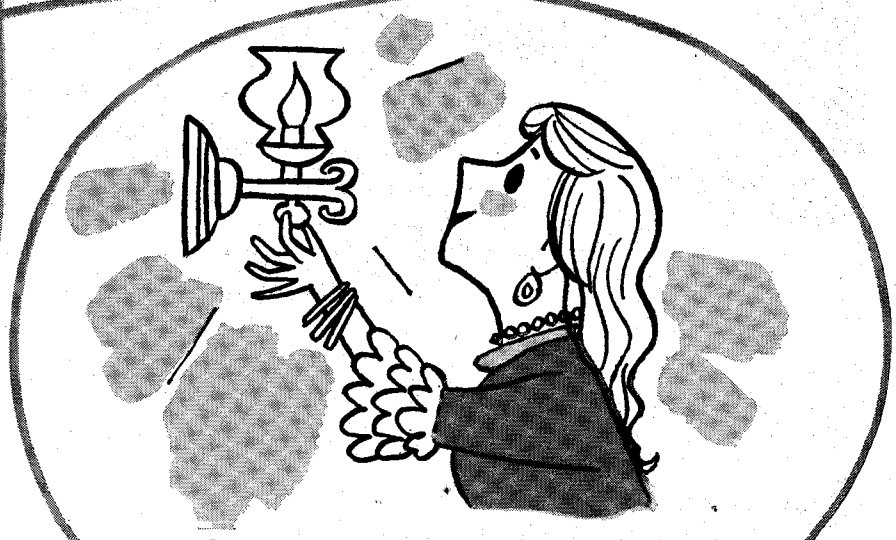
The caveman's mate, we must relate
Was not a happy spouse

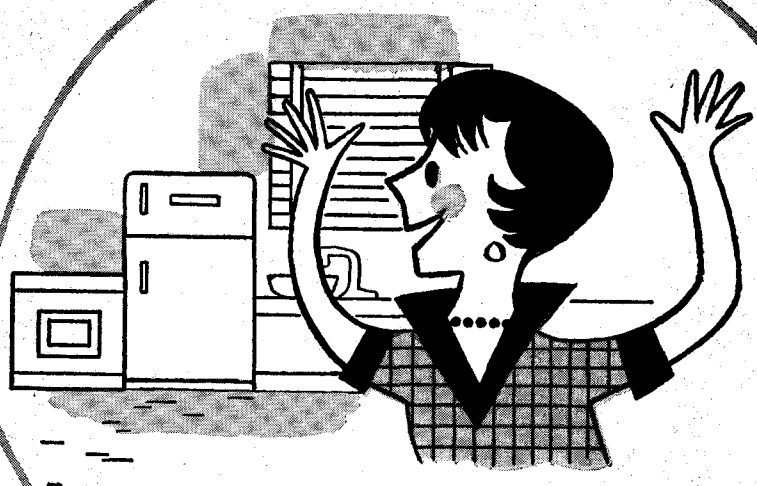
Then coal was found, deep in the ground
And brought into the house

When kerosene came on the scene
The chores became much lighter



And then the Gaslight era came
To make things somewhat brighter

But that's all past and now at last
We're in the modern age



It's ALL-ELECTRIC living now
(For proof, just turn the page!)

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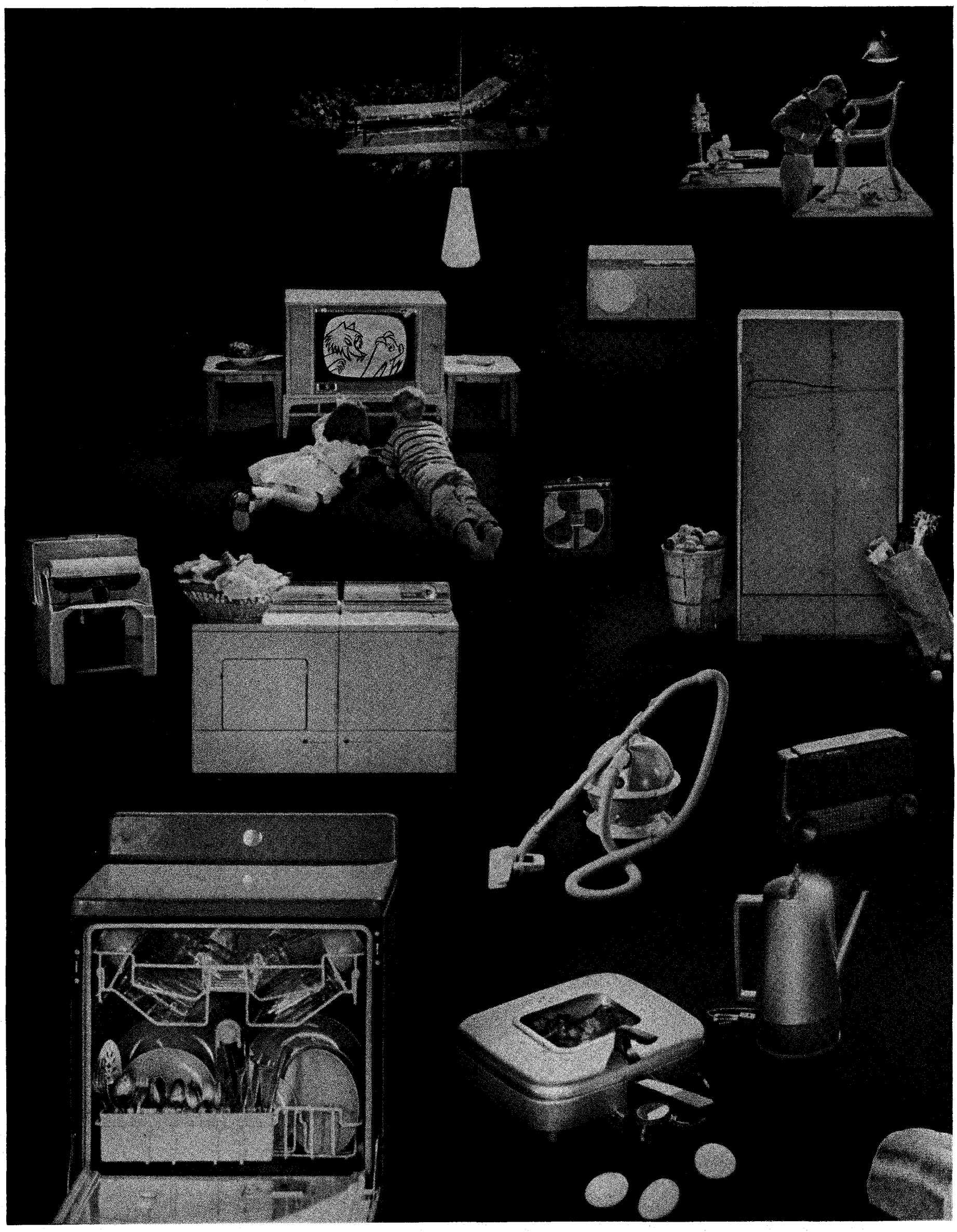

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Live better today...the all-electric way!

Naturally, you want to give your family all the advantages of modern electric living. And today it's so easy—even on a modest budget!

The Trend's to All-Electric

Look around, and you'll see more and more smart homes going *all-electric*. Any other way of living is outmoded—because electricity does every job better!

It's Cleaner . . . It's Smoke-free . . . It's Flameless

Think how clean—how safe—how inviting your whole house can be with all-electric appliances! Cleaner kitchen walls, cleaner kitchen curtains. Sparkling clean laundry—washed and dried in minutes. Plenty of hot water. Electric servants on the job from cellar to attic save you time, work, and money! You'll cook better, heat better, launder better—your whole family will *live* better . . . electrically.

High-value, low-cost electricity is the biggest bargain in your budget. And right now, your electrical appliance dealer is offering better values than ever before.

See your appliance dealer today . . . It's

"ALL-ELECTRIC VALUE TIME"

Building or buying? Make sure your home carries this Medallion—symbol of electric quality.

LIVE BETTER . . . ELECTRICALLY

sponsored by Edison Electric Institute

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Editorials

It's Time to Stop Coddling Unions; They're on Top Now!

It is time for a new look at the implications of two supposedly fundamental "civil rights" for labor unions: the "right to strike" and the "right to organize."

Apparently the right to strike is taken to mean that a modern industrial country can be denied air transport, its daily newspapers and the use of ocean-transport facilities while unions and management bicker over wage contracts. Despite the existence of machinery to settle labor disputes, the community is expected to endure whatever privations are imposed by the cessation of the struck industry. Picket lines must not be crossed, even when the picket line is set up by racketeers to intimidate workers into joining a shakedown union. The late Calvin Coolidge's dictum that nobody has a right to strike against the public safety is seldom mentioned.

The "right to organize" blazed into the news in a big way recently when one of James Hoffa's henchmen declared that the Teamsters Union was thinking of organizing New York City's police force. Cynics might say that, inasmuch as the police in most cities are not permitted to protect a struck industrial plant or the right of individuals to work in it, Hoffa might as well have the police force and done with it. After all, if the "right to organize" includes the right to boycott an employer because he deals with a firm on the union's black list, there exists the basis for a labor dictatorship including the police.

We are a tolerant people and tend to take a sentimental attitude toward the activities of labor leaders, who are no longer helpless and persecuted toilers but big operators. They control millions of dollars for which they need make no real accounting, and, by virtue of laws enacted by Congress over the years, they enjoy immunity from responsibilities which are expected of other citizens. Violence in labor disputes has been sanctioned by the courts; unions may adopt monopolistic practices with impunity; they cannot be held to their own agreements.

Where this unrealistic favoritism has already led us is outlined in a report by the Internal Security Subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee. The report cites the existence of an alliance consisting of Hoffa's International Brotherhood of Teamsters; the International Longshoremen's Association and the National Maritime Union, on the East Coast, and Harry Bridges' International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, on the West Coast.

None of these outfits have shown much consideration for the public welfare. Bridges and Hoffa arrived at a "no-raiding agreement" last year. In the press announcement of this agreement it was stated that "Mr. Hoffa in the past has talked of setting up some form of federation in the shipping industry, and Mr. Bridges has encouraged the idea." The subcommittee implies that the federation has already been set up. Furthermore, the Teamsters are moving in, with threats of violence and boycott, on the dairy industry in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, to establish another squeeze on the populations of eastern cities.

How the Hoffa-Bridges federation is expected to work was succinctly explained by Harry Bridges in an interview in the Wall Street Journal last August: "There's one thing I know. If the Teamsters and the two dock unions got together, they'd represent more economic power than the combined AFL-CIO. They are so concentrated, an economic squeeze and pressure can be exerted that puts any employer on a very tough spot—and furthermore puts the United States Government on a tough spot."

A compact among the unions listed above, dominating the transport industry from coast to coast, is indeed a "definite menace to our security both economically and militarily." As the subcommittee states, "Well-trained Communist conspirators have infiltrated longshoremen's unions on both coasts and have acted as the spearhead of the alliance. . . . The racketeering leaders of the Teamsters Union have displayed an utter lack of concern about the Communist records and activities of the dominant officials of the I.L.W.U."

The "right to strike," which was recognized in the Wagner Act, and is still assured in the Taft-Hartley Law, grew out of the days when workers had very few rights and when there was little machinery for the settlement of labor disputes. Today, when scores of agencies are available, there is no reason why the public should tolerate the shutting down of essential industries during the bargaining. It is time that the "right to read a morning newspaper" or the "right to ride on a plane" or the "right to turn on the electric lights" got some legal recognition.

The "right to organize," which has been perverted to include the right to compel men to join labor organizations against their will and to force employers to herd their employees into dubious unions, needs a new look too. Perhaps even those new members of Congress who think they owe their election to union leaders can be persuaded under public pressure to deal with the subject objectively and not as the agents of an aggressive special interest. But the pressure will have to be tough and intelligently applied.

Colleges Could Prosper From Wider Use of "Pay-as-You-Learn" Plans

The cost of a college education, like everything else, continues to rise. But we are an ingenious people. Nothing is out of reach if we can rely on credit and a time-payment plan.

The type of credit which has prevailed in the educational world, while commendable, is not likely to do the job. Student loans come from special funds and have been tailored for the deserving needy, with interest and repayment postponed, as a rule, until after graduation. A Department of Health, Education and Welfare survey indicates that only half of the $26,000,000 available at the colleges has been on loan, and to just 6½ per cent of the students, and in an average amount of $162. This, if credit is to aid the educational economy, is peanuts. The time payments which stimulate sales of autos and the like are measured not in millions from special funds but in billions of privately owned dollars hard at work.

Some schools now accept monthly payments for board and tuition, covered by insurance, which are underwritten by financial institutions. A few banks also offer "consumer-credit" loans in amounts up to $10,000. The time payments begin almost immediately and the loan is usually retired by graduation.

Three northeastern states seek to promote more liberal terms from private capital through recently established "student assistance corporations." The device utilizes privately subscribed funds in Maine and Massachusetts and public moneys in New York to guarantee bank loans to students. The loans, however, follow the traditional college pattern in postponing repayment until after graduation.

The American Banker, daily newspaper for the financial fraternity, criticizes the fact that "the student is allowed to forget about payments for many years—a bad consumer practice which can only lead to trouble." By contrast, when time payments begin almost immediately, "the attitude of the student and his parents toward the financial obligation is ascertained quickly, and, when satisfactory, proves to be one of the most valuable assets the student has after graduation."

The suggestion that a young man establish his credit and take a course in time payment while still in college is a revealing commentary on the times. But the point is well made that credit in amounts sufficient to bolster the educational economy must be sought on terms which compete in the market place.

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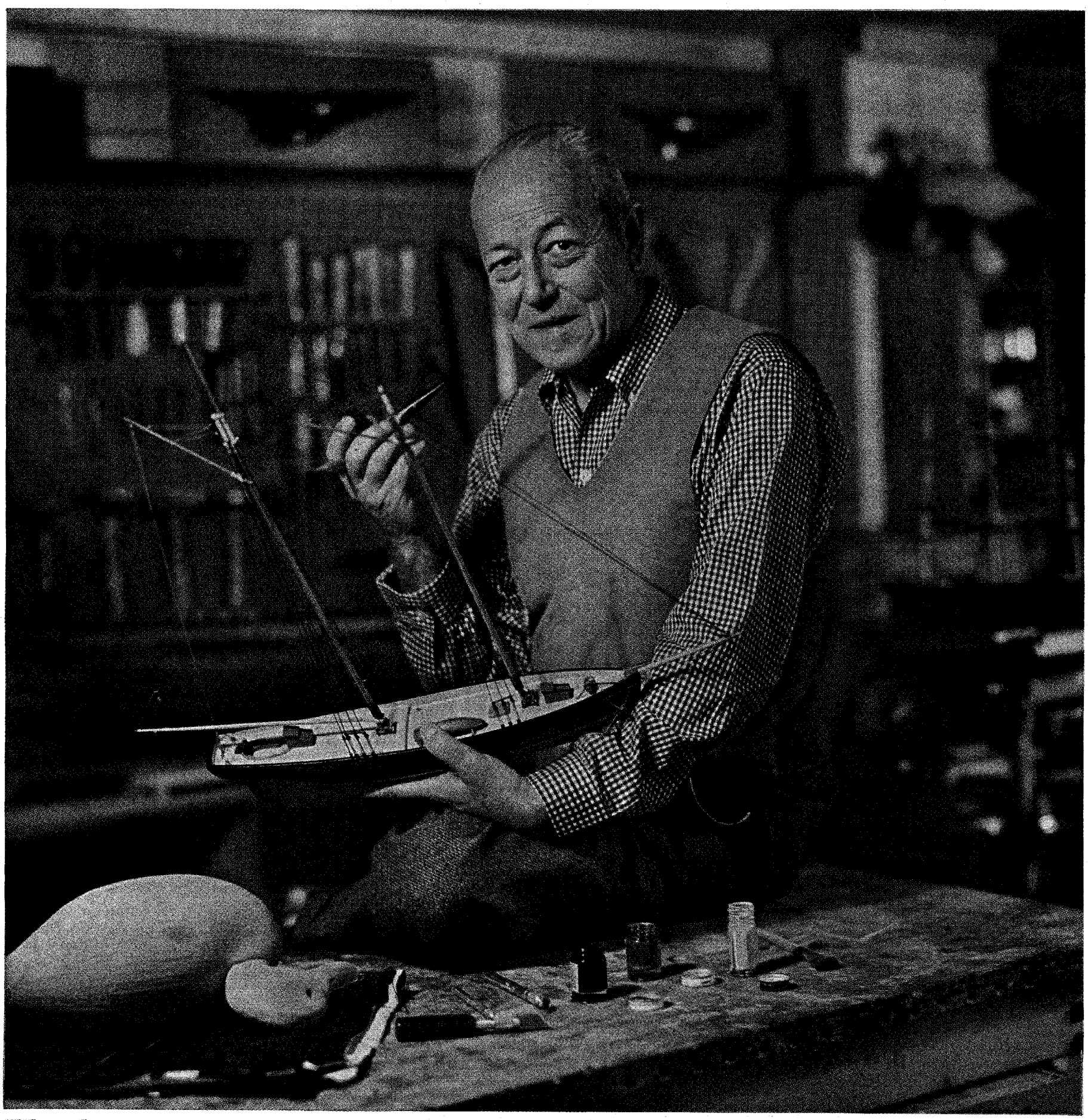

The best years are ahead...the Insured Savings and Loan way

Most men dream of retiring while they are still young enough to enjoy leisure. But not all succeed. Why not join the millions who are saving for their latter years at Insured Savings and Loans. Their money is safe and works *for* them by earning more money.

Even if you can look forward to a pension, you'll never regret putting aside some of your present earnings . . . there are always so many enjoyable things to do with savings. And your savings are not subject to market fluctuations. What's more, they are insured up to $10,000 by the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation.

Start to save now at your nearby Insured Savings and Loan Association where this FSLIC symbol of safety is displayed.

FEDERAL SAVINGS AND LOAN INSURANCE CORPORATION
SAFETY OF YOUR SAVINGS
INSURED
UP TO $10,000

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Where you save does make a difference

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TELL HER YOU LOVE HER...

Whitman's

CHOCOLATES SAY IT BEST

Valentine's Day is
Saturday, February 14

A WOMAN NEVER FORGETS THE MAN WHO REMEMBERS

Whitman's
CHOCOLATES

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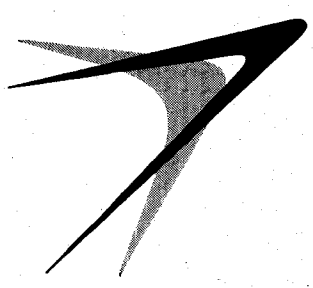
Driving like an expert comes easy with these cars. Constant-Control power steering, available on all our cars, helps you full time (not off-and-on). Supplies the extra muscle that makes it easy for a woman to park like a man. In so *many* ways, you get the good things first from Chrysler Corporation!

Cars that can do *what they look like they can do*



Built for the 1 man in 4 who wants a little bit more.
The quality Cars of The *Forward* Look
from Chrysler Corporation . . . A drive will bring
out the difference great engineering makes.

PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DESOTO • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL

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New! The first home laundry that's more than automatic..

See the Westinghouse 1000 Laundromat and beautiful matching Electric Dryer now at leading appliance stores.

Westinghouse

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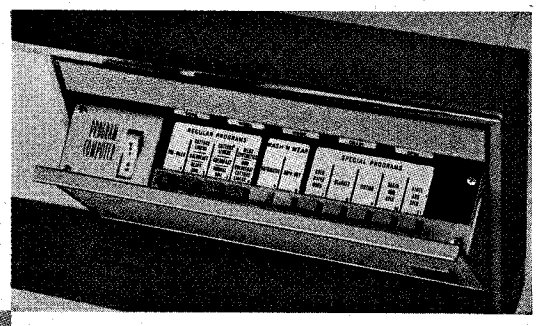
...it can think!

Westinghouse 1000

—the most advanced home laundry ever! Imagine! A separate custom washing or drying program for every fabric made or yet to be—at the push of a single button! Beautiful! A home laundry with the smart, distinctive styling of fine furniture . . . to fit in anywhere! Have the home laundry of the future . . . now!



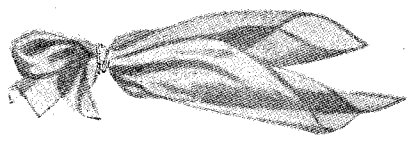
8 program computer

All you do is push ONE button! Program Computer thinks out and carries out your choice of 8 custom programs or three special programs to wash any fabric perfectly. Matching electric dryer provides custom drying for every fabric.

8 SEPARATE CUSTOM WASHING PROGRAMS FOR:

silks and synthetics

You'll never wash by hand again when you see how carefully Laundromat treats your loveliest, most delicate things.

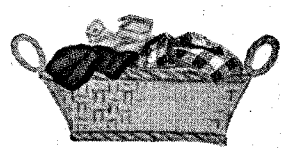


woolens

Special cold water wash program lets you use new cold water detergents to wash even cashmere.

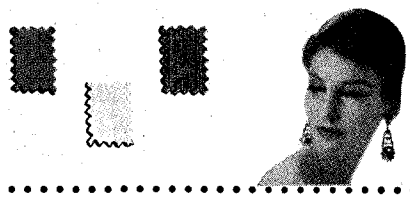
cottons

Two separate programs—one for normal soil, one for heavy soil. Gets clothes cleaner than ever.



tinting

automatically, with professional results. Laundromat then flushes away every drop of dye—always cleans itself!

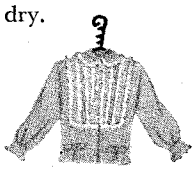


wash 'n wear

Special washing for this important category. Cold water rinses keep garments wrinkle-free.

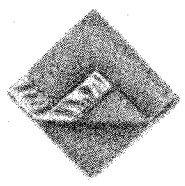
drip-dry

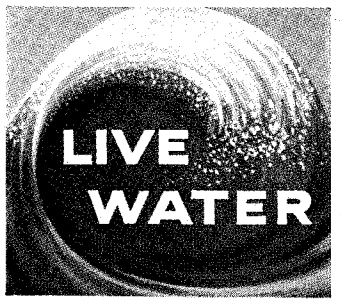
This program skips the spin. Makes clothes easier to handle, quick to dry.



blankets

Soaks without agitation, avoids "felting". Even handles electric blankets.

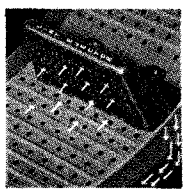




WASHING ACTION

Cleanest way yet! Multi-speed Revolving Agitator lifts, dips, plunges clothes through lively, surging water to get them snowy, sparkling clean. More care than ever! That's why you can trust your most delicate fabrics to it.

Automatic Lint Ejector sweeps every trace of lint and scum down the drain. No traps or filters to clean.



1000

YOU CAN BE SURE...IF IT'S **Westinghouse**

WATCH "WESTINGHOUSE LUCILLE BALL-DESI ARNAZ SHOWS" CBS-TV MONDAYS

Laundromat is a Westinghouse registered trademark

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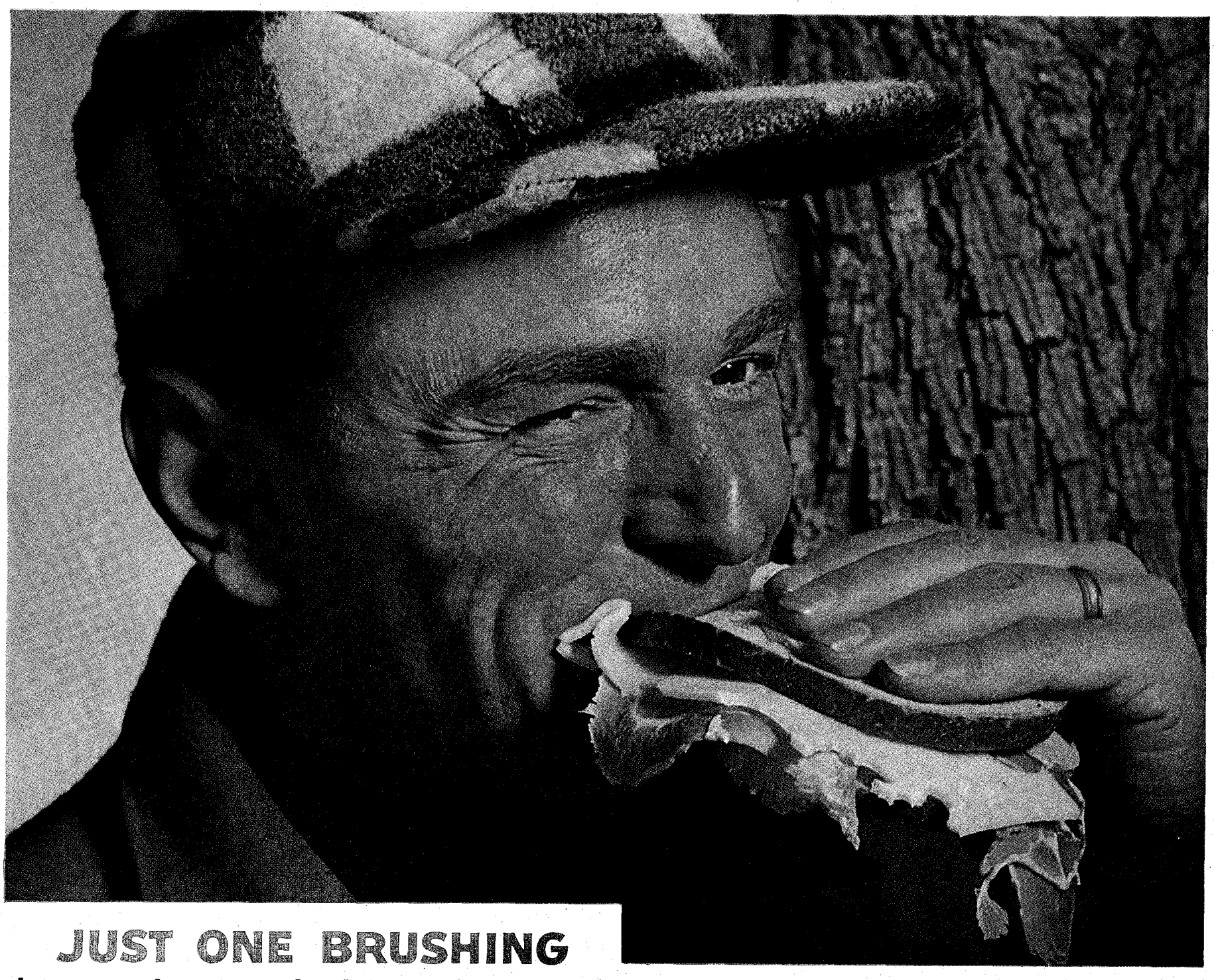
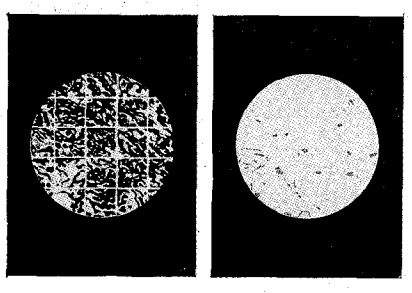
He uses only **GLEEM** *- the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal*



JUST ONE BRUSHING
destroys decay- and odor-causing bacteria

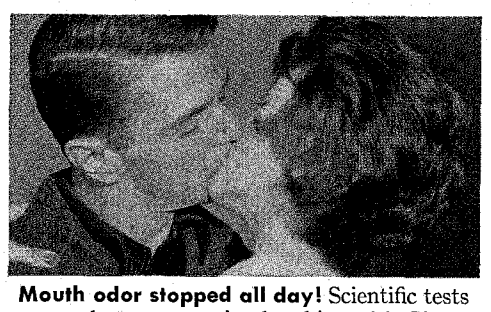
PROOF –
destroys decay bacteria



MOUTH BACTERIA, CHIEF CAUSE OF DECAY, BUILD UP OVERNIGHT LIKE THIS

JUST ONE GLEEM BRUSHING DESTROYS UP TO 90% OF THESE BACTERIA

PROOF –
stops mouth odor all day



Mouth odor stopped all day! Scientific tests prove that one morning brushing with Gleem destroys odor-causing bacteria so effectively that mouth odor is stopped *all day* for most people. Means a *sweeter goodnight kiss.*

If you, like this dad, can't brush after every meal—even though it's best—take a tip from his wife. She knows food combines with mouth bacteria to cause decay and mouth odor. So she makes sure her family starts each day with Gleem—the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal. You, too, can depend on refreshing Gleem, with exclusive GL-70, to destroy most bacteria with one brushing.

Only **GLEEM** has *GL-70*
to fight decay and mouth odor

NOW IN TUBES AND NEW PUSH BUTTON PACK

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

Holland's New Weapon Against the Sea

In the latest phase of the long battle against their ancient enemy, the Dutch have embarked on one of the most ambitious engineering feats ever conceived.

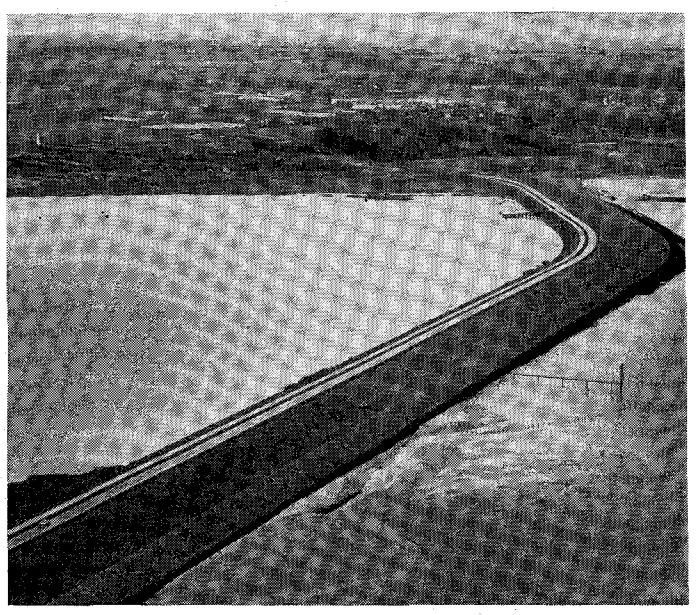
By ERNEST O. HAUSER

THE HAGUE.

The last time I came to the Netherlands, in the black month of February, 1953, some of her offshore islands were missing from the map. The most disastrous flood in modern times had broken through the dikes built to protect the flat, low-lying land. Four hundred thousand acres of rich farmland in the southwestern corner of the country were swallowed by the sea, 133 villages were damaged or destroyed and 1800 people found their death. The material loss alone approached $400,000,000.

It was during those sea-drenched, dismal days that one could hear the Dutch, as they were rising from the slime, proclaim: "Never again!" Before the last breach in the dikes was closed, they were already poring over plans for a new, revolutionary system of protection—a mighty rampart of unheard-of strength standing between southwestern Holland and the sea and giving the inhabitants, for the first time in history, the "absolute defense" against disaster.

That was six years ago. Today, the devastated fields are growing crops, the villages that looked as if they had been shelled stand proudly, brick on brick, with flower boxes gracing the washed windows—and the first



Near Rotterdam: A new dike built under Holland's "Delta Scheme." A two-lane highway runs on top of this sea wall; future dikes will support roads up to five lanes wide.

Below: During the tragic flood of February, 1953, workers tried in vain to stop the sea from pouring through the antiquated dikes. About 1800 people died in the deluge.

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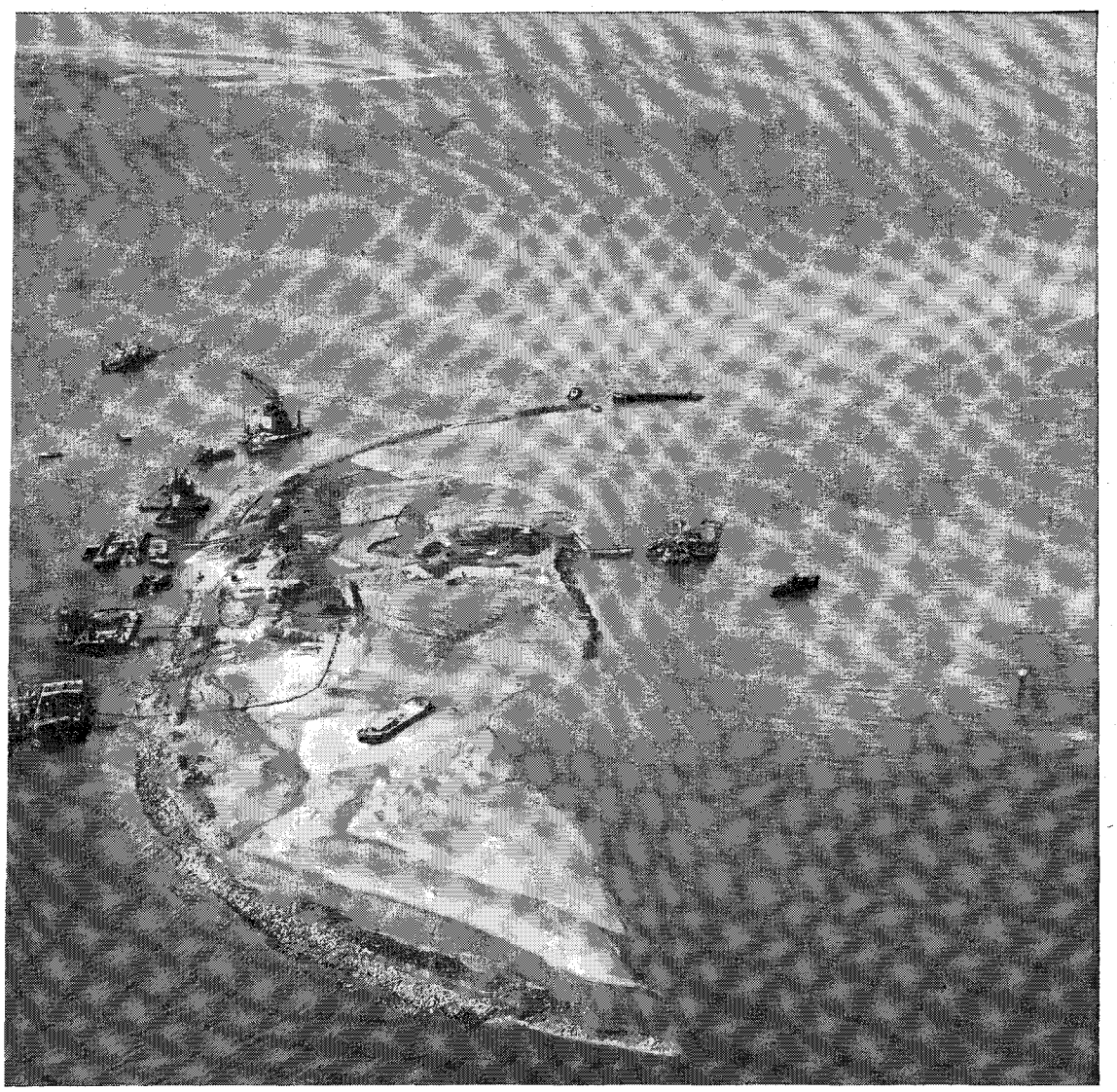
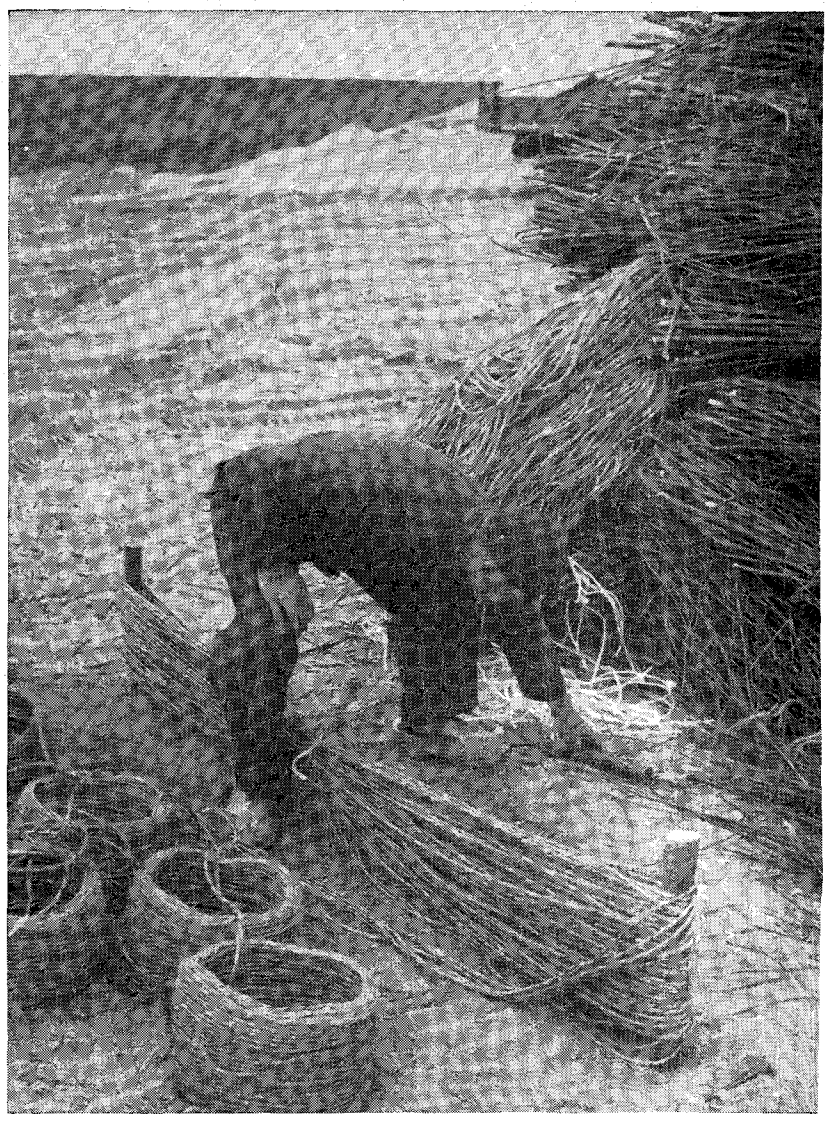


First step in building a superdike: Construction of an artificial island. Then the most vulnerable portion—in open water—can be finished before winter gales set in.



Brushwood "mattresses," made by a centuries-old process, are laid under the dike itself to keep the sandy ground from shifting.

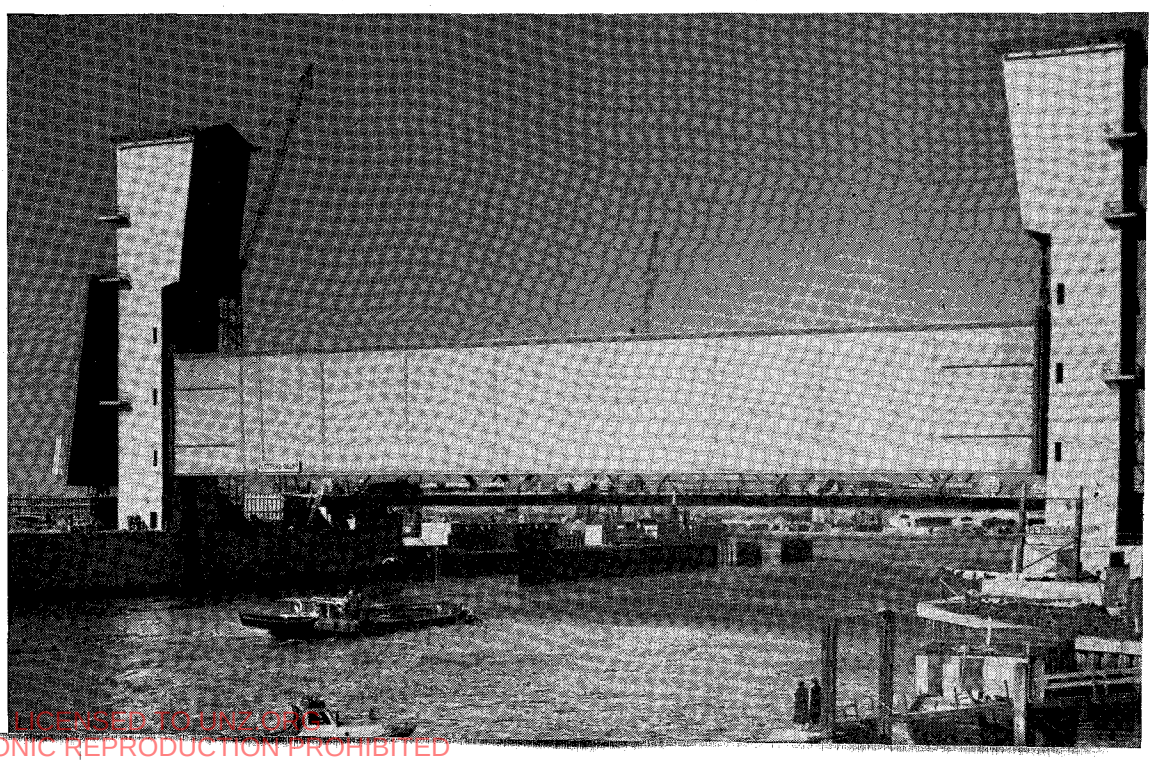
mammoth section of the new defense line can be seen rising from the swirling waters. "Come back and take another look at it when we have finished," the visitor is told. When? Eighteen years from now, and maybe sooner.

Nothing like this has ever been attempted. As a sheer engineering feat, the "Delta Scheme" will hold its own beside such wonders as the pyramids, the Eiffel Tower, TVA, and the St. Lawrence Seaway. As one looks back now, even the famous twenty-mile-long dam across the thirty-five-foot-deep Zuider Zee, in northern Holland, however revolutionary it appeared when it was undertaken at the end of World War I, seems child's play by comparison. For here, four superdikes, or sea walls, from one-and-a-half to six-and-a-half miles long, will be raised in the open sea, amidst strong tidal currents, at depths to 130 feet, with shifting sands as a foundation.

So novel is the concept of this plan, and so fantastic is its scope, that even the ingenious Dutch are not quite sure how they will finish it. All they know is they will. The total cost, an estimated $600,000,000, spread over twenty years, would make the project cheaper than our own $740,000,000 Grand Coulee Dam; but while the latter, built to produce hydroelectric power, is paying its own way, the Delta dams will yield no power and hence no revenue.

Their purpose, as set forth in Holland's Delta Law of May 8, 1958—"We, Juliana, by the Grace of God Queen of the Netherlands," and so forth—is to close off four troublesome, capricious inlets in Zeeland Province in Southwestern Holland. Here, at the scene of the catastrophe of 1953, the rivers Rhine, Meuse and Scheldt drain into the North Sea by way of a huge, common funnel. Flat, sprawling islands separate their estuaries—islands which, lying at or below sea level, would be wet mud flats had they not been hedged around with dikes hundreds of years ago. It is because these ancient, fifteen-foot-high dikes proved tragically inadequate during the 1953 flood, which sent the breakers crashing over them—eating them from the rear—that the new superdikes are being built. Chaining island to island, as

Above: Rowboat evacuation of Hollanders marooned in Gravendeel. During the 1953 flood, 133 villages were hit.



Right: This steel blade can be lowered to balk any freak tidal wave which might roll up the Rhine River.

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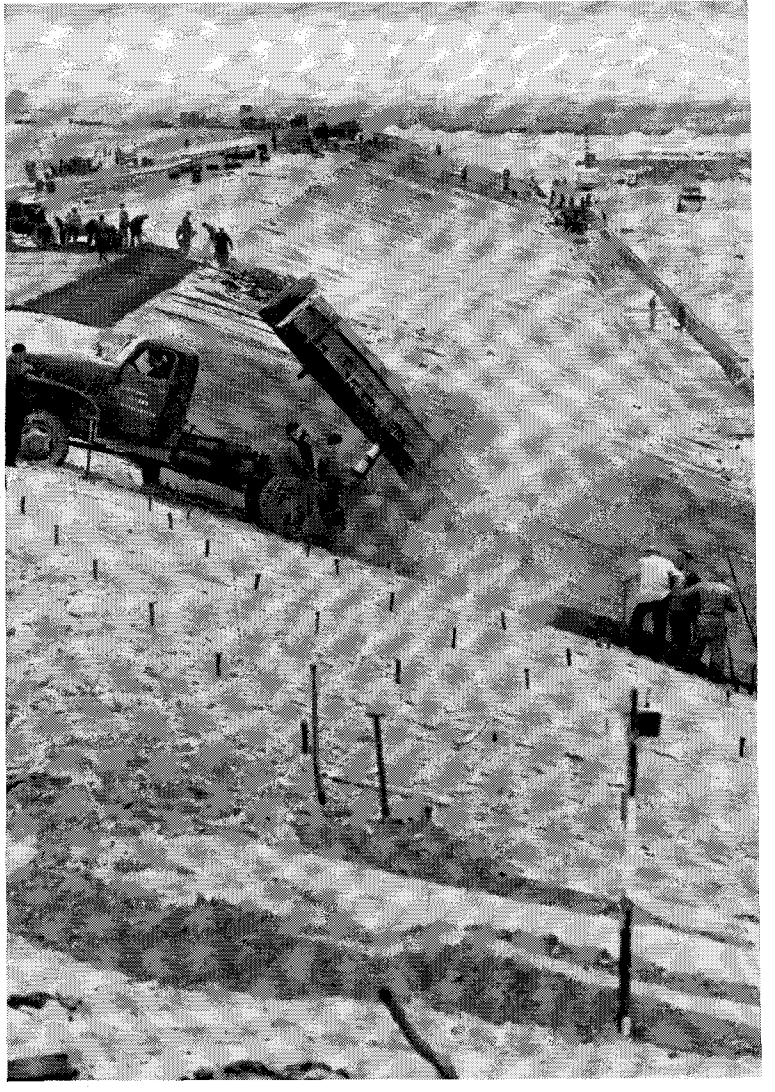
Next, the mattresses are anchored by rocks. On this foundation, sand and rubble will be piled until a strong sea wall is raised. Hollanders estimate that the "Delta Scheme" will be finished in 18 years.



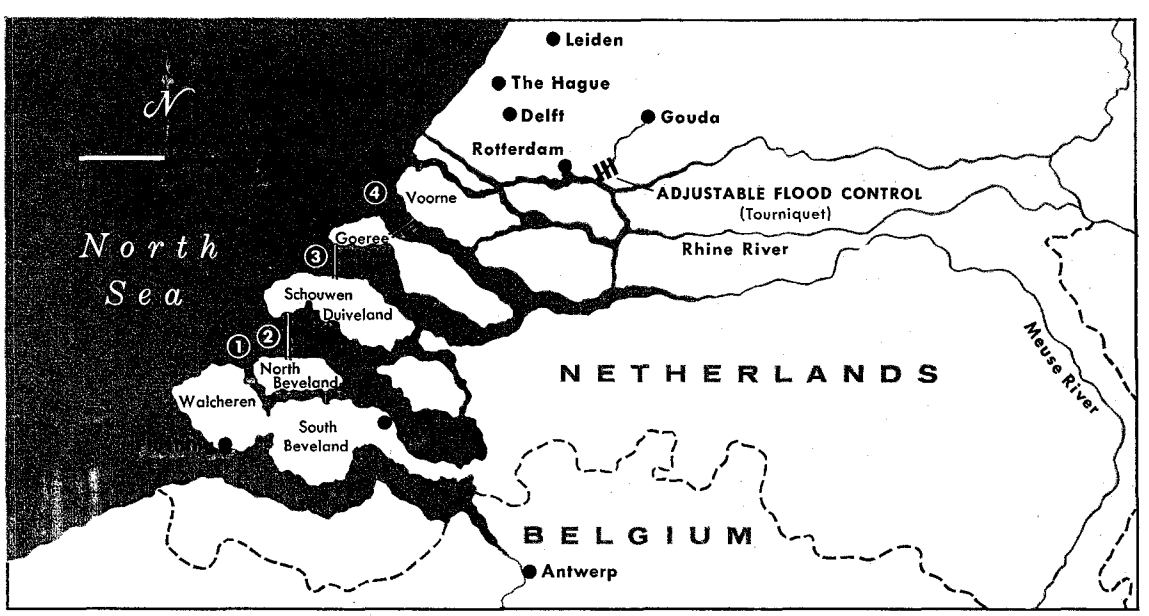
The giant barricade nears completion. It is covered with a tough, watertight asphalt skin.

near their seaward ends as possible, they will replace about 450 miles of dikes with a short, thickly armored Maginot Line. A highway, topping the new dams and crossing the flat country in between, will open up what is now a remote and lonely region. And the wide-open inlets, now throbbing with the tides, will become thoroughly domesticated lakes.

It was characteristic of the Dutch that they began construction even before the project was approved by Parliament. True, a disaster of the type that they had just survived—a freak coincidence of a high spring tide and a howling storm, resulting in a twelve-to-fifteen-foot-high wall of water—was not expected to recur for something like 300 years. But, as one Dutchman said, "Succeeding generations might forget what happened; we had to strike the iron while it was still hot."

A high-powered, twelve-man Delta Committee was set up three weeks after the calamity to work out a strategic plan, and a governmental Delta Service of some 500 engineers and civil servants is now in charge of operations. Up to 5000 workmen will be employed to build the sea walls.

Work is in progress, at this writing, at nine widely separate points. Of the four dams, Number One—reading from left to right on our map—is half-completed, while Number Four is in the process of gestation. The central spans, even more daring, are still gleams in the Dutchman's eye. A fifth, across the estuary of the Scheldt near Flushing, which Holland would give anything to build, is ruled out by the awkward presence, upstream, of Antwerp—Belgium's chief port, which must have access to the sea.



Four superdikes, at the locations indicated, are the main projects in Holland's plan to win "absolute safety."

But although what is visible, by now, is but a fraction of the whole, it is enough to fill the spectator with awe. As you first glimpse Dam Number One, from the old German lookouts on the deserted beach of Walcheren Island, it is a sleek, black monster, jutting out resolutely from the opposite bank and eying you across three quarters of a mile of open water. The monster takes on form as you approach it by a working launch that puts you down at the free end of the completed section. You are on solid ground.

"Speed was the key to everything here," says a substantial-looking partner of the contracting firm in charge. "We started late, on April 20, 1958, and we had to complete the worst part of the job before the winter gales set in. There was nothing here, of course."

He did mean "nothing." To keep ahead of the advancing season, the contractors, with typical Dutch gumption, had started at the "wrong" end of the nearly mile-long section assigned them for the year. Building from sea to shore, so as to finish the most vulnerable portion first, they had begun by sinking brushwood "mattresses"—handmade according to a centuries-old method—to keep the sandy ground from shifting. Then, dumping sand and rubble into the open channel they had created a small island. The island was extended to form a working harbor. This done, the builders could proceed to make the dam itself, resting it, as they worked toward the eastern shore, on a protruding sand bank. (Continued on Page 96)

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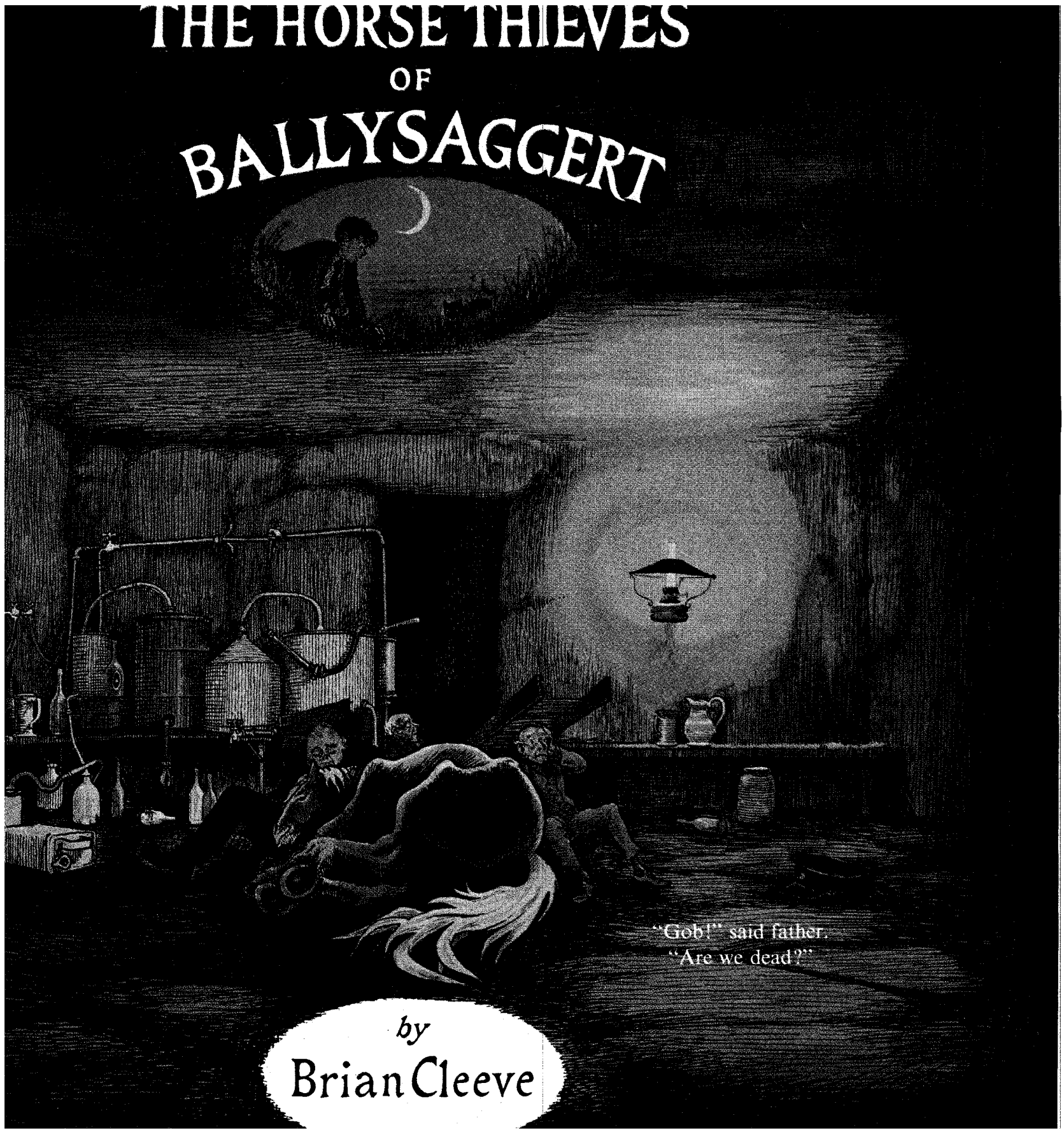
THE HORSE THIEVES OF BALLYSAGGERT



by

Brian Cleeve

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Sorrow, is it? I tell you, if a man were wanting to make a list of the Chief Sorrows of Erin, I'd advise him to give great consideration to the Sorrow of Ballysaggert, ever since the day Sergeant Raftery found Uncle Jamesy's still up in the Fairy Fort. The best poteen that ever a man could wish to drink this side of heaven was distilled up there by Uncle Jamesy and my father, while now—now you wouldn't wet your whistle with a drop that hadn't paid excise duty in the four corners of Ballysaggert parish. And all over a horse. A sway-backed vagrant of a four-legged monstrosity that ought to have been sent to a glue factory when it was born. But let me tell you in proper order.

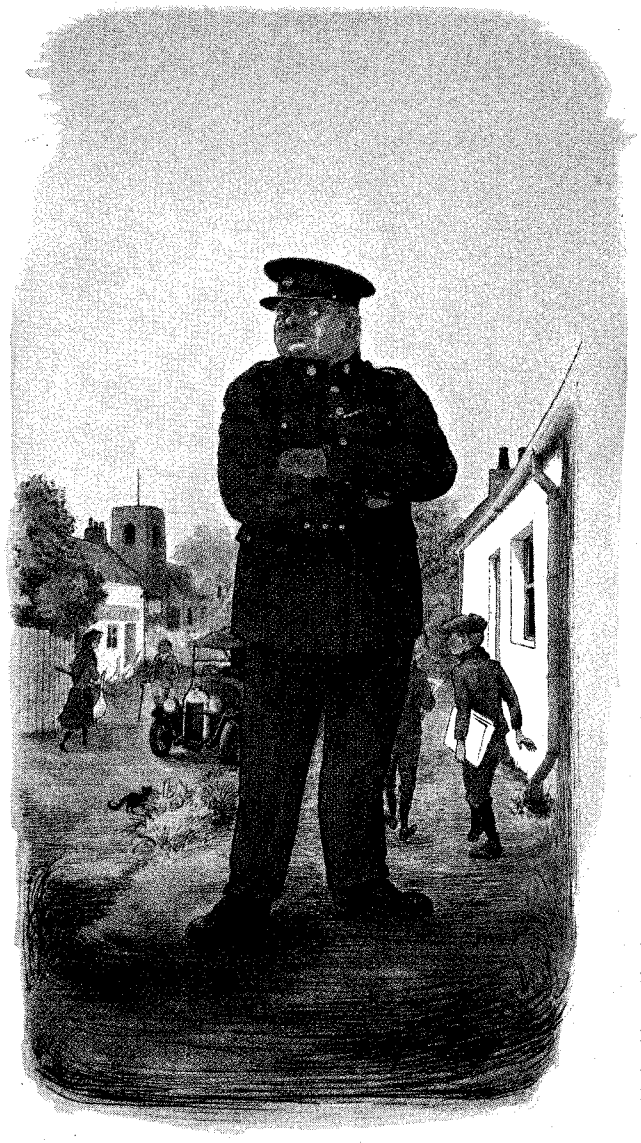
The real beginning of the whole miserable business was the coming of Sergeant Raftery to replace old Sergeant Kieron that retired. A new police sergeant is always a hard business for a parish, the way he'll be bursting out all over with enthusiasm and ambition. But this feller. Like a maniac. A huge, ugly man with red hair growing out of his ears, and hands like bats of lumpy wood, and a savagery for work that would have killed an Eskimo. There was hardly an hour of the day or night you wouldn't find him ravaging and stravaging the roads looking for mischief to make. Impounding donkeys that knew their way home better than he did, or looking for dog licenses, or rounding up truants until the schoolhouse was a bedlam with imprisoned children that the teacher hardly knew by sight and didn't want to.

Stars in heaven, there wasn't any ruffianism that sergeant wasn't up to. And, of course, he wasn't ten days in the place before he heard about the still. Not where it was, of course, or who owned it. Just that it existed. But that was enough. From that out, high days and holidays, he'd be quartering the mountains like a sixteen-stone greyhound, looking for a wisp of smoke to tell him where the still was.

And then, after about a month of all this torment and turmoil, when half the lads in the parish, including myself, were thinking of emigrating, didn't I see a girl I'd never seen before in all my life? A girl? A living vision. My heart turned over and my mouth fell open with the beauty of her and I had to lean against the nearest house wall to stop myself from falling down flat while she walked toward me, with the sunlight sprinkling gold dust on her curling black hair and her little red hat. Walked, did I say? Danced. Floated. Her foot no more than kissed the ground as she went by me, and I fetched a sigh out of me that nearly brought my heart along with it.

She just nodded to me and smiled, and said, "Good morning," and was gone down the street, like a feather dancing on a puff of breeze, while I lay against the whitewashed wall of Matt Fogarty's cottage and wondered if I was alive or dead.

I just wandered up to the still as lost and dazzled in my mind as if I was coming away from it instead of going toward it. Indeed, I was hit so bad that I spent five minutes trying to get into the wrong Fairy Fort.



The redoubtable Sergeant Raftery.

Maybe I should explain that up beyond the head of the valley, where the mountaintop flattens out, there's half a dozen biggish green mounds built by the good people in the old times. You'll hear all kinds of stories about them being graves of kings and such, but that's all just foolish talk. They're Fairy Forts, and the only human thing ever buried in any of them was our still. A long while ago, when Uncle Jamesy and father were about my age, some professors came down from Dublin and started digging the forts to pieces. Looking for old pots and bones.

They left behind them a powerful big hole in the side of one of the forts, and down under it weren't there two great rooms all lined with stone, like a pair of cellars, hidden there under the green roof of the mound?

Before Michael knew it, his feet were off the ground.

Uncle Jamesy and father said it was plain to see that whoever had built the rooms had been making no use of them for a power of years, and it'd be a sin to waste them. You wouldn't find as good a place as that to hide a poteen still if you searched all the provinces of Ireland.

And so they brought in their gear and set it up, and what with old Sergeant Kieron and Father Sweeney liking a drop of the poteen themselves an odd time, the still never had to be moved in thirty years. All the customers needed to do to come in was to grasp a particular dead furze stump sticking out of the side of the mound and lift it. Up it would come with a trap door covered in green turf attached to it, and down he'd step into what you might call the Saloon Bar of the Fairy Fort; a big, shadowy cave of a place with benches along three sides of it, and a barrel and a row of mugs on a shelf at the far end. Behind the barrel was a small, narrow passage leading to the second stone room, the stillroom itself.

Above both rooms, of course, was a stone roof, made of big overlapping slabs of rock. And over that again was the green turf of the mound, half covered in furze and bracken, with the smoke of the still curling out of a small chimney hidden in a gorse bush and losing itself in the gray, watery sky. I can tell you the heart nearly breaks in me for thinking of the homeliness of it all. Not having a mother since before I can remember, I more or less grew up in the still instead of down in father's cottage.

As I say, after seeing the girl below in Ballysaggert village, I was so bad I near dislocated my shoulder trying to pull up a furze stump on the wrong mound. And when I got into the still at last, it didn't take Uncle Jamesy long to see that something was up with me. He's a little, sharp-eyed man, the twin of my father, with tufts of white hair sprouting out over his ears and not another screed of it on his brown, shiny skull. And what with the way he and father sit cross-legged, from the long years of squatting under the copper condensing tube of the still-filling jugs, and with near living in the Fairy Fort, it's not much wonder that everyone calls the pair of them the leprechauns. Indeed, they're known as the leprechauns far and wide beyond Ballysaggert.

"Michael boy," my uncle said, before I could so much as settle myself on the bench. "What have you been doing?"

"Nothing," I said dreamily.

"You've been after girls," said my uncle, the end of his nose twitching. He's always been powerfully against women, saying they were the ruin of a man's drinking habits. "I know it. I know it. I can see it in your eye. Oh, Michael child, if you only knew the depths of the pit that's opening at your innocent feet. Girls is the calamity of mankind."

He filled himself a mug and took a sup of it as if he needed strengthening. Meanwhile, I must confess, I didn't pay much heed to him beyond blushing a bit. I could still see her in my mind's eye. The little dancing foot of her, as neat as a new leaf fluttering on a tree. The print of it was on my heart.

(Continued on Page 74)

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Therapists and doctors of the Children's Health Council study the progress of a little cerebral-palsy victim. The child's mother is third from left.

Superclinic for Kids Only

Now California has a new kind of medical center, where mentally or physically crippled children can get expensive specialized help, at prices parents can afford.

By Milton Silverman

Dr. Esther Clark, founder. "We can't treat only the child. We've got to do everything possible to treat the family as a unit."

Below: Occupational therapist Catherine Ledford puts a polio-crippled child through his leg exercises.

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In the clinic's nursery for retarded children, executive director Frances Brainerd (in yellow dress) hears a concert by an impromptu "rhythm band." These sessions help the youngsters acquire physical co-ordination and the ability to work together.

The 4-year-old boy above was born without hands. Here he masters an artificial left arm.

Nobody knew where Billy came from, and nobody seemed to care. Abandoned a few hours after birth, he was eventually turned over to a foundling home in northern California, and there he stayed. Nobody wanted to adopt him. Nobody even wanted to play with him.

"Unfortunately," an official of the institution said, "the child appeared to be hopelessly retarded. He never walked, or crawled, or talked. All he did was stuff himself with food until he vomited, or hold his breath until he fainted, or scream interminably."

Because these screams were so annoying, Billy was tied in a crib in an isolated room. He was kept there, twenty-four hours a day, week after week, month after month, for three years.

Then one day a young couple—they might be called Jim and Sue Brown—visited the home in search of a little boy they could adopt as a playmate for their own three-year-old child.

"We don't care what he looks like," Jim Brown said, "just so he's healthy and happy. You know, the kind of a kid who would fit into our family."

They were shown a number of children available for adoption. Most of them seemed adequately healthy and happy. Also, as they walked through the building, they saw Billy and the crib that served as his prison.

"That's a sad little character," remarked Sue.

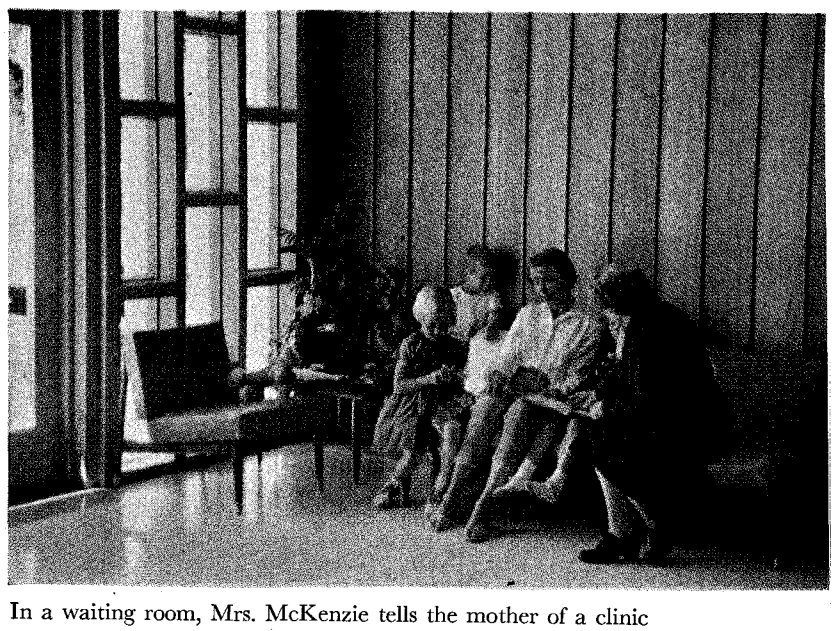
"Oh, you wouldn't want that one," a matron said quickly. "He's too difficult."

That night Sue and Jim discussed the children they had seen. They agreed that two or three of them would be excellent choices. But they also agreed that the one child they wanted was Billy.

"He wasn't beautiful, he wasn't friendly, but his little face kept haunting us," Sue said afterward. "We decided to ask for him."

Against the advice of officials at the institution, the Browns got Billy and brought him to their small home (Continued on Page 88)

Mrs. Lilla McKenzie gives Neil Williams, 7, a speech lesson. Three years ago, before his serious hearing defect was found, Neil could not talk at all. Now he will soon leave the clinic's care. At rear is his mother.



In a waiting room, Mrs. McKenzie tells the mother of a clinic patient how to carry out a speech-corrective program at home.

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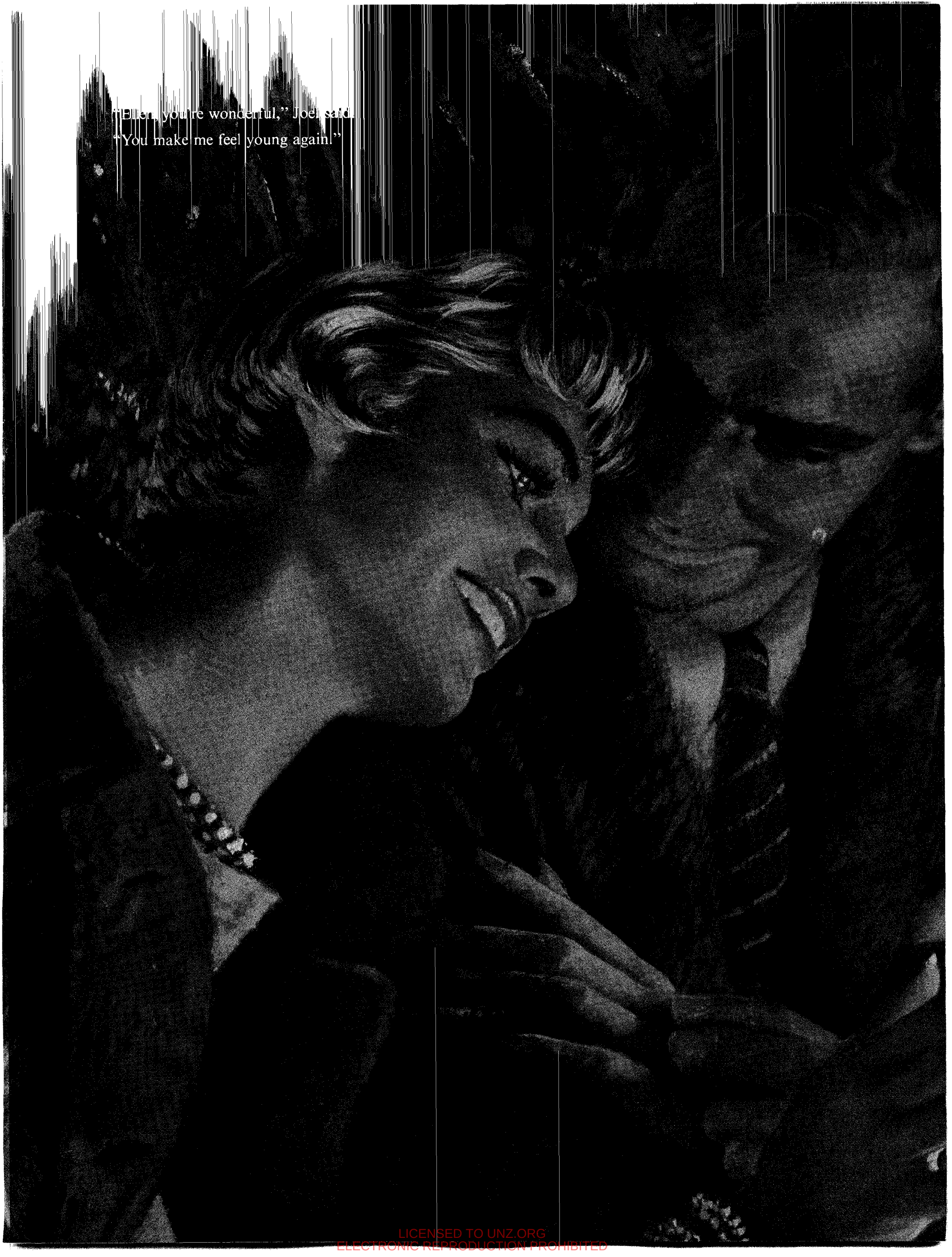

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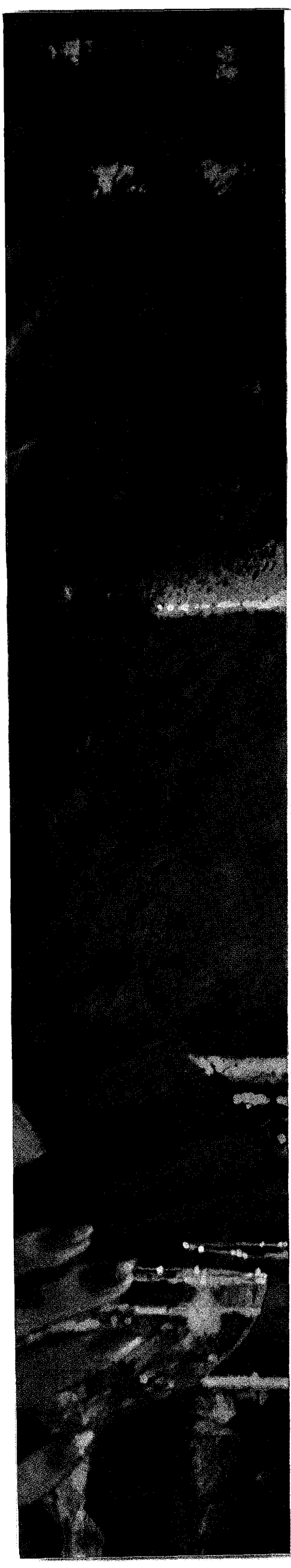

Husband on the Prowl

It seemed strange
to be two-timing his wife.
But he enjoyed it.

By EDWIN A. PEEPLES

It was nearly six, and they had all come out of the sea and across the road to the cottage. The cottage was fine, excellently appointed, but a bit crowded for changing when there was a guest, such as Valerie's friend, Tess.

You had to work in relays, through the bathroom, into the bedroom and around through the kitchen back to the living room. This meant Joel had to sit in his wet bathing suit until Valerie and Tess had changed and had changed Jeremy, who was nine, and Bobby, who was six. The discomfort wasn't great, but Joel fretted.

He wanted a drink. But a drink was for when you were cool and clean and relaxed. Then it was a civilized pleasure. To sluice down a shot when you were wet and sandy and sticky with salt was a bit squalid. He had done it back in his salad days, ten or fifteen years ago, but those associations and moods were hardly suitable for a successful man with a family.

Presently, Valerie came out with Tess and the children and told Joel the facilities were all his. "Boy! Am I sore!" she said. "Did you see me doing somersaults and handstands to impress the boys? I used to do them so easily. Now I feel as if somebody's run me through a mangle." She rubbed her shoulder and neck. "What I need is a drink!"

Valerie was a brash, boyish product of Jazz Age parents. She was contemptuous of her parents and their age, but she imitated them in believing she must frequently be a terrible child. As Joel went into the bathroom, Valerie poured a drink. Tess sympathized with her for being too old to turn somersaults. Too old was thirty.

Joel didn't care for Tess. Tess was a grass widow who, in Joel's opinion, had loused up her marriage through nothing but her own pigheadedness. That was her privilege, but it was tiresome to keep hearing how she was an innocent victim. Still, it was good of Tess to come and look after the children while he took Valerie to dinner.

This was their last night at the shore. Tomorrow they would drive home. So far, the vacation hadn't been very successful. Joel had got away from the stresses of business, but Valerie hadn't got away from the children. It was curious about having children, he thought, as he stepped out of his wet bathing suit and began toweling himself. Having them made a husband and wife utter strangers because they could never be with each other. He had hoped he and Valerie might find a few moments when they could recapture a little of the tenderness of first being married, but there had been no such moments.

It was fruitless for Valerie to urge the modern aphorism she had read somewhere: "Parents have rights!" Parents might have rights, but they'd play hell getting them.

Joel decided not to dress, now, for dinner. Valerie hadn't dressed. He put on a sport shirt and some slacks. The clean, dry clothes made him feel better. On the way through the kitchen he paused to fix a stout whisky-on-the-rocks.

In the living room he found Valerie stretched out on the studio couch. Her eyes were red. She'd been weeping. Tess wore the smug expression of a woman who has received tense confidences.

Joel came and knelt beside the couch. "What's the matter, hon?" he asked. "Are you so sore?"

"Yes," she said. "And I'm homesick."

"I'm sorry. Can I do anything?"

She sat up abruptly and held out her glass to him. "Nothing," she (Continued on Page 93)

Illustrated by Edwin Georgi

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What Ails the Theater?

By WALTER KERR

In more than thirty years of playgoing I don't think I have ever heard anyone hiss in the theater. I don't remember ever hearing anyone call out a heartfelt "Bravo!" while a performance was going on, though, of course, I have heard audiences applaud from time to time and there are always those slightly suspect cheers that fill the back of the house (why is it always the back of the house?) at curtain-fall on opening nights in New York. Apart from the rhythmic hand-clapping that greeted the finale of The Music Man—and we are going to be talking about plays rather than musical comedies—I am not certain that I have ever felt a single, irresistible impulse sweep over an entire audience, for good or ill, and stir it to a response or a demonstration that could not possibly have been inhibited.

This is curious. If we are to believe the legends that have drifted down to us from the theater's apparently unruly beginnings in a scooped-out shell directly beneath the Acropolis, and if we are not simply to avert our eyes from the perfectly real evidence of what could happen in a New York playhouse as recently as the century before our own (thirty-one people killed and two hundred injured in a street battle brought on by, and fought during, a single performance), it is somehow or other in the nature of the theater to provoke ardent, if not violent, rejoinder.

Rejoinder is, in fact, the essence of the very first legend we cherish. The story runs that drama, as we now know it, was born on the day when a headstrong member of a religious dancing and singing group turned away from his fellow celebrants, faced the worshipers who had gathered to watch on the hillside, and, instead of continuing to sing the praises of the god Dionysus, announced that he *was* Dionysus. In daring to speak in the first person, to impersonate the god rather than describe him, a man named Thespis is supposed to have become the first bona fide actor. And a lawmaker named Solon, present at the holiday ritual, is supposed to have risen in his seat immediately and talked back, thundering down to the impertinent performer that he was a damned liar.

Whether or not this appealing—and perhaps highly significant—little scene ever took place, it seems very likely that, not too long after and once the notion of impersonation had expanded into full-scale drama, several of Greece's most popular and distinguished playwrights *CONTINUED ON PAGE 99*

About the Author

Walter Kerr, the drama critic of the New York Herald Tribune, has contributed to the theater as director, playwright, and teacher of playwrighting. Born in Evanston, Illinois, a graduate of Northwestern University, he was, for four years, associate professor of drama at Catholic University, where he mounted numerous productions. His own play, Sing Out, Sweet Land, was produced on Broadway in 1944. With his witty wife, Jean, he has written sketches and lyrics for musical shows, including the current Goldilocks. His book, How Not to Write a Play, is among the sagest in the field. Photograph by Philippe Halsman

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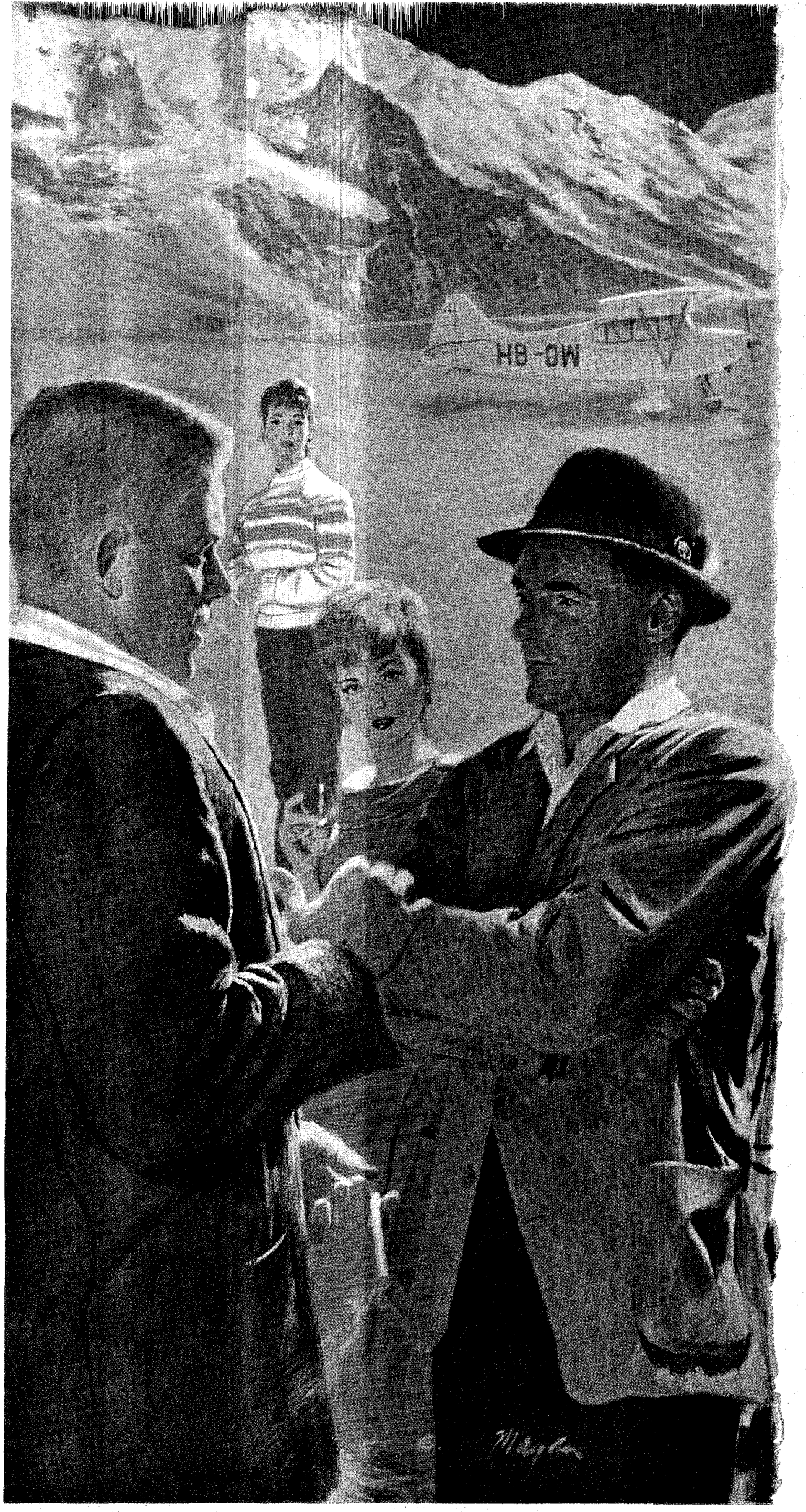

"I can take one man up and one man down," said the pilot.
"The man I take up must stay there."

THE EAGLE OF THE SNOWS

By VIVIAN CONNELL

Why did he want to trade places with a man who was stranded on a dangerous mountain?

Jocelyn sat on the green Alpine plateau over the brink that dropped eight hundred feet plumb to the brook singing in the ravine below. The music of the water mingled with the carillon of a hundred cowbells on the mountain pasture. But the herd did not graze this small plateau isolated on the dangerous brink, and the bees were not disturbed in the blossoms nor the butterflies in the long grass.

Here, at twenty-five hundred meters, Valais was in summer green, but across the great valley to the Simplon, the white peaks were always in winter snow. Jocelyn breathed the sweet air and stopped his figuring on the writing pad. He was making a ladder of symbols to reach the moon, but Berkeley was a long way off this August, and he had come to Switzerland to climb the Hornblau again, not a mountain of the moon. But one day ——

Jocelyn sighed and picked up his binocular. Each day, during ten days, he had walked ten miles from Orion, below in the valley, up here to the green summit called the Cry of the Wind, to prepare himself for the white peak of the Hornblau. It was a hard climb, but to the Alpinist only a promenade in grassland. There, forty miles away, westward of the Matterhorn, just visible on the white sky line, stood the grim Hornblau, looking angelic in the blue sky and sunlit snow. And the great glacier of the Hornblau, called The Devil's Slide, sloped white and innocent in the snow of last night. But it would be dangerous for climbers who had to pass below in the North Wall ascent. The summer avalanches were swift but sure in the burning sun.

But Jocelyn knew he was ready now, and in the morning he would take the train—from the summer of Orion to the winter of the Hornblau.

Jocelyn swung his binocular down on the airfield at Orion and saw the jet planes of the Swiss Air Force ranked below the fields of purple grapes in the bright vale. But he was looking for the (Continued on Page 103)

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International brain power: Francis Perrin, France; Dr. Hla Nyunt, Burma; and Dr. Willard Libby, U.S., at the American section of the Geneva "Atoms for Peace" exhibit. In rear is a model of the Shippingport, Pa., reactor.

THE ATOM IS GOING TO WORK

By STEVEN M. SPENCER

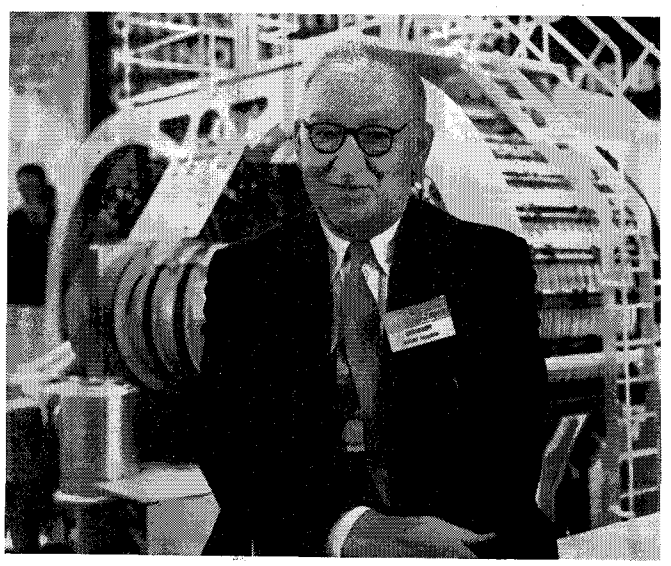
Despite the threat of nuclear war, the world's big and small nations are making astonishing strides toward harnessing atomic power for peaceful purposes. A Post editor reports on the new era.

Many people of good will, depressed by the tensions of current world history, have fervently wished that the two-faced genie of the atomic nucleus could be pushed back into the unknown, corked up and forgotten, like a bottle of bad medicine.

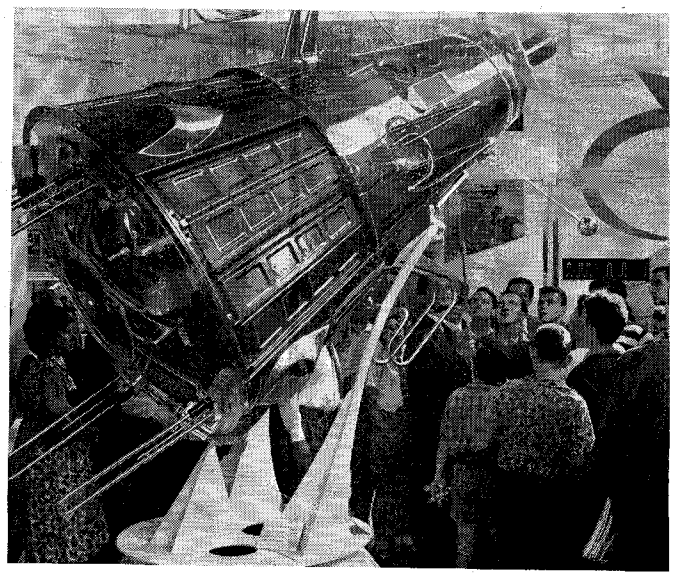
Unfortunately, you can't bottle up knowledge, no matter how unpleasant and distasteful. And whether or not the world's statesmen find a way to suspend atomic-weapons testing, the world's scientists and engineers are busy finding more and more peacetime jobs for the atom to perform.

In spite of its lethal potentialities, atomic energy has become, for small nations and large, the new symbol of the more abundant life, the radioactive key to industrial independence. It has been seized upon as the all-purpose tool, suited to any task—from moving mountains to curing cancer. It can power factories, light homes, drive ships, find leaks in pipelines and trace underground water courses. It can improve the manufacture of steel, paper, plastics and silk. It can hasten the evolution of more productive farm crops, and can tag and eradicate insect pests. The list is endless. In fact, Dr. Willard F. Libby, the imaginative scientist member of the United States Atomic Energy Commission, has remarked that anyone familiar with the subject "can think up at least one new use every five minutes."

One may ask, then, can the atom's remarkable talent for (Continued on Page 106)



Sir John Cockcroft, a pioneer atom splitter, directs Britain's atomic-energy research. He predicts that "by 1975 most new power stations will be nuclear."



In their display at Geneva, the Russians couldn't resist showing off this replica of Sputnik III, although it had nothing to do with nuclear science.

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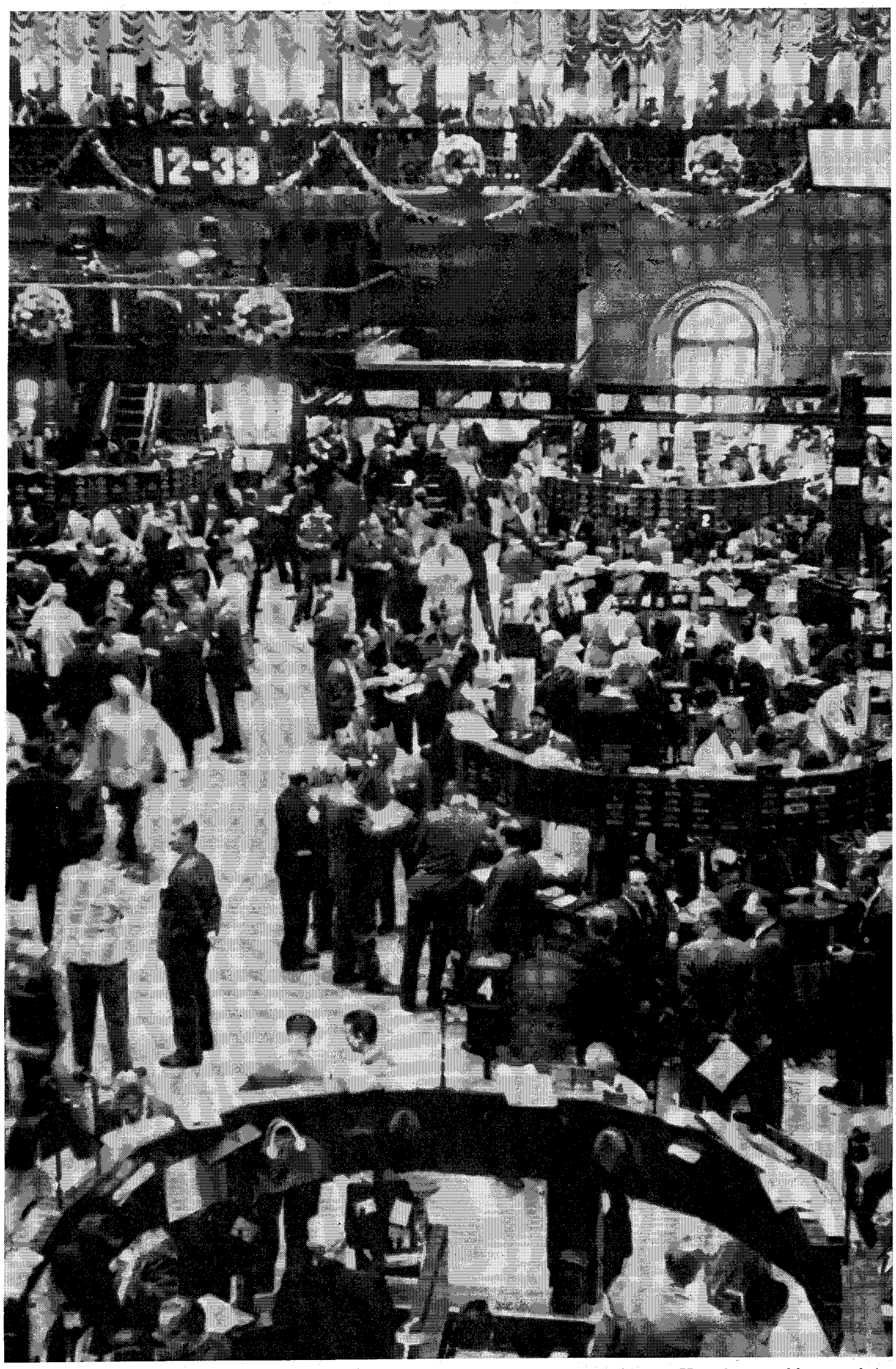
Why are more Americans than ever before eagerly investing millions in stocks and bonds? Will the market continue to reach record levels? A Post editor reports.

BEHIND THE STOCK-MARKET TURMOIL

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

Every day at noon, at the corner of Broad and Wall Streets in New York City, which is about as close to the nation's financial heart as you can get, a group of forty-odd men and women gather on the sidewalk to argue earnestly about God and the soul and what a man can do to be saved. These vast imponderables are not Wall Street's main concern, of course—at least during trading hours. The mighty skyscrapers of the financial district are inhabited largely by brokers and bankers, who spend their days brooding over more mundane mysteries, such as whether the stock market will go up or down, and what a man can do to make money.

To a stranger, visiting the Street for the first time, it seems curious, therefore, that here, in what is supposed to be the inner temple of the moneychangers, there should be even a few who daily strive to lift their thoughts above worldly things. To one elderly Wall Streeter, though, a man of philosophical bent who pauses now and then to listen to the religious arguments, there is nothing incongruous about it. The man who pores over his Bible, seeking to discover the truth that lies hidden in some obscure passage of Scripture, is brother in spirit, he believes, to the investment banker who endlessly studies his charts and graphs,



The floor of the New York Stock Exchange. Here the second-by-second rise and fall of stock prices continually reflect the hopes and fears of the nation.

New York Stock Exchange president Keith Funston. He wants to make the market less mysterious to the public.

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Houston: At the Underwood, Neuhaus brokerage, Texans study the board which gives almost instantaneous quotations of the trading in New York.

hunting the hidden meaning behind the figures that come to him on his stock ticker. Both, he says, are stirred by the same basic human emotions—fear and hope.

The stock market, he points out, is like every other enterprise that human beings engage in. It reflects the doubts, fears and anxieties that men feel about their own future and the future of the nation. It also reflects their dreams and aspirations, their confidence that tomorrow they, and the country as a whole, will be happier and more prosperous than they have been before. The market, he says, is a barometer of the nation's emotions.

If this is true, the nation's emotions, at the moment, seem beset by schizophrenia. In a week of wandering through Wall Street, asking those who make their living there the simple question, "What makes the stock market behave as it does?" a reporter from the hinterlands kept getting the same puzzling reply. People, the experts said, are afraid of what the future holds. Therefore, they are buying stocks. People, on the other hand, are confident of the future. So, they are buying stocks.

At first glance such an answer does not seem to make much sense. It is not immediately obvious to a layman how the play of two conflicting emotions could result in the same positive action. The explanation, though, is fairly simple.

It goes like this: There are in this country nearly 9,000,000 people who own shares in publicly owned companies whose stocks are bought and sold in the auction market, and their number increases by roughly 500,000 every year. Two thirds of them have incomes of less than $7500 a year, but their holdings, at current market values, total some $350,000,000,000. Nearly 90 per cent of these equities are locked away in strongboxes and are not for sale.

The fact that so many people have placed so huge a bet on the nation's future, and are adding to their holdings every year, indicates that they feel serenely confident. They believe that five years from now, or ten years from now, the United States in the space age will be a bigger, stronger and more prosperous land than ever before. By buying stocks and holding on to them, they are making sure that they will be sharing in the fat dividends and the stock splits and all the emoluments of the golden years to come.

Wall Street's old pros, who for the past ten years have watched the market rise and fall and recover to climb steadily upward, have no disposition to quarrel with this judgment. "The only people who have been consistently wrong," said one of them, "are the pessimists who bet against this country."

At the same time, the experts say, these same shareholders who (Continued on Page 79)

Sarasota, Fla.: The women shown below belong to an investment club, one of about 15,000 in the U. S. In this club, members pool information, but they play the market individually.

The girls want to see what they're getting before they buy stock in the Florida Power & Light Co. Here they inspect a steam plant with a company official and their broker.

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The Face of AMERICA

Fiesta Event

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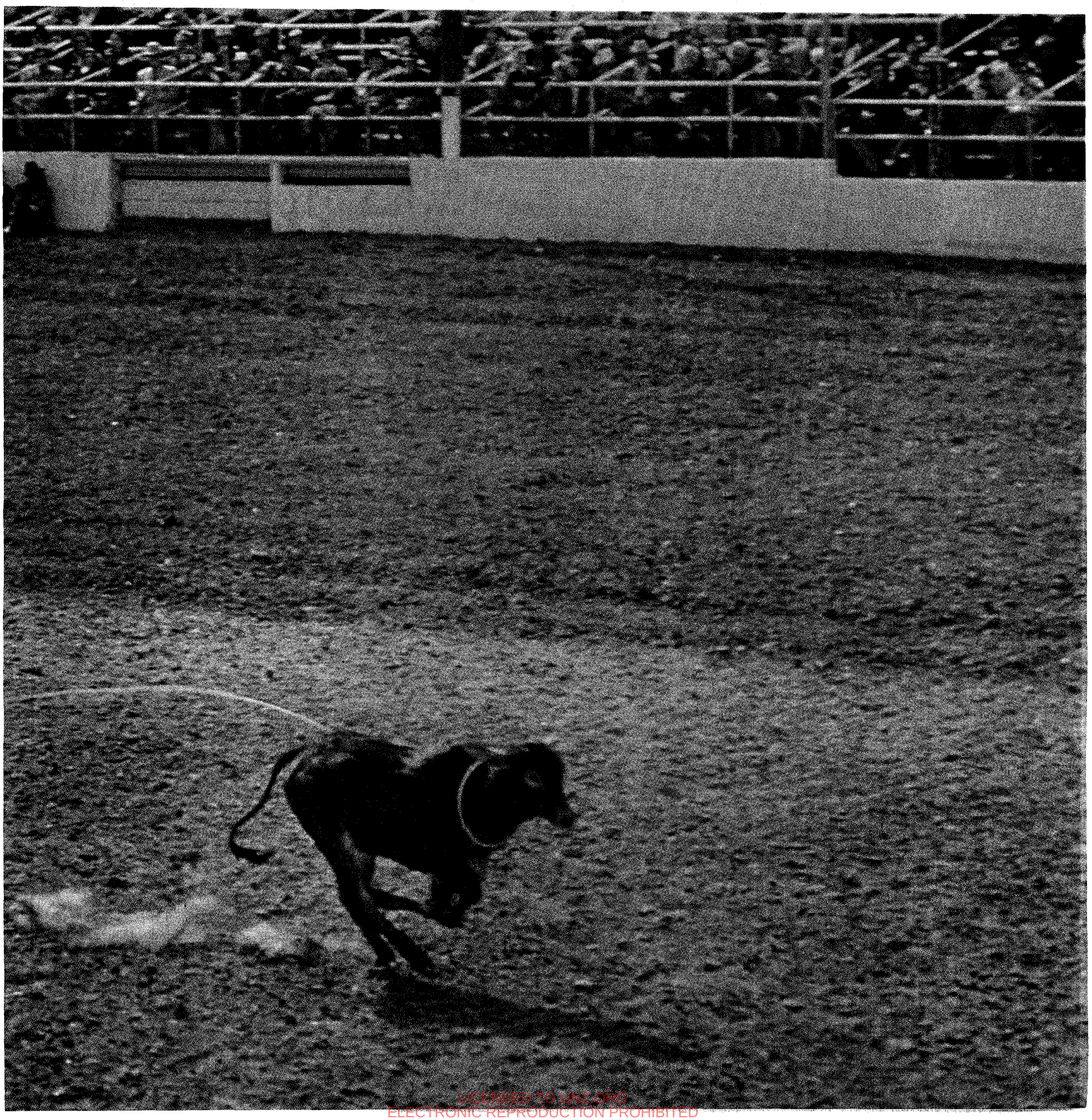
The cowboy you see below has just dropped the noose of his lariat around the neck of the bounding young Brahma. His horse is digging its hoofs into the ground to halt the lassoed captive so the rider can dismount and throw the animal before tying up three of its legs with his pigging string. The event is calf roping; the place, Tucson, Arizona, which will hold its thirty-fourth *Fiesta de Los Vaqueros* from February 19 to 22. Calf roping is one of five main contests on the program at this rodeo and at more than 400 similar shows all over the country this year. Here in the Tucson arena, a good rider with a highly trained rope horse can pursue and tie his animal in less than twenty seconds. Such extraordinary haste wasn't necessary on the open range of not so long ago. But today one of the West's classic cattle-handling skills has become a unique form of showmanship, where the sole object is to beat the clock. And top performers on the rodeo circuit can win more prize money in a season than many a saddle-bred old-time cowpuncher ever saw in a lifetime. ● Photograph by Bob Smallman



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Nancy and Irving Levine. Their courtship began in New York when Irving, on leave from his news post in Russia, met Nancy in TV-star Dave Garroway's office, where she worked as a secretary.

I Settled My Bride in Moscow

A U.S. newsman tells of the unique problems his young American wife faced when she set up housekeeping in the shadow of the Kremlin.

By IRVING R. LEVINE

On her shopping expeditions in Moscow's "free" market, Nancy found the Russians surprisingly friendly, but the prices astoundingly high. For beef—very tough—she paid about $3 a pound, and a single cucumber cost 50 cents.

Below: Nancy at a remote collective farm in Tadzhikistan. She was one of the first Americans her hosts had seen.

Moscow.

When Nancy Cartmell Jones, a delectable young lady pursued by coveys of suitors, agreed to come to Moscow as my bride, an American Embassy friend advised her in a letter to "bring along a cookbook, a can opener and plenty of courage."

The cookbook has proved indispensable for preparing meals on a midget stove, hidden behind a green plush screen, in a corner of our two-room suite in the anciently ornate National Hotel overlooking the Kremlin. And courage served Nancy in good stead when, visiting friends at the United States Embassy for tea, she found herself confined there while a crowd of several thousand Russians, marshaled for the demonstration, hurled stones and ink bottles at the building in protest of American policy in the Middle East.

The best advice, though, was the can opener, as Nancy soon discovered. In the land of the Sputniks such commonplace kitchen implements are hard to find. After shopping for weeks for a small *molotok*—a hammer for household use—we finally had one airmailed from London.

My bride meets such challenges of life in this "proletariat paradise" with good humor and occasional tears. Moscow's mode of living is unlike the life Nancy knew in New York, where she lived with her parents on Park Avenue and worked in an air-conditioned office as Dave Garroway's secretary. That's where we met, when I (Continued on Page 82)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

During nearly four years as N.B.C. correspondent in Moscow, Irving Levine has seen a number of colleagues expelled from Russia for violating the strict censorship rules. It is something that can, of course, happen to him at any time. At present, for example, he is in some trouble with the censors for failing to await clearance of a recent broadcast with Sen. Hubert Humphrey, following the Senator's interview with Nikita Khrushchev. And it is possible the Kremlin will take it amiss that he failed to submit for approval either the article that starts on this page or the manuscript of his newly published book, Main Street, U.S.S.R. In fact, Nancy Levine might well add to her list of the uncertainties of Moscow life the possibility that her husband will abruptly be asked to leave the country. THE EDITORS

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Sitting in the Senate Press Gallery, they listened while Shropshire pounded the nails into the coffins of their newspaper careers.

THE INVISIBLE AGENCY

The story of a young reporter who dreamed up a fake Government bureau, with consequences you'd hardly believe.

By Jacob Hay

ROOM 2003
NATIONAL PRESS BUILDING
WASHINGTON, D.C.

January 3, 1958

MR. WALTER MACKENSON, MANAGING EDITOR
THE CHICAGO ARGUS-STAR
ARGUS-STAR BUILDING
CHICAGO 3, ILLINOIS

Dear Walter: This is to advise you that I have granted your fair-haired boy, Ben Wattress, an immediate leave of absence for at least six months. Or until I can get this whole ghastly mess straightened out.

And are we in a mess! Not only the Argus-Star, but the Congress of the United States as well. We could become the laughingstock of the entire civilized world, plus all of Texas.

Maybe I'd better start right off by telling you that Ben Wattress has been appointed Director General of the United States Inland Security Board. And let me add that if the U. S. Inland Security Board didn't exist, it would have to be invented. In fact, Walter, that's almost exactly what happened.

In a sense it's all my fault. Let me explain.

You remember you sent Ben Wattress down here to take over Price Hume's job when you sent Price to the Paris Bureau. You sent along a fine letter, too, telling me what a fine job Wattress had done on the State House beat, and how he was just the man to fill Price's shoes. And so he was.

But, Walter, Washington's a lot different from Springfield; bigger, and more frustrating. It's tough for a new man to break in and find his way around. Personally, I felt that Ben was doing a good job, all things considered. I kept telling him to relax; that Rome wasn't built in a day; that he couldn't expect to learn all the ins and outs in only a few months.

Looking back, I can pinpoint the moment in time when this thing began. It was the day we broke the story on (Continued on Page 46)

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The Cardiff Giant Affair

She was not only beautiful, she was rich too.

So, naturally she was envied and suspected. . . .

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Orrin Applegate, a young lawyer just starting his practice in the year 1869, was disturbed by the sudden changes in his usually calm environment. First, Syracuse became notorious overnight when a huge creature, said to be the petrified body of a Biblical giant, was dug up on Stubby Newell's farm in nearby Cardiff. Then Orrin became legal adviser for the sensational Madam Janeway, a fabulously wealthy newcomer with mysterious connections. Lossie, Orrin's childhood playmate and next-door neighbor, was suspicious of the glamorous Madam Janeway. And, although he was pleased to have a client, Orrin also wondered about Madam and her ominous-looking butler, Oscar. Late one Friday night Orrin watched a stranger wearing side whiskers enter Madam's house. The next Sunday morning, Orrin's father discovered the body of a murdered man—a man who wore side whiskers.

Illustrated by Sam Bates

"Cast an eye over this," he said to me, and showed me the blank page at the front of the book.

II

"Who," demanded my father, "put that thing in my barn?" He was, it seemed, not so much startled or alarmed as outraged that anyone would commit such a nuisance upon his property. His mustache bristled. His second reaction was more dynamic. "Great Scott!" he said loudly. "The man has been murdered." He turned upon me as if I were somehow to blame. "You," he commanded, "go fetch an officer of the law to get it out of here! Scamper!"

I scampered, thinking that officers of the law might not be so easily come by in our orderly city at such an hour on the Sabbath morning. As I ran down the street I heard father bellowing, "Hey, Lander! Come out here, Lander! There's a damn corpse in my barn!"

Lander was, of course, Lossie's father, Mr. Leander Fox, and it was natural for father to call for him in any emergency. All their lives they had done things together—played together as children, striven together as young men and shared good and ill as partners. What touched one of them touched both. I knew that Mr. Fox would come running at the urgency in father's voice, running as fast as his short, pudgy legs would carry his short, stubby body.

I called him Uncle Lander as Lossie called my father Uncle Silas, though, of course, there was no blood relationship. As I made for the street I heard the side screen door burst open and Uncle Lander demand, "What in tunket's the matter, Silas? What you shouting for?"

A few months ago it would have been difficult to locate an officer, but only recently the state legislature had passed a bill authorizing us to hire additional policemen. It was not dignified for a young attorney at law to run, but I walked rapidly to Salina Street, where I saw a patrolman sauntering along placidly. He was a middle-aged and whiskered man, who blinked at me as I accosted him excitedly.

"Now hold your hosses, bub," he admonished. "Who be ye and what ails ye?"

"I'm Orrin Applegate," I told him, "and there's a murdered man in our barn."

"Applegate, huh?" he asked, becoming more respectful at mention of father's name. "Murdered man, ye say?"

"Dead," I said impressively.

Clearly he did not know what to do next. "I'm just a peeler," he said. "Murders is too steep fur me. I'll mosey along to your house, but I think you better fetch somebuddy higher up."

So he set off—reluctantly, I thought—while I hurried on to the home of the commissioner and rang his bell. He was arrayed for church, but he told his family to go on without him. As he walked toward James Street he questioned me, but there was little I could tell him. He was uncomfortable, being a businessman newly appointed, and no trained policeman. In our yard, when we arrived, a knot of neighbors was milling about. Father saw us and advanced toward us belligerently.

He spoke testily to the commissioner. "This policeman of yours," he said loudly, "hasn't got the sense God gave geese. He does nothing but gawk. Look, Sam, I don't want my property cluttered up with corpses on a Sunday morning. Haul it away from here, Sam."

"Now, Applegate," the commissioner said placatingly, "just hold your hosses. Don't blame you for being put out, but if there's been a murder, it's got to be looked into thorough. Who is it got murdered?"

"How the devil would I know?" father said. "All I want is to get him out of my carriage and off my premises."

"We'll have to look at him," said the commissioner, and the ensuing proceedings were highly informal. He invited the neighbors into the barn to take a look and see if they could identify the victim. No one ever had seen the man before.

"Maybe," suggested Uncle Lander, "there's suthin' in his pockets to tell who he is."

It was quite evident the commissioner was reluctant to make the gruesome search. He ordered the patrolman to undertake the unpleasant task, but nothing came to light. The man's pockets had been emptied.

"Beats all," said the frustrated commissioner. "How we ever going to find out who he is?"

Uncle Lander had a sense of humor, not always held properly in check. It was a defect Lossie had come by through inheritance. "Wa-al," he said in his high, crisp voice, "you might lay him out in state in the city hall and have everybody file past him."

Other policemen arrived—professionals who went about their (Continued on Page 53)

"I wish this valuable packet delivered, but for sufficient reasons I do not care to deposit it myself," she said.

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Post Scripts

One of These Days

Junior's irrepressible ways
Will be happy memories, one of these days;
But now,
Wow!

THOMAS USK

Drop That Valentine!

As is my annual custom, I want to warn as many young men as possible to think twice before they send out that Valentine declaration of love. Something seems to hit eligible bachelors in mid-February, providing a shock from which they do not recover until the June wedding, when it is much too late.

I direct my plea to men because the wedding that may easily follow a Valentine declaration of love is for them only the beginning of a lifelong struggle. For women the wedding is, on the other hand, the end of years of tactical movements—falsification of eyelashes, dyeing of hair, long nights of studying fashion magazines, uncomfortable diets, unreasonable charm, and painful, smiling attention to male dialogue on the subject of football, golf, hunting, fishing and other worthless and dull pursuits.

Once married, the happy girl can relax and cling, while the surprised groom must start working his head off to take care of her.

The sending of a sweet Valentine is then like lighting a slow fuse to tons of dynamite or putting your head just a little way into a lion's mouth. No lion ever bit off anyone's head just a little.

No. Send flowers, which are meaningless even if a little more expensive. Send candy, which is fattening. Send exotic perfume, which is romantic and yet does not suggest matrimony. Under no circumstances send anything engraved with promises, like pins, rings or plaques. It's hard enough to wiggle out of something written in pencil, never mind cut into metal.

Avoid all those gems that go:

Roses are yellow.
Violets are mellow.
I'm here to bellow,
"Let me be your fellow!"

For "fellow," she will read "husband."

If you must be poetic, be casual and impersonal. Try this, and good luck:

Roses are red.
Violets are blue.
Sugar is a ketonic or aldehydic
derivative of the higher alcohols,
And how are *you?*

ROBERT FONTAINE

Suggested Business Signs

(For an Idle Printing Shop to Run Off)

FOR A DEPARTMENT STORE

There is a "point-of-no-return"
For planes up in the skies.
And, at this store, there's also one
For Christmas merchandise!
(*February 10th*—of *this* year!!)

FOR A CHAIN GROCERY

Our clerks are trained to locate goods,
Amuse your kids, suggest new foods,
Laugh at your jokes, ignore your slices,
And weep with you about our prices.

FOR A LOCAL P.O.'s
"DEAD LETTER" DEPARTMENT

We have your card to "Joe" (or "Moe"),
Addressed to: "10 East Scrawls."
We *hate* to think he'll never know
You've moved to "Scribble Falls"!

MARY ELIZABETH COUNSELMAN

Car Pool

or It Certainly Won't Hurt My Child to Walk Eight Blocks to School

FRONT SEAT, CHERYL:
"I get to have lunch at school today because my mother is going downtown. Yesterday she brought home a new hat that cost forty dollars, but my father had a fit, so she's taking it back."

PAMELA:
"Today's my mother's birthday. She's forty-one."

BACK SEAT, GARY:
"My mother thinks she's going to have another baby. Gosh, I hope not—dad says if she is, he's going to join the Navy."

SHEILA:
"You know, my mother must be very religious. She said that last night she prayed it would snow, and it did! Now she can wear her new mink coat to Mrs. Wilson's party today."

BRUCE:
"My dad got a twenty-dollar raise yesterday, and tonight he and mom are going to celebrate. I'll tell you about it in the car tomorrow."

KAY NELSON

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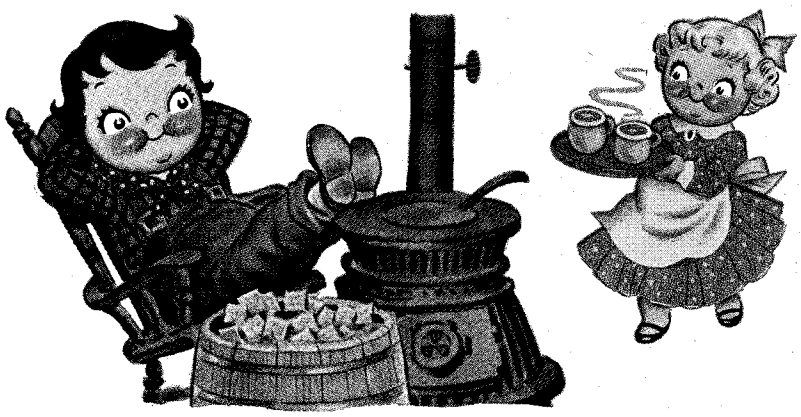

Any season . . . any weather . . .
Soup 'n crackers go together!

WHAT A WELCOME . . . HOT BUTTERED SOUP AND CRACKERS! Make it the soup glowing with the red, red Campbell Tomato . . . picked vine-ripe, gently simmered, seasoned just so. And in every steaming mug or bowl, drop a square of butter to melt and spread its gold. On the side – fresh crackers, crisp and crunchy. M'm! Good – when the soup is America's favorite – Campbell's Tomato Soup. Make a pleasure of the healthy habit . . .

ONCE A DAY . . . EVERY DAY . . . SOUP!

Have you had your soup today?

Campbell's Tomato Soup gives you Vitamins, Proteins . . . Minerals, too!

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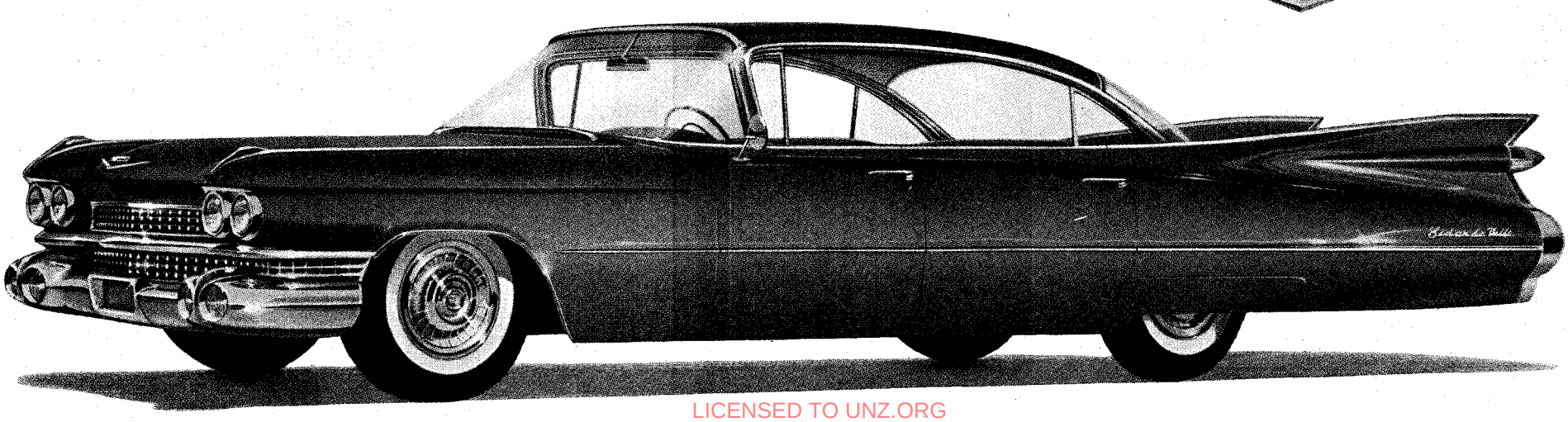
gowns by Ceil Chapman

It would be difficult to recount *all* the wonderful things that a Cadillac car indicates about its owner. But it is readily apparent, we think, that it now speaks more eloquently than ever of his good taste and judgment. Cadillac's new beauty, for instance, is graceful and inspiring as never before. This new Cadillac refinement is equally evident in the car's interiors—in the rare quality of its fabrics, leathers and appointments . . . and in the care and skill of its Fleetwood tailoring and craftsmanship. And then, of course, there is the car's marvelous new performance and handling ease. We suggest you visit your Cadillac dealer soon. You'll quickly see why the new "car of cars" has been accorded the most brilliant reception in Cadillac history.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
EVERY WINDOW OF EVERY CADILLAC IS SAFETY PLATE GLASS

The world's most eloquent possession . . . Cadillac



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"We're about to start washing the bench. Any objections?"

The Secret of Glacier River

Would the Mountie stake his career on the word of a notorious gambler?

By ROBERT ORMOND CASE

"Constable Hughson: This is a desperate appeal for help," Carol's note said. "You must find some excuse to visit our camp."

Everything now depended on the young Mountie. Only he could stop Flynn Foley and his gang. Down near Glacier River, just over the Canadian border in Alaska, Foley's gold-sluicing machinery was all set to destroy the archaeological diggings of Carol's father, Doctor Craig. Foley had bribed Dud Jessop, the doctor's assistant, to let Foley record a prior claim to the scientist's gold-rich land. And Foley's dupe, U. S. Marshal Wiggins, was standing by to make the doctor yield. The one factor Foley did not control was Ravenhill. The gallant bush pilot, hiding after his escape from an arrest trumped up by Foley, was determined to protect the archaeologist. At Ravenhill's direction, Carol warned Hughson. But would the Mountie heed her secret note and stay to help?

The constable read silently, without expression, then started back to his plane.

V

Hughson led the way to the float of his ship and placed one foot on it. Then he paused and looked at his watch thoughtfully.

"Speaking of channels reminds me," he told Enders. "I've got to file a report on Ravenhill, whether you proceed against him or not. To do so, I should at least have a minute or two with Doctor Craig. A few routine questions about Ravenhill's behavior and so forth. D'you mind?"

"It isn't up to me to mind," Enders returned. "If you don't make this official Mountie business, I'm footing the bill for ferrying me out here. But make it fast, eh?"

"I'll go up and get the doctor," Foley offered. "You all wait here."

"Oh, no," said the Mountie, courteously. "Let's not take the doctor away from his dig longer than necessary. We'll just step up there for a moment. With your permission, of course," he said to the marshal.

The marshal hesitated, glancing at Flynn Foley. A flush (Continued on Page 60)

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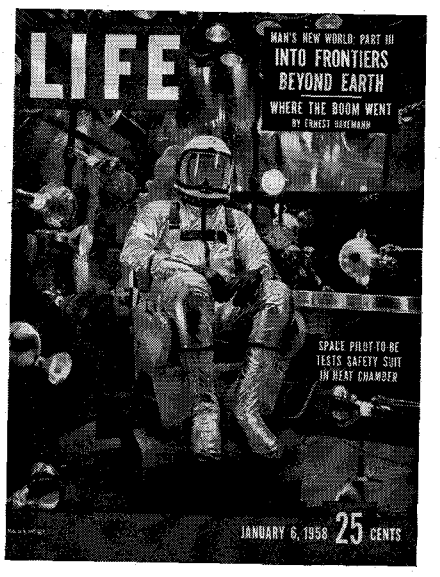
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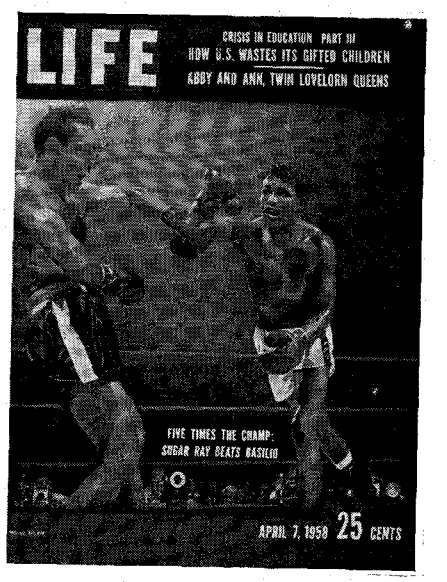
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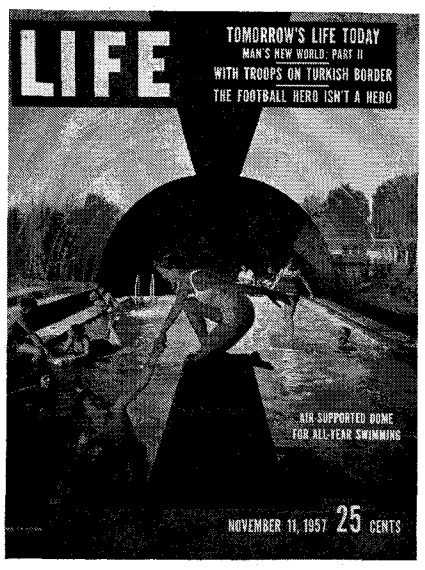
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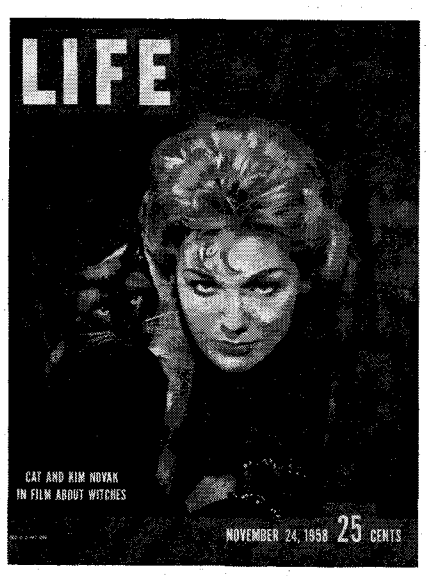

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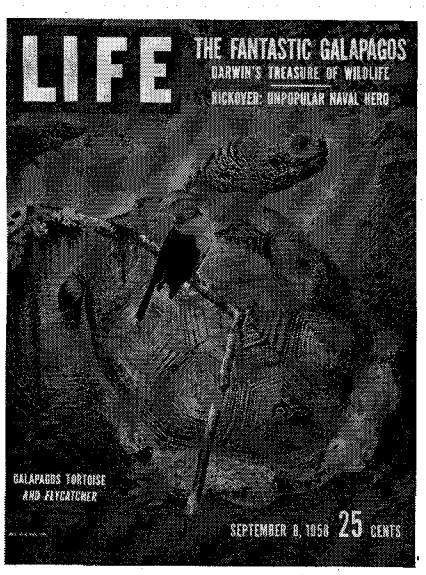

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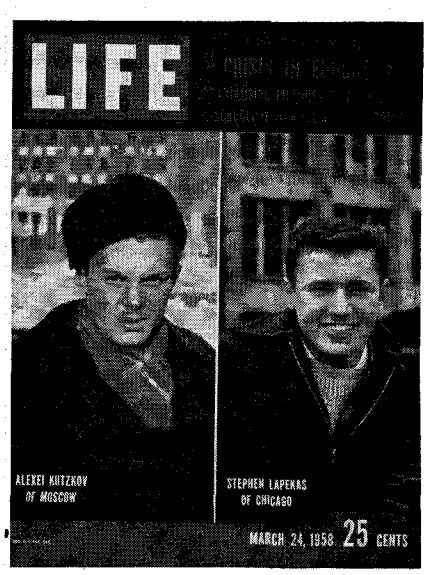

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The Invisible Agency (Continued from Page 35)

the closing of the Codorus River Ordnance Depot because of mismanagement. That was Ben's story, and you remember what a whale of a stink it raised. He'd been in Washington less than three months when he dug that one out, and frankly, I thought it was a terrific job.

You'll recall that he ascribed the facts to a spokesman for the Inland Security Board. That was the first I'd heard of that particular outfit, but then, you know Washington. Boards, bureaus, commissions and agencies are springing up all the time, like toadstools in a damp barn. Just to play it safe, though, I personally checked the story, using the telephone number Ben gave me when I asked him for his source.

Sure enough, an efficient female voice answered: "Inland Security Board, Office of the Deputy Director General." And, in response to my question: "I'm very sorry, sir; the Deputy Director General is en route to the West Coast today, but he has authorized me to confirm the statement you mention. Yes, sir, that is quite correct. The statement is entirely accurate. Thank you very much, sir."

Well, sir, I was so tickled at this young fellow's breaking a really big story that I walked over to his desk and told him I'd spring for dinner at any restaurant he might care to choose. Ben looked a little embarrassed, ran a hand through his crew cut, polished his horn-rims and allowed as how he'd be mighty pleased except that he already had a date for dinner.

"Don't give it another thought," I told him. "I'll spring for the lady too." (You'll find the item on my expense account for that month under the heading: TO DINNER, CONGRESSMAN & MRS. UPSILER.)

Anyhow, that did it, and we went to that French place on Connecticut Avenue—the one where they served you that tainted lobster last year—and I met Ben's girl. Name of Penelope Harriss; tall and cool and slender and blond, almost like a fashion model, but without that waxy, my-face'll-crack-if-I-so-much-as-smile look. Turned out she was a free lance, doing mainly features about the foreign embassies for a string of small New England dailies.

She was as happy for Ben as I was.

"Where'd you two kids happen to meet?" I asked as we sampled a *café brûlot*. (I tell you, Walter, the Congressman Upsilers are high livers, yes-sirree-bob.)

It turned out they'd known each other in college, gone their separate ways and bumped into each other again shortly after Ben had arrived from Chicago. "I always knew Ben would have a Washington by-line someday," Penelope said, giving him the old starry eye, "but I never dreamed it would be so soon. I mean, in one of the really big, important bureaus." She gave me a dazzling smile. "Or that Ben and I would be having dinner with the bureau chief himself."

Walter, it was the sheerest flattery, and I'm a sucker for the stuff. So we wound up with a couple of additional brandies and me telling about the great old days in Europe before the war, and how I was the first correspondent into Paris, beating Ernie Hemingway by maybe half an hour. (Or whoever it was. It might have been Margaret Bourke-White. There was a lot of Wehrmacht champagne around at the time.)

Penelope and I waited at the curb while Ben went around to the parking lot to pick up the car. "That's a fine lad," I advised her in my best avuncular fashion. "Got big things ahead."

She nodded happily. "I know. But this is only the beginning."

Now in the novels they always write that you get a kind of premonition at such times. Only I got no such thing. All I felt was a kindly glow for these two splendid youngsters, facing a future filled with promise, carrying on the great traditions of our honorable craft. I said as much.

"Oops!" said Penelope. "Easy, now." I was aware of her quiet, feminine strength as she steadied my arm. I was also aware that Ben's arrival with the car was not a moment too soon. We're not getting any younger, Walter, or maybe the French are making their brandy more authoritative. It's difficult to say.

Next day I was up on the Hill myself to have a chat with Senator Shropshire, the Prairie Plato, and I must say it gave me a pretty good feeling when several other senators stopped me in the hall to say what a fine job the Argus-Star had done on the ordnance-depot story.

"I'm exceedingly glad that story has broken at last," old Shropshire told me over bean soup at lunch in the Senate restaurant. "That story's been whispered around town for the past three weeks, but apparently nobody could get any of the government people to talk. About time somebody did."

"Yes, sir," I agreed. "Apparently the Inland Security Board is willing to let the chips fall where they may."

The senator looked mildly bemused for just the fraction of a second and then remembered a senator's first duty: In all things, omniscience. He waggled his jowls, inhaled a spoonful of soup, and nodded portentously. "Those people may be new," he rumbled, "but they're doing a grand job, just grand. At least," he added quickly—remembering a senator's second duty: When in doubt, hedge—"from what everybody has been telling me."

"Now about your bill to impose higher duties on imported adding machines," I said, and we proceeded to matters of more immediate concern to the national welfare. Or so I thought.

Barely more than two weeks later, Ben turned in another story, equally as hot as his first big beat. This was the one that blew the lid off the scandal in the Federal Bureau of Smoked Meats. It resulted in the abrupt resignation of the bureau's head, a holdover from the McKinley Administration who admitted to a Congressional committee that his organization had long since fulfilled its original function, which was the inspection of meat products intended for use by U. S. forces engaged in liberating Cuba.

Once more Ben cited the Inland Security Board as his source for the story. The board's spokesman, in accord with the usual practice, remained anonymous. This time, I was tempted to forgo my customary check, but a certain faint sense of unease, a vague feeling, nothing more, prompted me to reach for my phone.

"Inland Security Board, Office of the Deputy Director General," came the brisk reply. Again, there was the positive confirmation by the Deputy Director General's secretary.

"Just for the record, miss," I said, "who is the Director General? I mean, what's his name? I'd like to know a little more about your setup."

"I'm very sorry, sir, but that is restricted information," came the reply, followed by the click of a phone being hung up.

Now right there, Walter, is where I should have gone to work, but the truth is that maybe I've got a touch of Washington fatigue. After a couple of years here, you get used to being told that this is "Confidential," or that is "Restricted." Or "Top Secret." I doubt very much whether the Central Intelligence Agency would tell you the time of day, and I wouldn't be surprised if the Department of Agriculture put a "Q" classification on its pamphlet about chick breeding.

Anyhow, Ben's second big exposé was even bigger than his first, and you yourself authorized me to give him ten bucks more a week, which I was happy to do.

Not more than three or four days later, I ran into Happy MacGinnis in the press-club bar, looking even more cynical than usual. "How's our loyal opposition?" I cried jovially, knowing full well we'd clobbered him with both of Ben's stories.

"The Chicago News-Intelligencer will survive," Happy replied stiffly. "Permit me to purchase you a refreshing glass of celery tonic from the club's richly stocked cellars."

We restored the tissues briefly.

"Tell me," Happy said, as we ordered another blow to be struck for liberty, "just what and where is this Inland Security Board, and how come I can't find it listed in any government directory, or even anybody who knows anything about it?"

"Why," I answered, swiftly recalling the Washington correspondent's first rule of conduct—In all things, omniscience—"from what my staff tells me, it's one of the new administration setups; sort of a hush-hush watchdog agency. Probably came out of that batch of security legislation they passed last session." I was talking through my hat, but MacGinnis would learn that only over my dead body. I plunged boneheadedly on: "But if you want to give them a call, here's their number."

Leering unpleasantly, MacGinnis wrote it down. "Maybe I will," he rasped. "Maybe I'll just do that little thing, old pal, old pal." With which, he withdrew in the direction of the phone booths down the corridor.

"Hey!" I cried after him. "You owe me a martini."

"Rude fellow," said a fruity British accent at my elbow, and I turned to perceive Patrick Shaw-Smith, the new chief correspondent for The London Daily Anticipator, speaking through his mustache, "but did I hear you mention a martini? I think we might arrange that quite easily, actually. I do hope you won't think I've been eavesdropping, but didn't I also hear you say something about the Inland Security Board, old boy?"

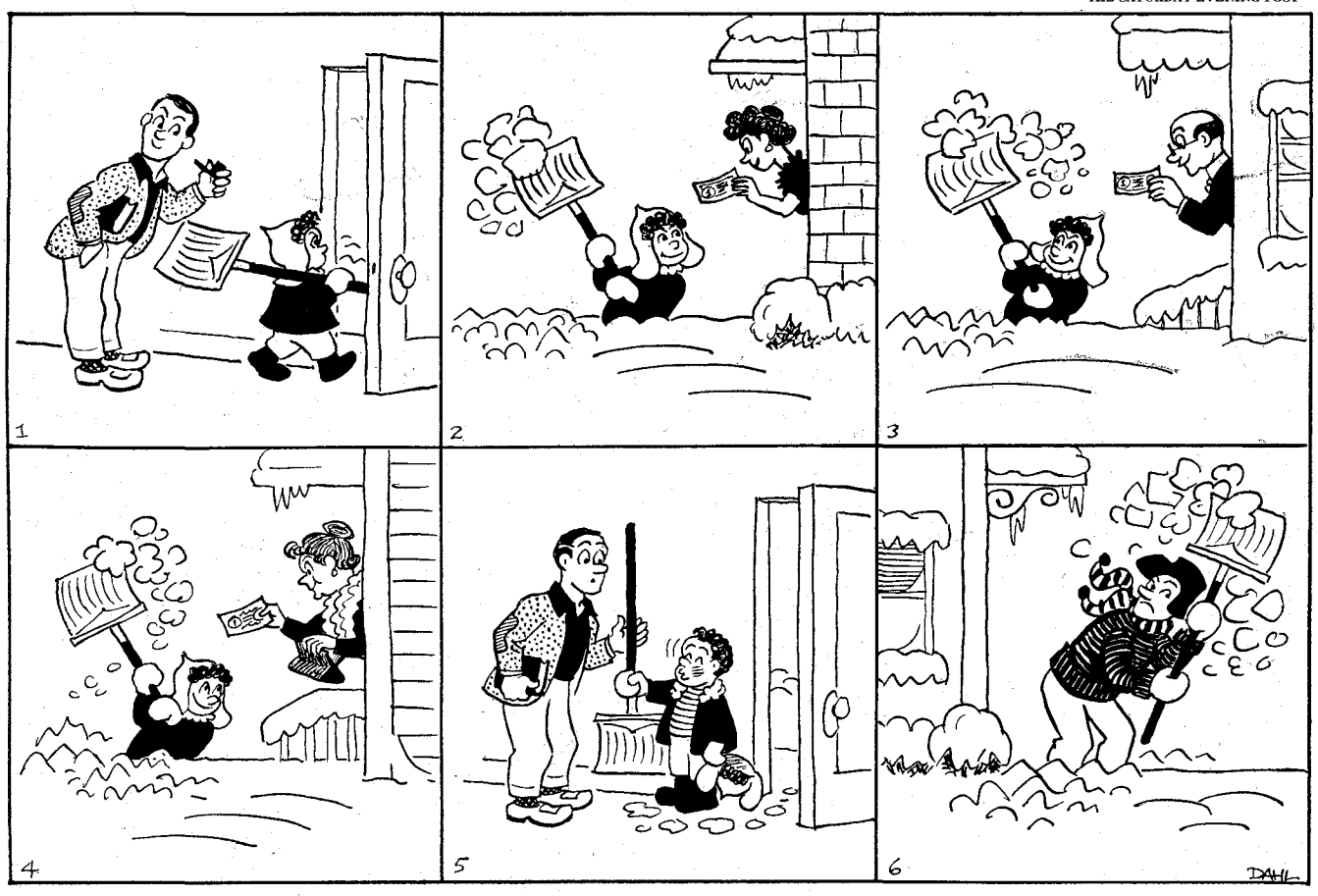
He looked quite thoughtful when I'd finished.

"You've been most awfully helpful," he said earnestly. "And thanks for that telephone number."

"Don't mention it," I told him grandly. "After all, it's a tax-supported government agency. (*Continued on Page 48*)

THE GREENWOODS **By Dahl**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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(*Continued from Page 46*) Telephone number's a matter of public record. No secrets about it."

Little did I know, Walter, that I was loosing a Frankenstein monster.

Two days afterward, as you will have no difficulty in remembering, the News-Intelligencer beat us cleanly with the story of the cancellation of the Navy's antisubmarine missile project. The smile on Happy MacGinnis' face was sickening to behold.

Yet this was as nothing when all of us were roundly beaten by Patrick Shaw-Smith, and The London Daily Anticipator became the first paper in the world to carry the story of the forced resignation of the Assistant Undersecretary for Maritime Wildlife.

In both instances the source of information was the Inland Security Board.

It was now that I began to observe a glazed expression on the normally cheerful face of Ben Wattress. I noted, too, a certain absence in his manner, as if he had, to a slight extent, lost contact with reality. Perhaps "haunted" would be the most appropriate adjective to describe his conduct. His copy had lost its wonted crispness, and I wondered whether some personal tragedy might be casting its shadow over his work.

A week later Ben uncovered the Split Skull Dam Water Deal, as it has come to be known, and while it was the biggest coup he had thus far scored, he seemed to have lost all interest in his professional progress. Behind his horn-rims, great circles formed dark pools beneath his eyes, and he tended to leap when spoken to.

I called him into my office, determined to get to the bottom of whatever it was that was bothering him.

"Tell you what, Ben. Why don't I give Penelope a call and have her meet us for dinner this very evening? Be a nice surprise for her, and a break will do you the world of good. You've been driving too hard, son. Now then, you just give me her number, and I'll give her a ——"

"No!" Ben's face was a mask of terror for a second before he regained mastery of himself. "I mean, it sounds wonderful, chief, and I know Penelope would love to join us, only I don't like to bother her during working hours, so why don't I give her a call myself, a little later on? I mean if that's all right with you." He was beginning to babble, and a terrible, an unspeakable, fear began to form in my mind.

I hardly dared reach for my Washington Metropolitan Area telephone directory. My fingers trembled hideously as I fumbled through the flimsy pages until I found the name of Miss Penelope Harriss, and the numbers leaped out from the gray paper to blast their way into my stricken brain.

The telephone number of Miss Penelope Harriss was identical with the telephone number of the Inland Security Board.

"It's all my fault," declared Ben Wattress.

"It's all my fault," declared Penelope Harriss, as the three of us sat in a dimly lighted and obscure little restaurant in Silver Spring that evening. As lovely as ever despite eyes that were close to tears, she clutched Ben's hand in a grip of iron. "You must believe me. It was my idea. I thought I'd be helping Ben; I never realized ——"

It was all too wretchedly crystal clear, as she explained it. Every Washington newspaperman hears and knows scores of stories which can't be printed because they can't be ascribed to a responsible source, or because they might result in disastrous libel suits. Knowing this, and knowing of Ben's desire to make a name for himself, Penelope had simply invented a responsible-sounding source for these otherwise unprintable stories.

A free lance, she did most of her work from her apartment and thus she was available most of the time to answer the telephone. Just the slightest effort at voice disguise would suffice, and if she simply answered all telephone calls with the phrase, "Inland Security Board, Office of the Deputy Director General," the hoax was well-nigh unbeatable. Her friends would laugh gaily at her impertinent irreverence for Washington titles, and all others would be expecting the official identification.

Then, all unwitting, I had helped compound the crime by disclosing the number to Happy MacGinnis and Patrick Shaw-Smith. Doubtless they had already told it to others. And now Penelope was well and truly caught in her own trap.

"As long as only you had my number," she said miserably, "I knew we'd be all right. But when that Mr. MacGinnis called, and then that Englishman, saying that you'd given them the number and asking for confirmation of their stories, I had to go along. Otherwise, they'd have suspected something and Ben would have been discredited. . . ." Her voice trailed off.

"What about ethics?" I asked nastily. "If this thing ever gets out, who'll ever put any faith in an Argus-Star story again? We've been plain fool lucky that none of these stories has backfired. Yet.

"There's only one solution, as far as I can see. We'll have to phase the Inland Security Board out. Maybe Ben could write a short piece to the effect that the ISB is curtailing its activities because of budget limitations."

"It won't work," Ben declared simply. "Somebody will start to ask who cut the budget or who's trying to muzzle the watchdog." His whole manner had changed, now that he'd got this business off his conscience. "I got us into this, and I think I know how to get us out. I say, no story. Penelope will simply tell any future callers that the Inland Security Board has no comment. If she's pressed, she can say that the board's policy has been adjusted to conform with those of other security agencies; nothing new, you understand, but simply an alignment with existing practice. That's good governmentese and shouldn't arouse too much talk."

"If we're lucky," I said.

"We will be," said Penelope, looking almost happy for the first time that evening. "I know we will be."

"That will depend, my dear, mischievous young woman, in great measure upon you," I told her solemnly.

Ah, Walter, if it had only been as simple as all that.

For the next few days we had reason for cautious optimism.

"I know, I know," I heard Ben saying earnestly into his telephone later that week; "my source at ISB has dried up too. But it's not too surprising, I guess. After all, they're simply going along with the rest of the government, and you can't hang them for that."

"Who was that?" I asked, when he'd hung up.

"Huggins, of the Montreal Commercial."

"Boy, how that number seems to have got around," I said unhappily as my own phone rang, and the roof caved in on me.

My caller was Happy MacGinnis. He had called, he said, to advise me that he, too, had got a "no comment" from the Inland Security Board. This abrupt reversal of policy had aroused his naturally evil mind to the basest suspicions of political funny business. These he had communicated to that great statesman and defender of the public's right to know, Senator Shropshire, and the Prairie Plato had promptly promised to take the issue directly onto the floor of the Senate.

"As a matter of fact," MacGinnis concluded with a snigger, "he may be speaking at this very moment."

This was disaster, utter and final.

Little did I know that this was only the beginning of chaos.

Shropshire's administrative assistant, reached by phone, said that, yes, the senator was on the Hill and was expecting to speak briefly on the problem of the free flow of information.

"Come on," I told Ben Wattress, "maybe we can stop him before he gets started."

But we were too late. Sitting in the Senate Press Gallery, we listened as Shropshire pounded the nails into the coffins of our newspaper careers. The old boy was magnificent, spectacular, splendid; he hit every high note in the book, from the trial of Peter Zenger to the brave Hungarians broadcasting their last messages of hope and determination. And now, today, in this land of freedom, the forces of evil were determined to smother the one really courageous government security agency, the Inland Security Board! It was murder most foul; politics most filthy.

"I'll resign, with a complete statement clearing the Argus-Star," Ben muttered as we started to leave the gallery. We stopped dead as we heard another stentorian voice raised in the amphitheater below. Sen. Ambrose Beauregard Haxley, the Silver Tongue of the Sunny South, was asking whether the senator would yield. Shropshire yielded, to have Haxley make him sound like the principal orator at a Sunday-school picnic. Haxley rang in Moses on the mountain, Gutenberg and Hitler's book-burnings. Was it to be thus with the Inland Security Board?

"Oh, no," Ben moaned, as that well-beloved son of the Golden West, Alexander P. Postlethwaite, wondered whether Haxley would yield.

I won't bore you with the rest of the gory details, Walter.

As you know, that afternoon the Senate voted for a full and complete investigation of Senator Shropshire's allegations concerning the possible muzzling of the Inland Security Board. A motion to recommend increasing the board's annual appropriation was tabled, pending the outcome of the investigation.

Only one dim ray of hope probed through the gathering blackness. That same day saw the climax of the Fenstermacher Subcommittee hearings on the reorganization of the Department of Offshore Fisheries, and most of the Capitol press corps was over in the House Office Building, listening to the testimony. The Senate action on the Inland Security Board was happily buried beneath the weight of the Fenstermacher Subcommittee reports.

Nonetheless, we had to act, and act fast.

I could imagine what Patrick Shaw-Smith, not to mention the Tass boys, would make of the situation if something weren't done. I could almost translate the imaginary headlines in Pravda.

We corralled Senator Shropshire as he stepped out of the Senate cloakroom; Ben on one side, I on the other.

"I hope you boys appreciate what I'm trying to do for a free press," the old boy rumbled as we marched down the marble corridors of the seat of Federal power, trying to get out of earshot of the passing tourists, solons, attachés, and other functionaries.

"But, boys, tonight's Perle's annual Christmas-season reception, and then there's something going on at the Greek Embassy," he complained when we told him we had to talk to him.

Walter, I have often waxed sarcastic and even bitter about the intellectual capacities of our legislators, but I would like to go on record right now as saying that, when the chips are down, no body of parliamentarians can act with greater speed, decision or sagacity.

At the senator's home in Chevy Chase that night, we made a clean breast of it. Senators Haxley and Postlethwaite, summoned with all urgency from Perle's abundant hospitality, listened gravely.

"There's only one way out," Shropshire said at last, reaching across his vast desk for his telephone. "We'll have to get an executive order from the White House, establishing the Inland Security Board. A retroactive order, of course."

"Such an agency would, naturally, be highly classified," added Senator Postlethwaite. "Which, of course, is why so little has been heard of it." His long, horse's face hardened. "Until just recently, that is."

"We'll need a director," murmured Senator Haxley. "Someone who knows the situation. Someone we can trust implicitly to be the soul of discretion."

Three pairs of senatorial eyes swung as one in my direction.

"I think, gentlemen," I said, "that I have just the man you need. And I feel sure that there will be no difficulty in arranging a leave of absence for our Mr. Wattress."

At any second, I felt, Ben would pull that line of Sydney Carton's about this being a far, far better thing, and so on. He looked scared, but noble.

"Of course, gentlemen," I went on, trying to soften the blow, "Mr. Wattress will need an equally discreet deputy director. I'm sure he will be able to persuade Miss Harriss to continue in the position which she presently, albeit informally, holds."

"I'm sure Lyndon and Bill will agree to the need of quashing that investigation," Shropshire was saying cheerfully as we left.

Well, Walter, that just about wraps it up. I know you'll understand the situation, now that it's been explained to you. And I'm certain that, with Shropshire's help, it won't take Ben too long to put the United States Inland Security Board quietly to rest, especially after Senator Postlethwaite kills the appropriation bill. No funds, no ISB. As simple as that.

There may be a few tricky questions next week when the director general marries his deputy, but I think we'll be able to handle them. I'm pretty sure MacGinnis suspects the worst, but he can't prove a thing. The expression on his face these days is almost worth everything I've been through.

Hope Stella and the kids are in good health. How's your ulcer?

All the best,

CHUCK

THE END

My Ego

By Irene Warsaw

I have a little ego that
  Goes here and there with me,
And what can be the use of him
  Is more than I can see;
The very time I need him he's
  Deflated as can be.

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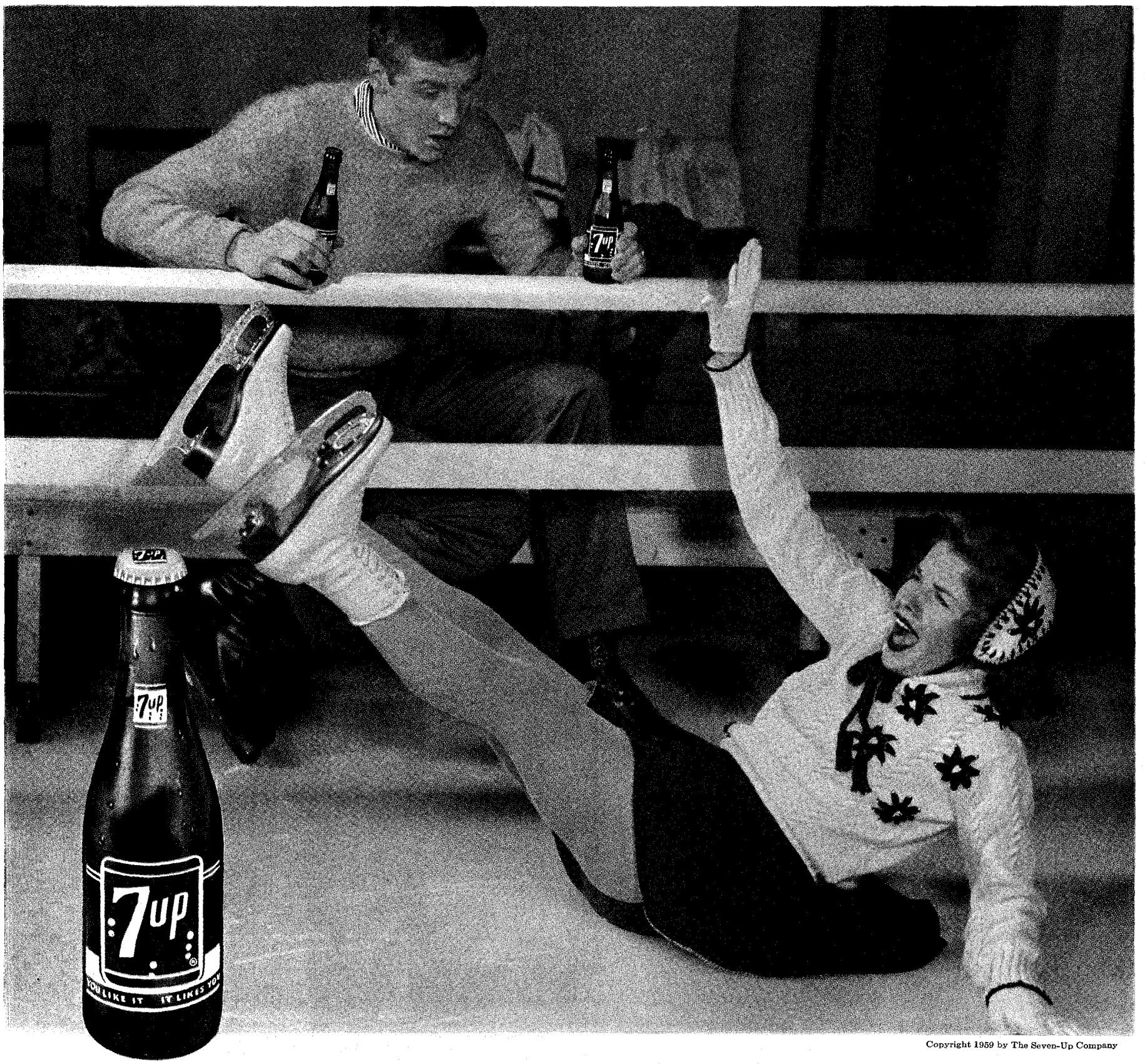

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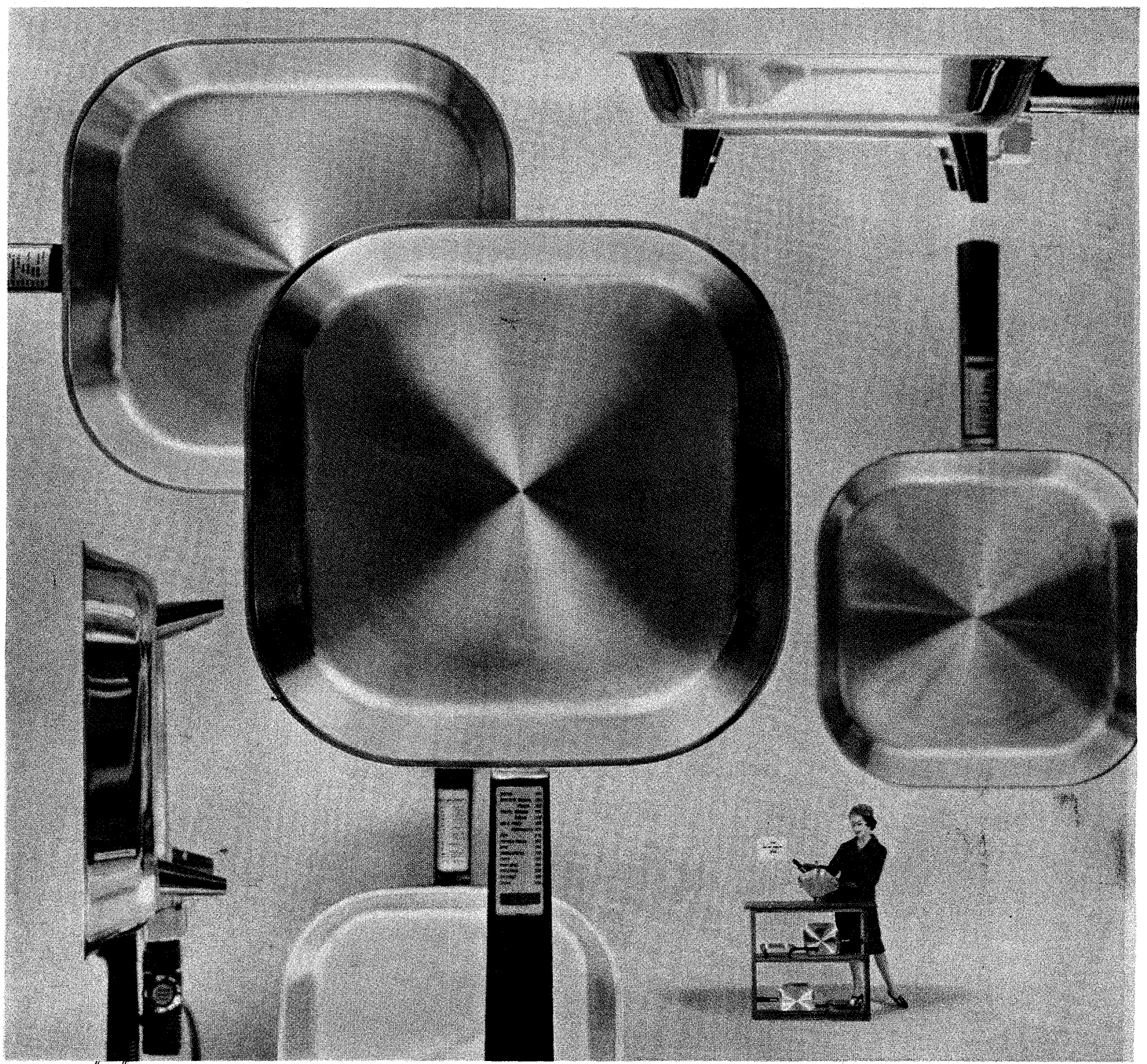

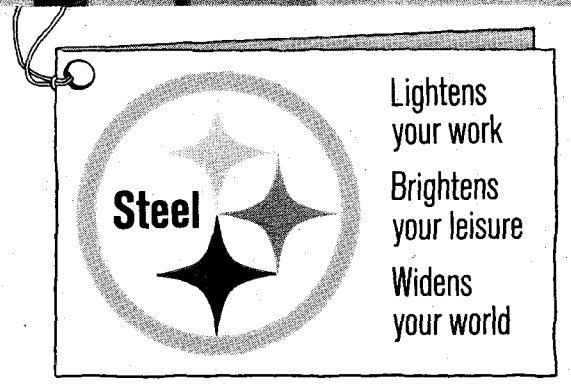

The Steelmark on this tag tells you a product is made of steel. Look for it when you buy.

Stainless steel chameleon. Now it fries . . . now it bakes . . . now it roasts—you can cook almost anything with an electric fry pan made of modern, stylish stainless steel. Easy-to-clean, the beauty of a stainless steel electric fry pan will last forever. A wonderful gift—anytime—for a friend, or for you. See the new stainless steel automatic fry pans at your store this week.

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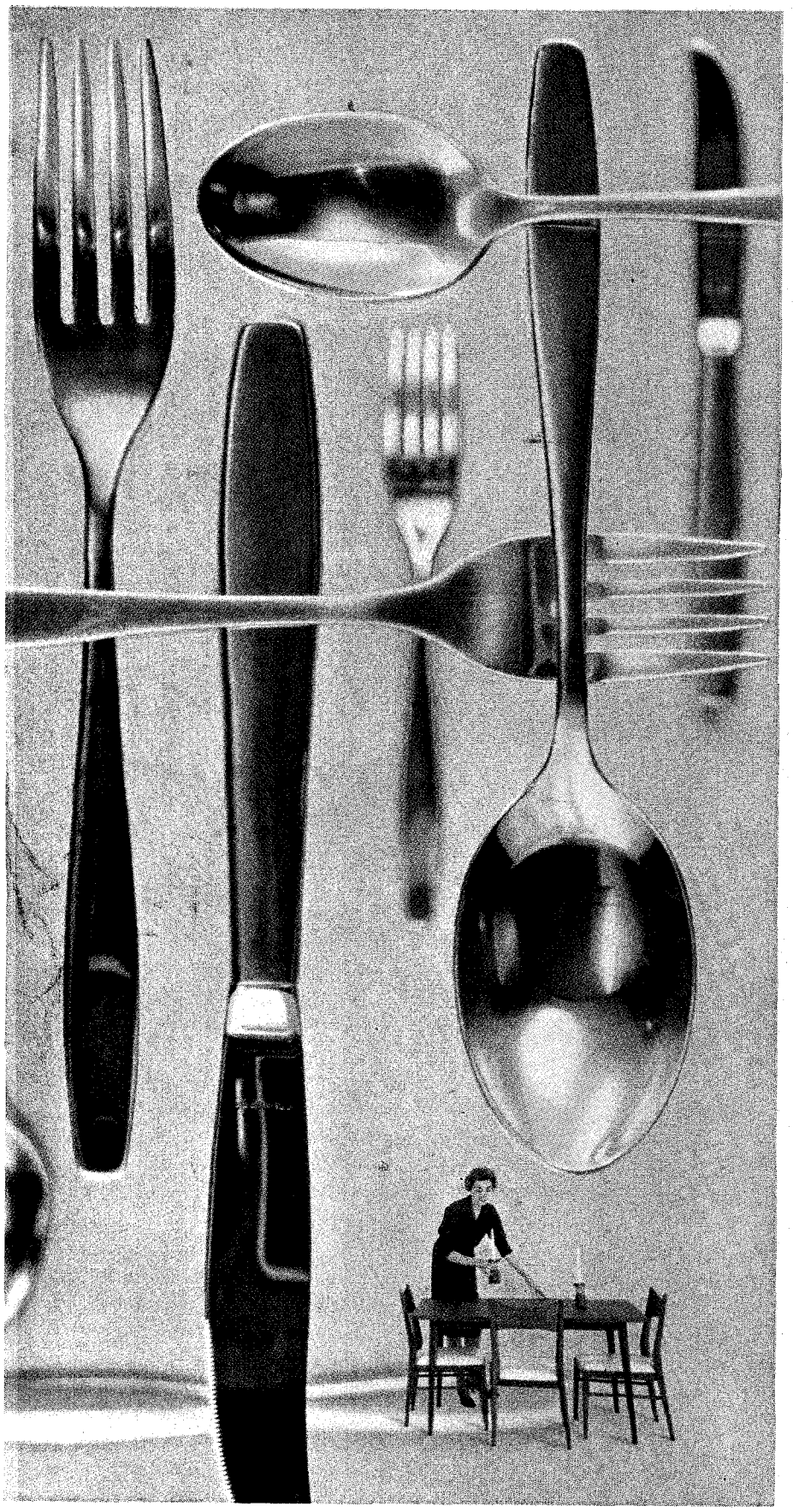
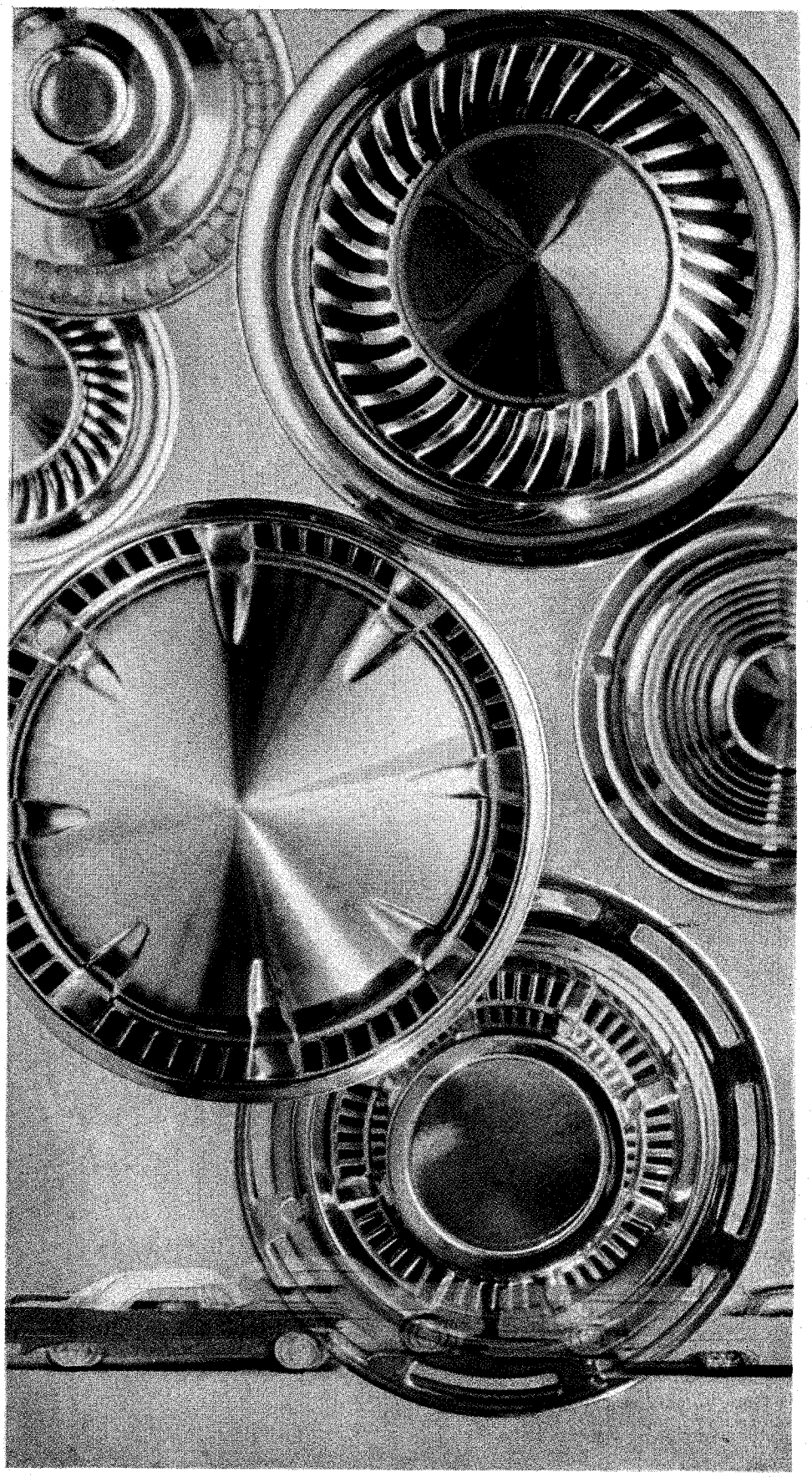
brighten your leisure... widen your world...



Never needs pampering. Perfect balance, perfect grace, perfect convenience—that is stainless steel flatware. It is strong and durable enough for a picnic yet distinguished enough to "dress up" any dinner party. Best of all, its beauty is permanent. You never have to polish it; it *washes* bright. See the modern patterns available at your store.



The gleam of stainless steel. USS stainless steel's sparkling good looks won't chip, pit or discolor. At the salty seashore, in snow or mud, stainless steel in automobiles holds up . . . remains easy to clean. Visit your dealer and see what wonderful things auto designers are doing with stainless and other steels in today's terrific cars.

USS TRADEMARK **United States Steel**

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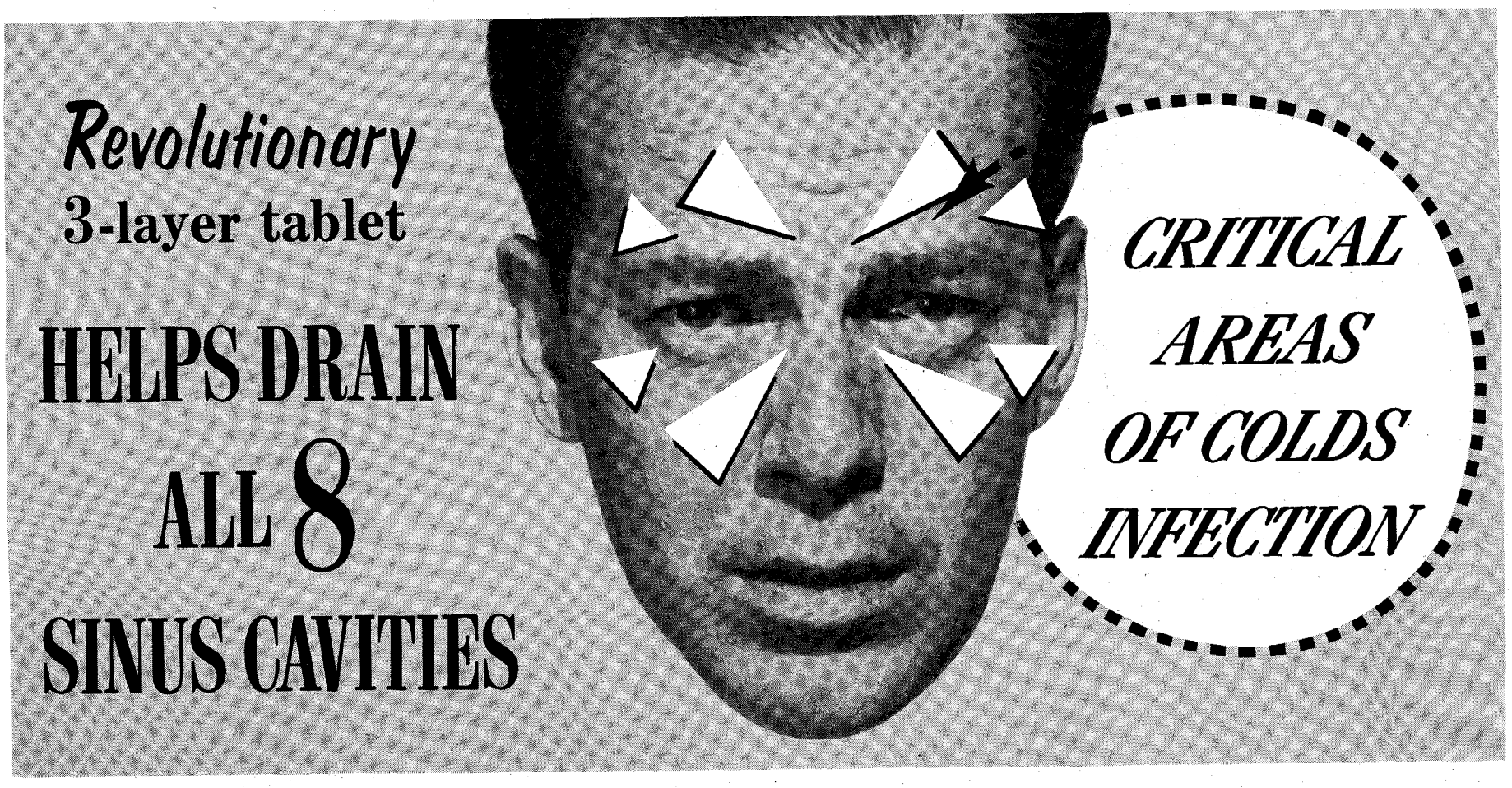
for RELIEF of COLDS MISERIES and SINUS CONGESTION...



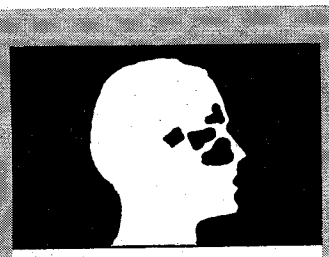
- Relieves Pressure, Pain, Congestion
- Works Through the Bloodstream
- Reaches all Congested Areas
- Shrinks Swollen Membranes
- Restores Free Breathing
- Reduces Fever
- Controls Postnasal Drip

For new blissful relief of colds miseries and sinus congestion...try DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets.

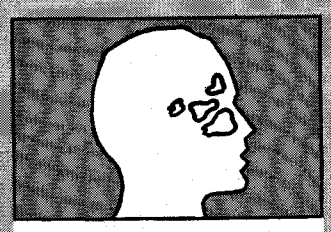
In DRISTAN, you get the scientific *Decongestant* most prescribed by doctors...to help shrink painfully swollen nasal-sinus membranes. You also get a highly effective combination of Pain-Relievers for relief of body aches and pains due to colds...plus an *exclusive antihistamine* to block allergic reactions often associated with colds. And, to help build body resistance to colds infection, DRISTAN contains *Vitamin C*... actually five times your daily minimum requirement (in one day's dose).

No ordinary colds medicine...whether in liquid, tablet or any other form...can benefit you in the same way as DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets.

Millions of people have already found new blissful relief from colds miseries and sinus congestion with DRISTAN. You can, too! Get DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets. Available without prescription. And...*important*...accept no substitutes.

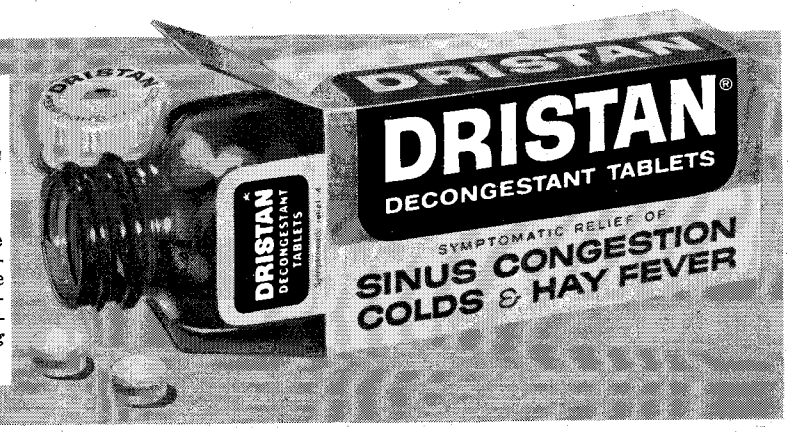


BEFORE. Sinuses and nasal passages clogged with germ-laden mucus...responsible for so much colds suffering.



AFTER. All nose and sinus areas decongested and drained ...free, comfortable breathing restored.

EXCLUSIVE! DRISTAN is the exclusive 3-layer tablet discovery which for the first time makes it possible to unite certain medically-proved ingredients into one fast-acting uncoated tablet.



There's Nothing Like DRISTAN® Decongestant Tablets!

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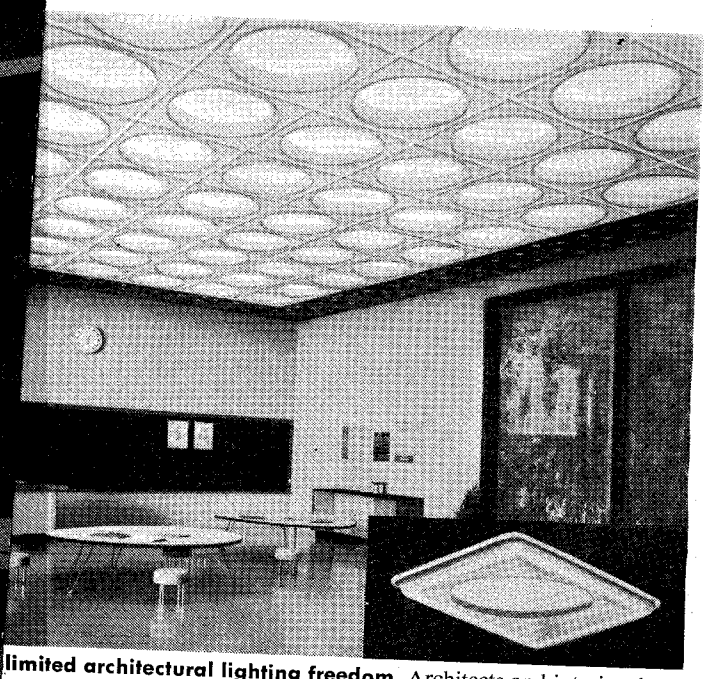
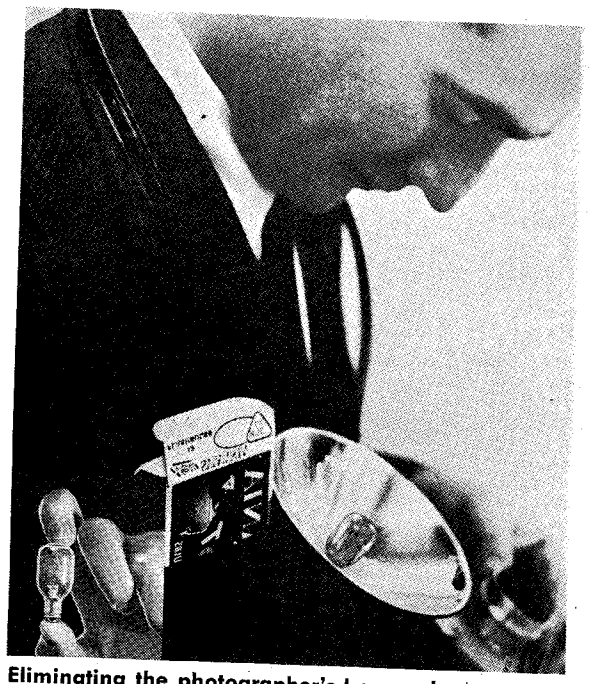
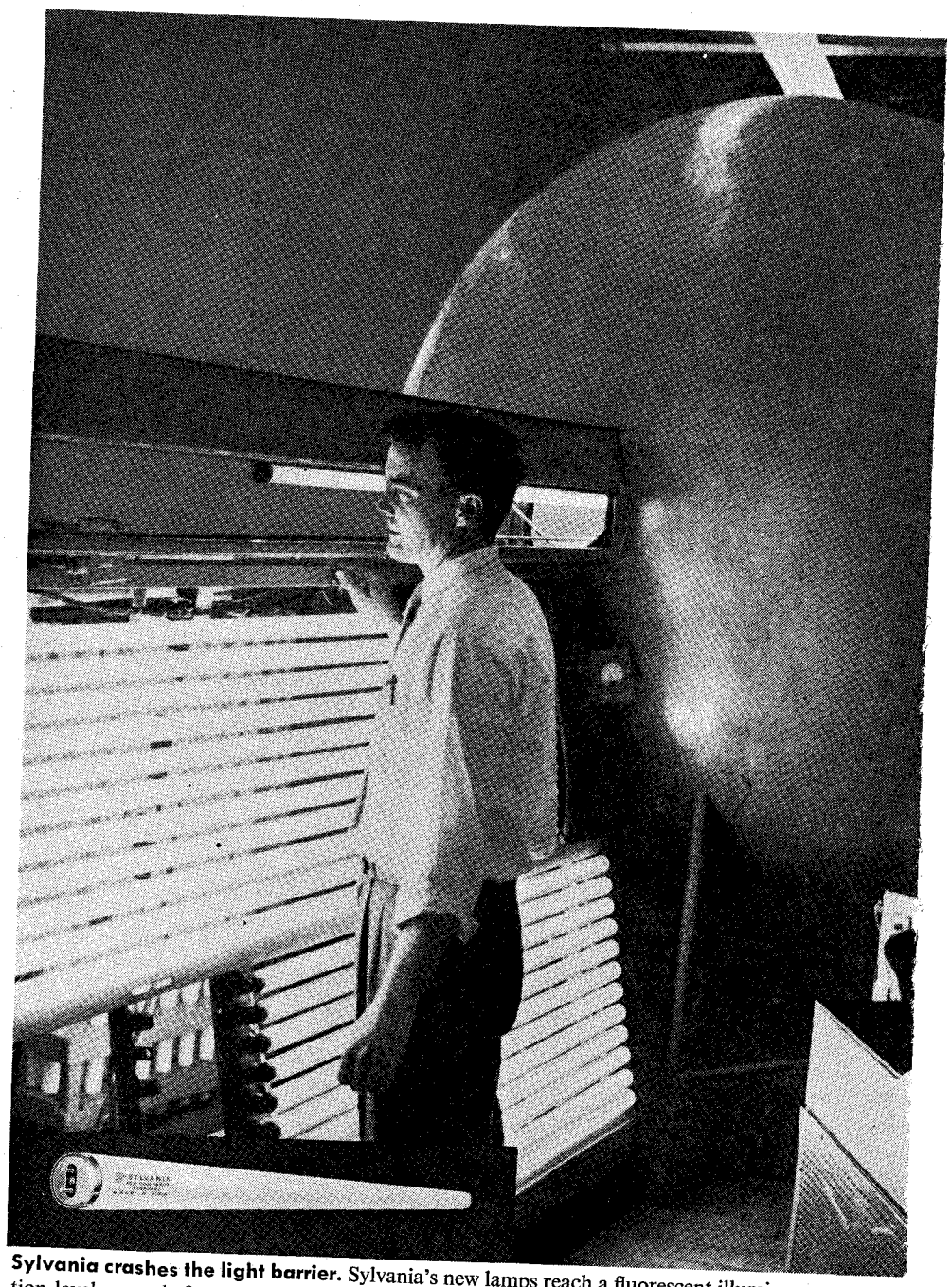


limited architectural lighting freedom. Architects and interior decorors welcome the flexibility and beauty of Sylvania-developed Sylva-Lume ll-to-wall lighting systems. Easy to install, easy to rearrange any time, lva-Lume's translucent vinyl plastic panels add harmonious pattern, xture and color to modern décor. In white and a variety of tints.



Eliminating the photographer's knapsack. A package of 12 tiny Sylvania-pioneered M-25 Blue Dot Flashbulbs slips into a pocket. Zirconium-filled, the powerful M-25 delivers as much light as flashbulbs 4 times larger.



Sylvania crashes the light barrier. Sylvania's new lamps reach a fluorescent illumination level never before attainable. The Photometric Sphere (pictured above) critically tests fluorescent lumen output. Results are checked against rigid technical specifications to assure Sylvania's unexcelled fluorescent light ratings.

Here's how Sylvania lighting engineers, scientists and technicians are

SOLVING TODAY'S COMPLEX LIGHTING PROBLEMS

Constantly coming up with the best answer to today's countless lighting problems is the key to Sylvania's remarkable growth—a growth that is at a rate far greater than that of the entire lighting industry.

Wherever you find electric light—in the home, in the office, in industry, in transportation or out-of-doors—there you will find the proof of Sylvania's lighting leadership.

Whatever your lighting problem may be, big or small, look to Sylvania for the best engineered, most economical light.

SYLVANIA LIGHTING PRODUCTS
Division of SYLVANIA ELECTRIC PRODUCTS INC.
60 Boston Street, Salem, Massachusetts

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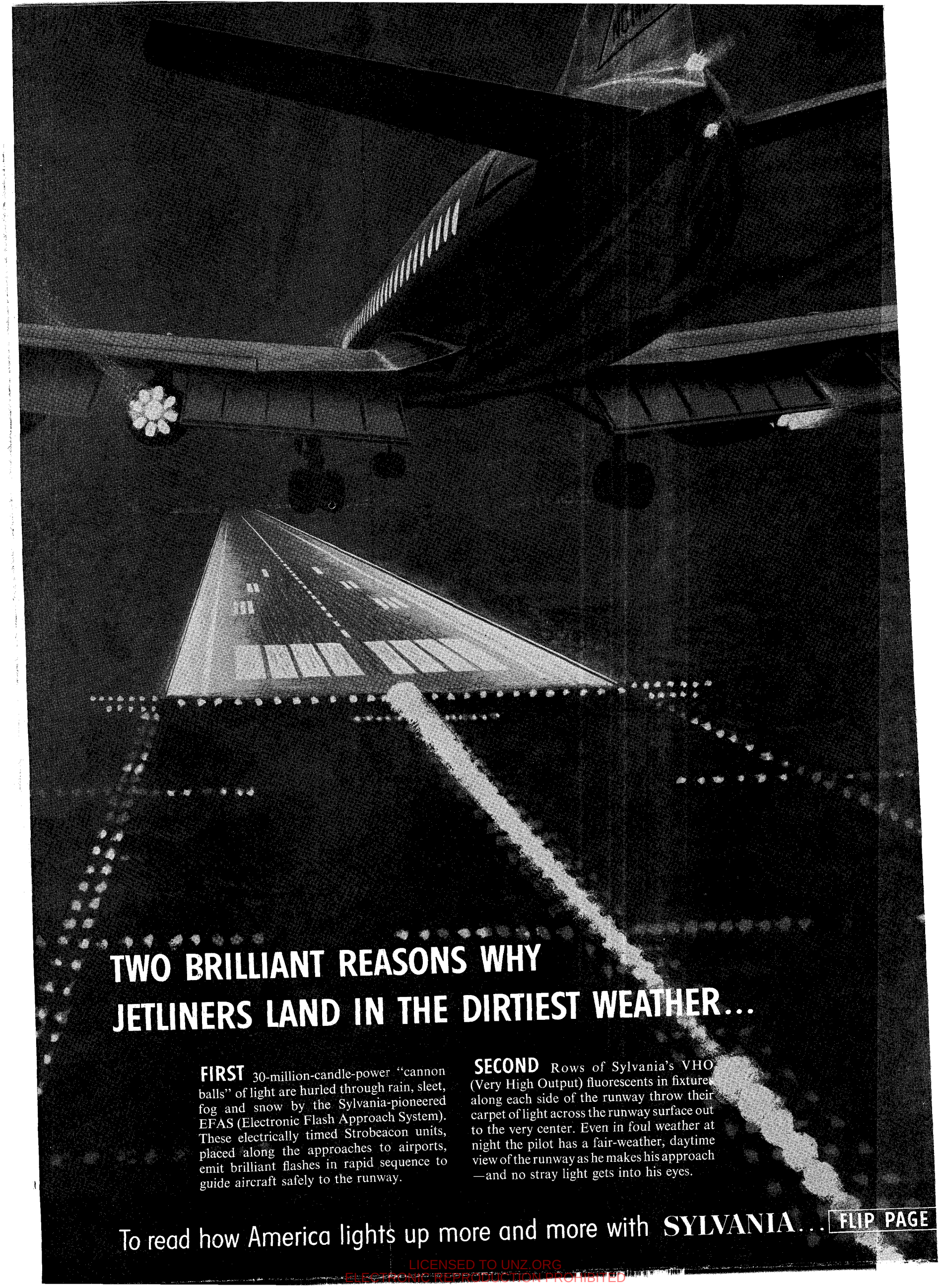

TWO BRILLIANT REASONS WHY JETLINERS LAND IN THE DIRTIEST WEATHER...

FIRST 30-million-candle-power "cannon balls" of light are hurled through rain, sleet, fog and snow by the Sylvania-pioneered EFAS (Electronic Flash Approach System). These electrically timed Strobeacon units, placed along the approaches to airports, emit brilliant flashes in rapid sequence to guide aircraft safely to the runway.

SECOND Rows of Sylvania's VHO (Very High Output) fluorescents in fixtures along each side of the runway throw their carpet of light across the runway surface out to the very center. Even in foul weather at night the pilot has a fair-weather, daytime view of the runway as he makes his approach —and no stray light gets into his eyes.

To read how America lights up more and more with **SYLVANIA**... FLIP PAGE

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The Cardiff Giant Affair

(Continued from Page 36)

business somewhat more efficiently, but with no results. No clue came to light. So, presently, the body was carted away to a downtown funeral parlor, we having no morgue at that time. The people who had been trampling our grass withdrew and the two families were left alone. As Lossie's father said, "All dressed up and no place to go."

We sat on our porch, stiff and uncomfortable, for it was a warm morning. I was more uncomfortable than anyone else because I was worried. I admit I am slow to reach decisions, and cautious, as is proper for a young man trained in the law. I was not sure I had acted correctly in keeping to myself the fact that I had seen a man with sideburn whiskers calling stealthily upon Madam Janeway. But quite definitely I could not swear to the fact that our dead man and Madam's visitor were one and the same. If I spoke of this to the police, it would undoubtedly offend Madam Janeway, and I had been reared among people who were reluctant to give offense to neighbors. In addition to this, Madam Janeway was a client of mine, my first real client, and I was not certain of the ethics of the situation.

I was conscious that Lossie was leaning forward and staring at me with alert, bright eyes. She got up and came to sit in the chair beside me and continued to stare at close range.

She leaned toward me and spoke in a whisper. "You might as well tell me now," she said. "You know I'll get it out of you."

"Tell you what?" I asked uncomfortably.

"What you know about this murder," she said.

"I know nothing about it," I said firmly.

"Orrin Applegate," she said, "you're talking to Lossie. Remember Lossie? Well, she knows you from *A* to izzard." She wrinkled her nose at me. "Maybe," she said, "you can keep a secret, but you never could and never will be able to keep it a secret that you have a secret."

"You think yourself very smart," I said angrily.

"And so I am," she said complacently. "I'm smarter than Roscoe Conkling and Charles Sumner rolled into one—plus a woman's intuition."

I would never admit it to her, but I agreed that it was so. She was a steel trap for smartness. It was not decorous for a girl to be so smart as she was, and I resented it.

But her attack upon me was interrupted. Across the street we saw Madam Janeway's handsome span of horses bring her carriage from the barn to stop beneath the porte-cochere. The lady came out of the door and tripped down the steps to take her seat with languid grace. The carriage debouched upon the street and went away at a spanking pace. Madam did not so much as glance in our direction.

Lossie sniffed. "Attorney Applegate's client!" she said quite nastily. And then, "We never had any murders on this block till she moved here."

"Lossie Fox!" exclaimed her mother chidingly.

"A buzzard," Lossie said unheedingly, "in peacock's clothing."

"You," I said sharply, "should be ashamed of yourself."

"And you," she said, "ought to go out to an Indian medicine man and buy you an amulet to ward off spells and incantations."

"I thought you children were grown up," my mother said, with disapproval of our bickering.

"I am," Lossie said, having the last word.

We sat, the two families, on our front porch. Our fathers speculated about the murder, which annoyed more than it alarmed them. It never occurred to either that it could be more than a nuisance to my father or that the finding of a corpse in his barn could throw the slightest suspicion upon him. Or that, now the body had been removed to the funeral parlor, any further embarrassment could touch him. It was a typical attitude. He was Silas Applegate, which meant something in our community. That any wagging tongue should cast any suspicion upon him would amount to lese majesty.

Our mothers found a more interesting topic in Madam Janeway.

"I wonder what church she belongs to," Mrs. Fox said.

"Probably she's a Baptist," my mother guessed. "Our nicest people go to the Baptist Church."

"You'll find out she's an atheist," Lossie said disagreeably.

"Oh, no," expostulated her mother. "No lady would be that—especially coming to a new town to live. She wouldn't be received."

"Now, mamma," said Uncle Lander, "that's nonsense. If she's got money and connections and wears her bustle in the right place, she'd be received if she was a Hottentot." He turned to father. "You get around downtown more than I do. How did this yarn spread that she's some bigwig's fancy woman?"

"That version I haven't heard," father replied. "But I've heard Dan'l Drew's name mentioned."

"Anyhow," said Mr. Fox, "Banker Watts' dinner and reception for her is going to be the event of the year."

"I know somebody who won't go to it," I said with malicious intent.

"Whom do you mean, Orrin?" my mother asked.

"Lossie," I said, and grinned my most sarcastic grin at her.

"Don't be stupid," she retorted. "Of course I'll go if I'm invited. And if I'm not invited I'll crawl in through the kitchen window."

Church had let out by this time and neighbors stopped in on their way home, and several people who were not neighbors, but had gone quite out of their way to satisfy curiosity. Among these were good friends whose concern and sympathy at the day's tragic event was sincere and genuine, but there were others who came hopeful that they might collect some morsel of gossip, or find our family alarmed or shaken, or even that we had somehow been smirched by it. It was not difficult to separate the sheep from the goats and my mother was amply able to deal with the situation. Mother could be formidable.

Our cook rang the dinner bell. No matter what casual guests might be there, Libby was not going to have her dinner spoiled. The last of the callers took hasty departure and we filed into the dining room, where father sat at the head of the table, mother at the foot, Uncle Lander and his wife at one side, and Lossie and I elbow to elbow. Father asked a blessing in which he gave God directions as to how to run the world for the next week. Then, precipitately, he commenced to serve fricasseed chicken and biscuits and rich yellow gravy and mashed potatoes, all heaped upon each plate.

I watched Lossie out of the corner of my eye to see what new tricks of dining etiquette she might have picked up in Europe. But foreign travel seemed not to have affected her appetite. Always, even at her most tomboyish, she had been dainty and fastidious—if you can imagine a fastidious tomboy. She was even slenderer and daintier now. But in one thing she had not changed. She loved food. She tucked away that dinner as if she were a canawler after a hard trip.

After her second helping had been disposed of, and a section of pumpkin pie, I whispered to her, "Keep on gormandizing like that and in ten years you'll be fatter than Aunt Lizzie."

She wrinkled her nose at me. "Don't you worry, Mr. Applegate," she answered. "What I eat doesn't go to fat. I need a lot to feed my brain."

I studied her openly and was bewildered. "Lossie Fox," I said crossly, "you look like a fairy princess, but you act like a lock tender on the Erie Canal."

"I was just wondering if my wife would fit inside a nose cone."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Lossie used a favorite expression of her mother's signifying a person lacking in something desirable. It was a handy phrase to express disapproval.

"Orrin," Lossie retorted, "you look like a Don Juan, but you're nothing but a stick-in-the-mud."

Father and Uncle Lander, as always after a Sunday dinner, were replete and sleepy. They retired to father's study and presently were snoring. Our mothers went upstairs, possibly to avoid being seen to nod inelegantly. Lossie was wide awake.

"Let's walk down to the canal," she said. Walking was an amusement that could be indulged in on the Sabbath without criticism, so Lossie and I set out in a leisurely way toward the canal, where we could stand clear of the towpath and watch the boats go by. On the way we passed the large, nondescript brick house of Mr. Vivus Smith, a political friend of Thurlow Weed and Horace Greeley. Indeed it was claimed that the Republican Party was born there at a conference among the three. We trudged on to the weigh lock and stood on the bridge over the towpath.

We loitered there in the sunshine and then strolled along to the packet dock, for it was time for the passenger packet to arrive from the east. A small crowd was congregated to meet expected arrivals, some standing on the street-level sidewalk above the water, others crowded on the narrow dock. Lossie and I leaned over the wall to watch.

The packet, painted and elegant, and crowded with excursionists and with travelers with westward destinations, approached sedately up the canal, its upper deck with its long benches crowded with passengers, jostled the wall of the canal and came to rest.

A good half of the passengers scrambled ashore, but the packet did not cast off. There was some turmoil and Lossie and I saw members of the crew assisting in the effort to get from the rear deck to the shore a large wagon, a sort of van, ornately painted and gilded. With shouts and profanity the thing was run across planks to the towpath and there a team of horses was attached to it. And then, issuing from the cabin of the canal boat, came a strange assortment of people.

Ahead waddled an impossibly fat woman. Trotting at her side was a tiny manikin wearing a tall beaver hat. Behind them marched a man in Zouave costume who led an enormous cinnamon bear by a ring in his nose. Then came a slender young woman who, from where we stood, seemed young and beautiful. She clung to the arm of one of the handsomest men I ever have seen. He was dressed more elegantly and expensively than you would have expected a member of such a troupe to be. In addition to a tall beaver hat, he carried a gold-headed cane. It was evident from his manner of giving orders that he was the owner or manager of the group. Bringing up the rear, strutted a tall, cadaverous man in somber black, dragging by the hand a small, pale boy.

This procession made its way to the street. Apparently it knew where it was going, because there was no hesitation or questioning as it headed down the street and disappeared around the next corner.

"We," said I ironically, "are going to have some tony entertainment." All the same, I was a little excited, because performances of any sort were few and far between. This, if I was not mistaken, would be a free show whose purpose was to attract a crowd to whom to sell patent medicine of some sort.

Lossie was frowning, eyes puckered as she concentrated upon some problem. "That handsome (*Continued on Page 57*)

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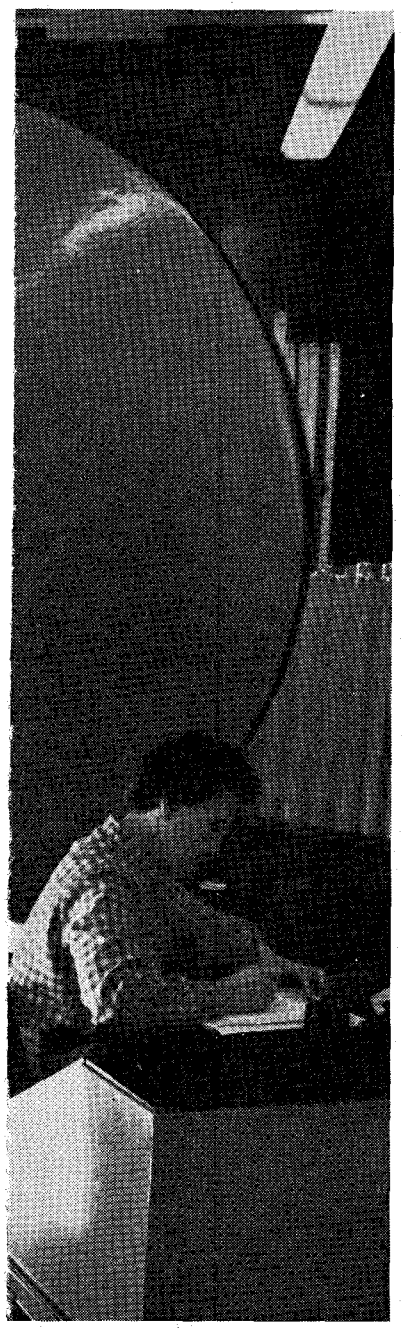
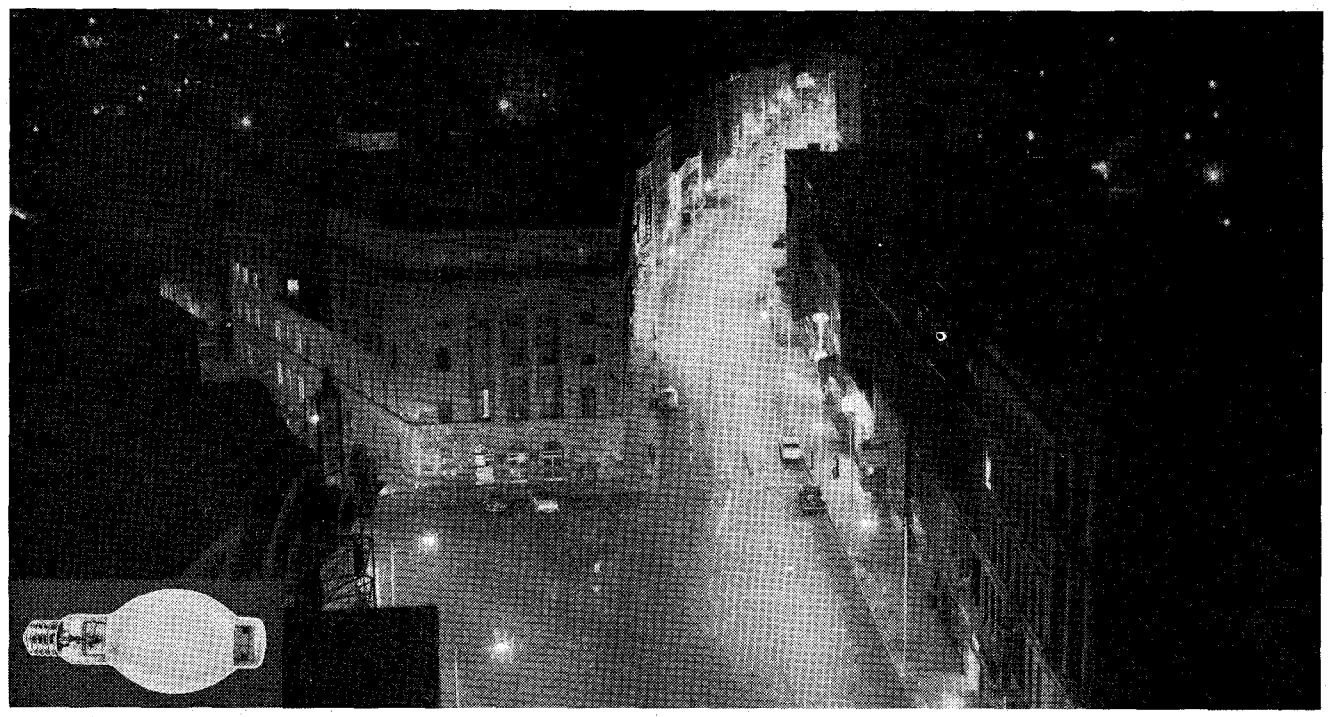


Light without a bulb. Wafer-thin sandwiches of light are now available for phone dials, aircraft and automotive instrument panels, clocks, radios and countless other uses. Sylvania-developed Panelescent® Lamps will glow continually for years at a cost of but pennies a month for current.

Brighter, cooler "movie taking" light in a small package. All the light of bulbs far larger (375 watts) is packed into Sylvania's new R-30 miniature Superflood Lamp. Cooler burning, the R-30 can be used in a household socket with no chance of "freezing."



Night becomes day. Sylvania's leadership in the development of Mercury Lamps has brought efficient, economical light to industrial and outdoor lighting. With today's heavier traffic loads and increasing crime rates, this effective street lighting has become a pressing necessity. Also, Sylvania's new Silver White Mercury Lamp, with Ruggedized construction, corrects color distortion common in previous mercury lighting.

A smaller projector, a brighter picture. Up to ⅓ of a projector's bulk is eliminated by Sylvania's revolutionary 150-watt Tru-Flector Projection Lamp. Yet this tiny lamp gives the same screen brightness as bigger 500-watt projection lamps. The reason: the reflector is mounted *inside* the Tru-Flector Lamp, not outside. And this cooler burning lamp makes possible the reduction of the size (and the noise) of the electric fan.

Flattery from a table lamp. The soft warmth of a lovely face is enhanced by Sylvania Softlight. The greatest advance in home lighting in 29 years, Sylvania's pearl-pink Softlight household lamp reduces glare and harsh shadows.

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(*Continued from Page 53*) man," she said in a queer tone. "I've seen him somewhere—or his picture—and it wasn't in a show." She shook her head. "I don't know why," she went on slowly, "but it surprised me to see him in such company."

"Aw, shucks!" I said. "You're just struck in a heap because he is so handsome. Probably you'll be getting infatuated with him and eloping, like girls in paper-backed novels."

She made no retort, which was unusual, and I felt her shiver, though the afternoon was still warm.

"Please take me home, Orrin," she said. "I want to be safe at home."

When you come to think of it, it was strange that the petrified giant out at Cardiff should cause so much more public interest and excitement than the finding of the body of a murdered man in our barn. But it was so. The Cardiff thing caused a minor madness. People poured into Syracuse by train and canalboat and horse-driven vehicle, so that our hotels were crowded as never before and there was a constant procession of curious visitors going to and coming from Stubby Newell's farm. In the beginning he had charged fifty cents to go into the tent and stare down at the mystery. But right soon he raised the admission fee to a dollar. I chanced to be there when the change was made. It was on the suggestion of the cigar manufacturer, George Hall, but it seemed to me it was more an order than a suggestion.

I compared notes with other visitors and we estimated that Stubby was becoming a rich man by leaps and bounds, for our calculations made us believe that he was taking in an average of twenty-six dollars an hour seven days a week. Stubby had become a showman, aping the great Mr. Barnum in striped trousers and a cutaway coat over a boiled shirt. He was putting on airs. After a few days he added to his importance by delivering a lecture describing how the monster had been discovered. It had been a matter of divine revelation, Stubby claimed.

Lossie's father accompanied us to the tent and listened with rapt face to this new revelation. Lossie inherits her disposition to irreverence from him. At the end of Stubby's remarks—which had become a sermon—Uncle Lander cleared his throat in a dry way he had when he was about to give off with some outrageous saying, and remarked loudly, "Beats all how Divine Providence picked out Stubby to make a prophet out of, don't it? Seems as though the only tool He could have used to rake up Stubby would be a fine-tooth comb."

Now, the purpose of a fine-tooth comb, especially by canawlers and such people, was unpleasantly familiar, and Uncle Lander's remark was much criticized by the religious because it intimated impiously that the Supreme Being would so demean Himself as to use a delousing implement.

It was due, of course, to newspaper enterprise that the Cardiff Giant was so widely advertised. The murder was a local thing and not calculated by our editors to be of interest beyond our limits, but the giant was a cat of another color. Accounts of it were telegraphed to New York and Boston, for our two papers used the wires to disseminate news and to receive dispatches from a distance. It was a joint undertaking, because expensive. The telegraph company charged all of four dollars and a half for an hour's use of their facilities. But when that hour was up, even if the Czar of Russia were drowned in the Erie Canal, no word of it could be sent out until the next day.

But to people of our class the absorbing topic was the dinner and reception to be given by Banker Watts to introduce Madam Janeway to Syracuse society. Some twenty of our most prominent citizens were bidden to dine in the spacious Watts' dining room. After which the reception was to be held and scores of people, carefully selected, of course, would form in line and pass the spot between the folding doors where Mr. and Mrs. Watts would stand with Madam between them.

Lossie and I, naturally, were not invited to the dinner, but we were permitted to attend the reception. I had no desire to attend, but Lossie was bound and determined.

"You will come for me," she commanded, "by eight o'clock at least."

"They won't be through dinner," I protested.

"Of course not," she said impatiently, "but we'll be watching through the front window, and the minute they get up from the table, we'll scoot over."

"Good," said I. "Then we can come home good and early."

She turned up her nose at me. "We'll stay," she said inelegantly, "till the last dog is hung."

"But why, Lossie? You make out that you despise Madam Janeway. And you throw out nasty hints about her. I shouldn't think you would demean yourself by going at all, much less staying the whole evening."

Lossie giggled. "She'll have such fine manners and elegant deportment that I want to improve myself by studying her," she said. "Besides," she went on demurely, "I want to be sure she notices me. A poor little colorless mousie like me!"

Well, when I walked across the lawn to call for her at eight o'clock, she was no colorless mousie. She wore a gown I never had seen before, and which I accused her of buying for the event. This she did not deny. It fitted tightly above the waist, but from the hips downward it flared and billowed over hoopskirts with panniers and flounces. And it was an off kind of blue that somehow made you very conscious of her blue eyes. She was elegant—very elegant—and dignified and grown-up and reserved. And most startlingly lovely. Tonight there was nothing of the tomboy about her, and I was taken aback and flustered.

"Gosh all fishhooks!" I exclaimed loutishly.

She stared at me with elevated brows. "If that," she said, "is a compliment, I'm obliged to you, sir. However, it might have been phrased a bit more elegantly."

"I'm not elegant," I said miserably. "I haven't been to Europe to learn how. I haven't learned how to lord it over my old friends and make them feel ashamed of their back-country clumsiness!"

She showed no remorse, nor did any twinkle come into her eyes to hint that she was teasing me. She was very haughty and hoity-toity, and, it seemed to me, vain and frivolous, with a heartless social enamel covering her as a shell covers the meat of a nut.

"If," she said loftily, "there should be dancing, try not to step on my feet."

After all, there is such a thing as self-respect, and even though she was Lossie and my old playmate and chum, there was a point beyond which I could not endure.

"Good night, Miss Lossie," I said tightly. "In the future I hope you find a more suitable escort."

"Oh," she said, "I shall do that, of course. But tonight you're all I've got. Come back here, Orrin Applegate!" Then, with a lightning change, she became the Lossie of half a dozen years ago—a tomboy with grimy hands and holes in the knees of her stockings. She lifted her stately skirt so that she could kick, and she did kick me on the shin. "You big clodhopper," she said, "if you get mad at me and don't take me to this party, I'll scratch both your eyes out and step on them."

Somehow, this made everything different. Here was a Lossie I was familiar with, and with whom I knew how to cope.

"Then," I said stoutly, "keep a polite tongue in your head."

She thrust out the tip of a pink tongue. "Ninnyhammer!" she said, and then grabbed me by the arm and steered me to the front door. There she stopped.

"Keep your eyes open this night," she said exultantly. "You will see what you will see."

"And what shall I see?" I demanded.

"You will see," she said, "this Madam Janeway creating a sensation. But you'll see something else, sir. You'll see Lossie Fox creating a sensation, and I'll bet you a cooky mine is the greatest. Come along."

We scurried across the street and down the other side to Banker Watts' square red-brick house. As we passed Madam's house, there stood on the lawn near the walk that butler whom I had met when I lunched with Madam on the day we drove to Cardiff. The man had bulging, bald temples, and eyes recessed in deep hollows, and a mouth of extraordinary width, with lips so thin there seemed to be no lips at all. His nose was a small thing, tilted upward so that one looked directly into his nostrils, and his ears might have been used for fans. A strange, unwholesome creature.

We were admitted to Banker Watts' home and shown directly to where the host and hostess received, with Madam Janeway, regal, between them. A line was already forming. As we walked the few steps, I was conscious that something was happening to Lossie. I felt a slight movement, a sort of drawing together of her slender body, a straightening of her shoulders and a lifting of her chin. She moved a little away from me and I stared at her. For there had been a transformation. She no longer was the lovely, tempestuous girl who so recently had kicked my shin. This person who walked beside me never had done anything so undignified. She seemed taller, and somehow she had contrived to seem more mature. Her very face had altered. It was not pert with promise of rich beauty to come; it was dignified by beauty that had amply arrived. It was not a cold, standoffish beauty, but vivid and arresting and somehow seductive. Here was nothing naïve, but all the allure of Eve, who had learned wisdom from the serpent. I did not like it.

For an instant Mrs. Watts did not recognize Lossie, and then her pale blue eyes widened and I thought she was going to exclaim, "Well!" But she recovered herself.

"Madam Janeway," she did say, "this is our little neighbor, Lossie Fox."

I got the idea that the older woman was trying to belittle Lossie, but she had no luck whatever. Madam and the girl looked into each other's eyes for an instant, and then both smiled brightly.

"But, my dear!" exclaimed Madam with generous warmth, "I had no idea I had such a beauty for a neighbor!"

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Shoplifter Snifty slipped into Luke's self-service record shop, slid a half-dozen records under his coat, and walked nonchalantly past the cash register toward the door. Luke, however, collared him before he could dodge away.

"Snifty's criminal intent is clear enough," the prosecutor said at the trial. "Furthermore, he completed the crime the second he stepped past the cash register. So he is guilty as charged."

"Not so fast!" Snifty's lawyer retorted. "He was caught before he got out of the store—in other words, before he completed the offense with which he is charged. At most, it was only an attempt. Accordingly, he is not guilty as charged."

If you were the judge, would you turn Snifty loose?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Snifty lost. The court said that when he carried the records past the cash register or checkstand, he "effectively removed them from the store's possession and control, even if only for a moment." It added that the thief's frustration "does not relieve him of responsibility for the theft."

Based upon a 1958 California decision.

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"Madam is kind," Lossie said with perfect poise. "But she can well afford to pay a nice compliment. For who could compete with Madam's loveliness?" Her frank eyes swept the woman's figure from top to toe. "And Madam's gown!" Lossie exclaimed, "We do not often see such elegance in our little city!"

Madam Janeway's smile was condescendingly regal as she touched Lossie with her fan. "And your gown, Miss Fox," she said, "was not created in Syracuse. It fairly reeks of the Rue de la Paix."

With the restless line behind us, we could not linger. Before we passed on, Madam Janeway greeted me with a nicely jocular familiarity. "And my legal adviser!" she said. "How kind of you to come to this reception!"

I led Lossie away, and when we were at a safe distance I said in an angry whisper, "What got into you, Lossie? An hour ago you were going to put poison in her soup. And now butter wouldn't melt in your mouth."

She looked up at me and her lip curled slightly. Her shining eyes were enigmatic. "Madam Janeway," she said, "is exquisite. One had but to see her to lose one's heart! Such glamour!"

"Come off it, Loss," I said testily. "What are you up to?"

"Oh, Orrin," she said girlishly, although her eyes were not girlish, but sardonic. "I want to study Madam, to pattern myself after her. To learn decorum." She was all but cooing in a sickening manner.

"You wouldn't," I snapped, "pattern yourself after the Queen of Sheba!"

"Who was," Lossie said softly, "a very astute lady. Who," she went on with lifted brows, "bamboozled the wisest man who ever lived. Maybe Madam has taken a leaf out of Sheba's book."

The formal part of the reception came to an end. With half an eye one could see that Madam Janeway had scored a triumph. Syracuse would be at her feet. But something else I saw with much less pleasure. Lossie was scoring no mean triumph herself. Men old enough to be her grandfather gathered about her, palavering. Young men drooled at the mouth. Now, I'm somewhat shy by nature and not a pushing sort of person, so I found myself in the background. Not that I cared very much. Not that Lossie playing the coquette to perfection meant anything to me. But I do not like to be kidded, especially by a miss who had tagged after me from babyhood. She was showing off. All right. I was only Orrin Applegate, drab and sober, not handsome nor witty, but I had too much pride to let her see that I was annoyed. Certainly I was not jealous.

Lossie seemed wholly unaware of me, as she was the center of an eager group—a group, if truth must be told, that was as large as that surrounding Madam Janeway. I joined the circle paying homage to the older woman, and she smiled at me graciously and drew me into the conversation with older men who, I was conscious, regarded me as only a boy. But Madam was gracious, tapping me with her fan.

"I've great confidence in Mr. Applegate," she said so that all might hear. "He is to handle my legal affairs. I find him very astute in such matters."

That changed the attitude of the group materially, and more than one of them eyed me with some envy, for it is a very desirable thing to be legal adviser to so wealthy and highly connected a person as Madam Janeway. Mr. Watts pushed his way to her side, accompanied by a stranger, a man with lofty forehead, shrewd eyes, hair that covered the upper half of his ears. He was wearing a black stock with a jeweled pin, and his manner seemed a bit pompous, though not disagreeably so.

"Madam Janeway," Mr. Watts said, "may I present a gentleman newly arrived from New York whose name may not be wholly unknown to you—Mr. Phineas T. Barnum?"

"Indeed I know the name of Mr. Barnum. We are grateful to him for bringing to us the exquisite voice of Jenny Lind," she exclaimed.

"And the less exquisite voice of General Tom Thumb," the great showman answered with a broad grin.

"And what, sir, brings you to our little city?" Madam asked.

"Curiosity, ma'am. A hint of the strange and marvelous. Where the seemingly miraculous manifests itself, there you will find P. T. Barnum. If it is something people will pay to see—then, ma'am, I must be the one to exhibit it. I suffer no rivals, ma'am. If the world wants to see or hear or to admire a thing, then it must come to my museum in order to marvel at it."

Madam had guessed immediately the reason for Mr. Barnum's presence in Syracuse.

"Of course," she said agreeably. "Naturally, you will have come to investigate the Cardiff Giant."

"That is indeed so. Have you seen the monster, ma'am?"

"In all its mysterious glory," she smiled.

"And your opinion, ma'am, if I may make so bold as to ask?"

"In your skilled hands, Mr. Barnum, it can become a wonder of the world. Actually, even in lesser hands, it bids fair to create a furor."

"In the morning," Mr. Barnum said in his pompous way, "I shall proceed to the spot to see with my own eyes."

"Sir," said Madam simply, "it will pleasure me to drive you to the spot. My attorney, Mr. Applegate, will, I'm quite sure, accompany us." She raised her brows at me inquiringly.

"I shall be delighted," I assured her.

I went presently to see if I could extricate Lossie from her admirers. As I wormed my way across the room I contrived to displace a handsomely bound small Bible from its place on a marble-topped table. It fell face downward and open. A gentleman at my side stooped to pick it up, and as he did so he examined it, and then he emitted a low whistle.

"Cast an eye over this," he said to me, and showed me the blank page at the front of the book. On it was an inscription in crabbed handwriting. There were few words, but they were sufficient to create a furor that would almost equal that about the Cardiff Giant. The written words were:

"To my little Cissie, with the affection of Uncle Daniel Drew."

How characteristic it was that that sanctimonious old hypocrite should give to his niece, or his mistress, or his illegitimate daughter a copy of Holy Writ.

Although Lossie was enjoying herself greatly, and, to my mind, acting somewhat giddy about all the admiration she was attracting, we had to leave the reception with our parents. We approached Madam Janeway to say good night, and never did you see such cordiality as was shown by the two of them. I was nonplused. Lossie, who had been so vehemently hostile to Madam, was close to being effusive now. Madam, whom you might have expected to show some petulance because Lossie had shone so brilliantly at the reception which had been exclusively in her honor, behaved toward Lossie as if she were vastly proud of her and gratified by it all. How is one to know when women are being straightforward and when they are contriving and guileful?

"Good night, my dear Miss Fox," Madam said, and smiled gaily. "Why should I not call you Lossie when we are such close neighbors and, I hope, destined to be close friends?"

"I'd love it, Madam Janeway," Lossie responded, purring with pleasure like a stroked kitten.

"And," said the older woman, "it would be charming if you called me Madam Cissie. We mustn't be formal. And by the way, Lossie, we—Mr. Applegate and I—are driving the great Mr. Barnum out to Cardiff in the morning to show him the eighth wonder of the world. It would be lovely if you would accompany us."

"Oh, Madam Cissie," Lossie gushed, "I'd love it! I'd love it!"

We extricated ourselves and followed our parents down the street. Our fathers walked side by side and our mothers behind them so they could discuss Madam Janeway in a strictly feminine manner, without masculine ears to overhear. Lossie and I lagged behind.

"Well," I said unpleasantly, "you did make a giddy spectacle of yourself!"

She was walking on air. "Tomorrow," she said gleefully, "I'll be the talk of the town. You'll see. Didn't I tell you? What'll you bet I'm not sent a dozen bouquets of flowers tomorrow?"

"None from me," I said. "You're a snip. A vain little snip."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, bring him along, bring him along."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

She did not flare up as I had expected, but laughed a rippling little laugh. "But a much admired little snip," she retorted.

"And," I went on, "you wriggled and rubbed against Madam Janeway like a puppy dog."

"Now did I?" she asked. "And what about Madam Cissie? She wriggled back, didn't she?" She paused a second, and then laughed again and said, "Madam is a very, very smart woman. We're going to be such friends!"

Well, there it was, and how was I, a commonplace young man, to cope with it? Lossie blew hot and she blew cold. One moment she was a society belle and the next she was a hoyden. One minute she hated and the next moment she doted. But in one particular she was consistent, never varying, and it did not make me happy. She flouted me always, and treated me as of no particular account, and used me as some handy object, to be given no thought or consideration; only to be used at need and then to be ignored.

She crowed. "Oh, Orrin!" she cried. "It's wonderful, gorgeous, to grow up!" And then she turned a pert, impudent face up to me and asked mischievously, "Why don't you try it?"

I could have shaken her, and came close to it.

"Don't pout," she said. "It's not becoming in a member of the bar."

I was glad to leave her at her door and to cut across the lawn to our house. I undressed quickly and lay awake in the darkness, thinking about Lossie and Madam Janeway and what was to come of it all, until I fell asleep and did not awaken until father's voice called me at six o'clock the next morning.

After breakfast I stood under Lossie's window and called "Yoo-hoo," and she flung up the sash and scolded me for it, pointing out that I was a hobbledehoy and had no manners, and that a gentleman did not stand under a window and yoo-hoo for a lady.

"I've yoo-hooed for you since you were a year old," I answered, "and I don't propose to stop."

She leaned over the window sill, lovely as a flower, and there was another of those breath-taking changes in her mood. She smiled down wistfully. "Please, please, Orrin," she said softly, "never stop calling. Never. Never."

She came down shortly and we crossed the street to Madam's and sat in her cool parlor until she came down, stately and beautiful and smiling with anticipation. We got into her carriage and drove to the hotel for the great man, and then headed out the avenue toward Cardiff. There was no need for us to talk; Mr. Barnum did that. He did not converse as an ordinary man or in common language. He spoke in superlatives, and such naïve vanity I never have beheld. Nothing was ordinary; everything was "prodigious" or "beyond belief" or "awesome." His famous elephant, Jumbo, was not an elephant; it was a "ponderous, palm-eared, pea-eyed pachyderm." I could feel Lossie, on the seat beside me, quivering with suppressed merriment, and every second I apprehended some irreverent outburst from her. I pinched her arm sharply.

No one, not even Madam, could slide in a word edgewise while Mr. Barnum boasted of his exploits and of the crowned heads he had shaken by the hand. He expatiated: He told us of the triumphs of Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale, and of General Tom Thumb and his dainty little wife, Lavinia, and how he had bamboozled with his mermaid, and how he had emptied his crowded museum on a busy day to make room for more patrons by

(*Continued on Page 60*)

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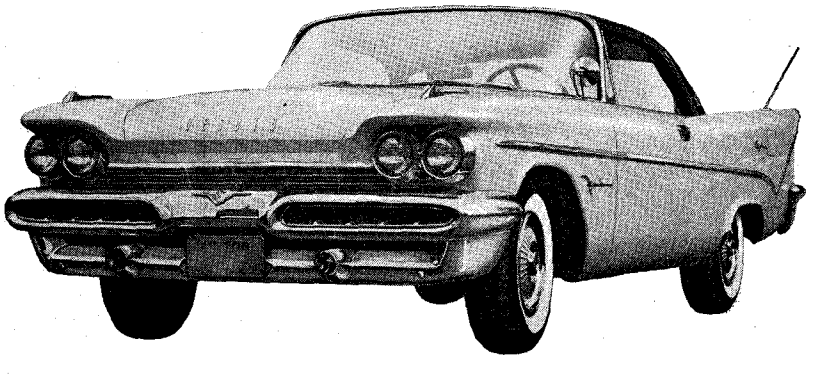

The smart way to go places... DE SOTO

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(*Continued from Page 58*) exhibiting a flaring sign over a door which read, "This Way to the Egress!" He was a mountebank, but on a majestic scale, and he awed while he amused.

We drew up with a flourish near the ticket booth on Stubby Newell's farm and paid our four dollars for admission. Though it was not yet noon, there was a considerable patronage, and I could see Mr. Barnum counting and calculating. We entered the tent and stood gazing down at the huge stone effigy. Mr. Barnum snorted. His eyes were bright and shrewd. He gazed his fill, and then, walking in his pompous manner, approached Stubby Newell.

"Sir," the great showman said, "my name is Barnum."

"Calc'late I recognized ye from pictures I've seen," Stubby said.

"Are you," asked Mr. Barnum, "the owner of this monstrosity, sir?"

"Ye might say so," admitted Stubby.

"This is an unhandy spot to reach."

"But folks come," Stubby said cannily.

"So it seems. So they do. How many have viewed this object?"

"A goodly number," Stubby said.

"Hey, Stubby!" interrupted a nasal voice, and I turned to see the horsy getup of the country banker, David Hannum.

"What's wanted, Dave?"

"Don't make no dicker with Phineas T. Barnum," David said crisply, "till you've discussed with me. Wouldn't be wise, seems as though. This thing's wuth more'n a shillin' if it fetched Mr. Barnum here from N'Yawk."

"And who," demanded the great man, "are you?"

"Name of Hannum," said Dave. "Hoss trader."

"Mr. Hannum," Barnum said, recognizing a kindred soul, "I did not come here without preliminary investigation. I can tell you, sir, almost to a penny, the receipts of the exhibition. I am able also to inform you that only a small part of the proceeds remains in the hands of Mr. Newell, here. The lion's share is dispatched almost as soon as taken in to one George Hall, cigar manufacturer, of Binghamton. Should I, perhaps, treat with Mr. Hall as the true owner of this—er—phenomenon of the ages?"

He turned on his heel testily and led us back to the carriage, where, with lavish manners, he handed Madam and Lossie into the carriage.

"This trip," he said presently, "has been in vain."

"How, sir," I asked, "would you know that?"

"Young man," Mr. Barnum said, puffing out his cheeks and tossing his head majestically, "there's no man in these United States of America better equipped to recognize scalawags on sight than myself." His face softened into a sly grin. "And why, sir? Because no man in these United States has invented and carried to success more profitable skulduggeries than myself."

To watch them, you would have thought that Madam Janeway and Lossie were lifetime intimates and closest of friends. You could see, without half trying, that affection had sprung up between them. You could tell it by little side glances and half smiles and touches of the hands. It was dignified on the part of Madam, but prettily eager on the part of Lossie. I had not thought Lossie capable of it, but there was no doubt she was far gone in heroine worship.

Madam purveyed for us a charming luncheon served by her ill-favored butler. At the end of it, she turned to Lossie. "I wonder, honey, if you could entertain Mr. Barnum for five minutes whilst I consult briefly with my legal adviser." It was "honey" now.

She led me into a cozy room off the back parlor which was fitted up as a sort of office, but with feminine ameliorations. She motioned to a comfortable patent rocker, in which I seated myself while she threw back a drapery and disclosed an iron safe which opened with a great key. She exerted some effort to throw wide the heavy door, and I could see within numerous packets of papers and several bundles wrapped in strong paper and further secured by narrow tapes and dabs of red sealing wax. She selected one of these and came to sit at her desk.

"Mr. Applegate," she said, "this, of course, is confidential."

"Between client and lawyer," I said gravely.

"I wish this rather valuable package delivered to Mr. Watts at his bank. I wish him to deposit it in his vault where it may become instantly available. For sufficient reasons I do not wish to deposit it myself."

"Yes, Madam," said I.

"It contains securities—negotiable securities—to a considerable amount."

"Yes, Madam."

"Which are listed on the wrapping, so there can be no doubt of the contents."

"I understand," said I, as she pushed the packet across to me. I lifted it and examined it. There was indeed a list, but the list was in the form of a communication in spidery handwriting. First I was awed by the value of the contents—upward of two hundred thousand dollars. The writing began: "Dear little Cissie," and continued, though there had been an effort to erase, "This is a tenth part of what I have set aside for you." At some of this I had to guess because the words were illegible because of attempts at erasure. Then followed the list of securities within. At the end was a signature of which only a portion, and that very faint, remained. It consisted of the letters: "D. . . el Dr. w."

Two hundred thousand in the safest of securities—and it but a tenth part of the fortune that had been set aside for Madam Janeway by a man who called her "dear little Cissie." And whose mutilated and erased signature might, if made complete, spell out the name of Daniel Drew. And Daniel Drew's name had appeared without obliteration or erasure on the flyleaf of the Bible that had been upon the table in Banker Watts' parlor. Here was a mystery. How did the good book get on Watts' table? And why?

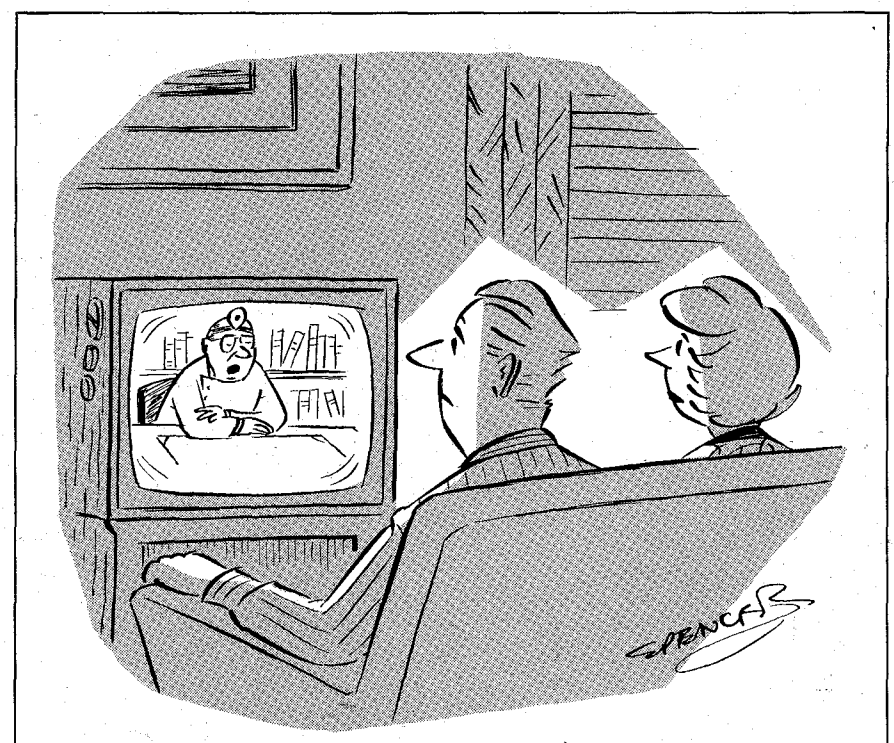
It was none of my business, even as Madam's lawyer. But in that position I felt my importance. To be attorney for a lady worth two million dollars was something pretty substantial.

"But," I expostulated, "this is a huge sum to entrust to me!"

She laughed merrily. "Before all is done," she said, "I'll trust you with much more than that."

And I, young, stupid, fatuous, felt no premonition whatever.

TO BE CONTINUED



"Feeling tired, listless and thoroughly worn out? Why not switch me off and go to bed?"

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The Secret of Glacier River (Continued from Page 41)

darkened the little ruffian's face but he was still smiling. "Sure, sure," he said.

"Let's go, then," the marshal said hastily, indicating the path up the bank. "I'll lead the way, constable."

Carol followed at the Mountie's heels, thankful that Enders rather than Foley was immediately behind her. She made no attempt to signal Ravenhill. If he had been watching the tableau from above, it would be plain to him that the first step had been accomplished: that the Mountie, in the very act of taking off, had somehow been alerted.

Carol's knees were shaking from the tension of the moment just passed. In Old Mac's imagery, she had managed to divert the charging bear. Whatever was about to happen next was in the hands of mightier hunters than she was.

When they reached the bench, Foley explained the presence of the giant and the sluice boxes in an offhand way. They had merely assembled their equipment here, for convenience in testing. They were now in the process of moving upstream to begin operations.

Constable Hughson listened politely; his manner indicated that these were details outside both his jurisdiction and his interest. He merely commented, "From your equipment it appears you've a substantial operation in mind."

"Twenty placer claims," Foley said. "Enough for three or four seasons' run. Including the bench here," he added boldly. "We do it last, after the doc's finished up and gone."

"You think that there are some values on the bench, then?" the Mountie asked.

Foley shrugged. "Could be. Everything below the rise in the canyon ought to be worth working. By the time we get down here, with our setup on the ground and all, we could make money at mighty little dust per cubic yard."

Carol was forced to concede it: Foley was a consummate actor. There was no slightest outward hint of the raging forces he must now be holding in check. On the contrary, his affable manner indicated that he was delighted with this unexpected break in the workaday routine.

Constable Hughson inspected the dig and listened courteously to the doctor's explanation of its immense scientific value. But it was obvious that the young Mountie's interest was official and detached.

"This is most interesting, sir," he said presently, glancing at his watch, "but Enders and I must be running along. Which reminds me, I'd like to ask you a question or two about Ravenhill, doctor. For my official report. If you gentlemen will excuse us?" he said pointedly to Foley and the marshal. "I'm sure we've disturbed your work enough as it is, Mr. Foley."

Flynn Foley pretended to misunderstand him. "That's all right," he said affably. "We'll take the time. We might be able to give you some added dope on Ravenhill ourselves."

"The point is," Constable Hughson said, a little stiffly, "that in a preliminary investigative report, our procedures require a personal examination of witnesses. Do you really mind withdrawing for a moment, Marshal Wiggins?"

"Since you're bound to make it official," Foley interposed, with an air of impish obstinacy, "maybe you better remind him, marshal, that this questioning is being done on Alaskan ground. Which means you're entitled to sit in on the said questioning."

The marshal was plainly nonplused. While he pulled himself together, however, Constable Hughson revealed an obstinate streak of his own. "Very well, sir," he told Foley, "we'll satisfy the perfectly valid point you've raised. The boundary passes just below the ridge yonder, I believe?"

"Yeah," Foley said, more watchfully. "A hundred feet inside the riverbank, the map says."

The Mountie nodded. "If you'll step up to the ridge with me for a moment, doctor, I'll do the questioning on the Canadian side of the line. Sorry to disturb your work. It's at Mr. Foley's insistence."

Foley retreated then. "Let's not have any tempest in a teapot," he said. "I was only joshing. (*Continued on Page 64*)

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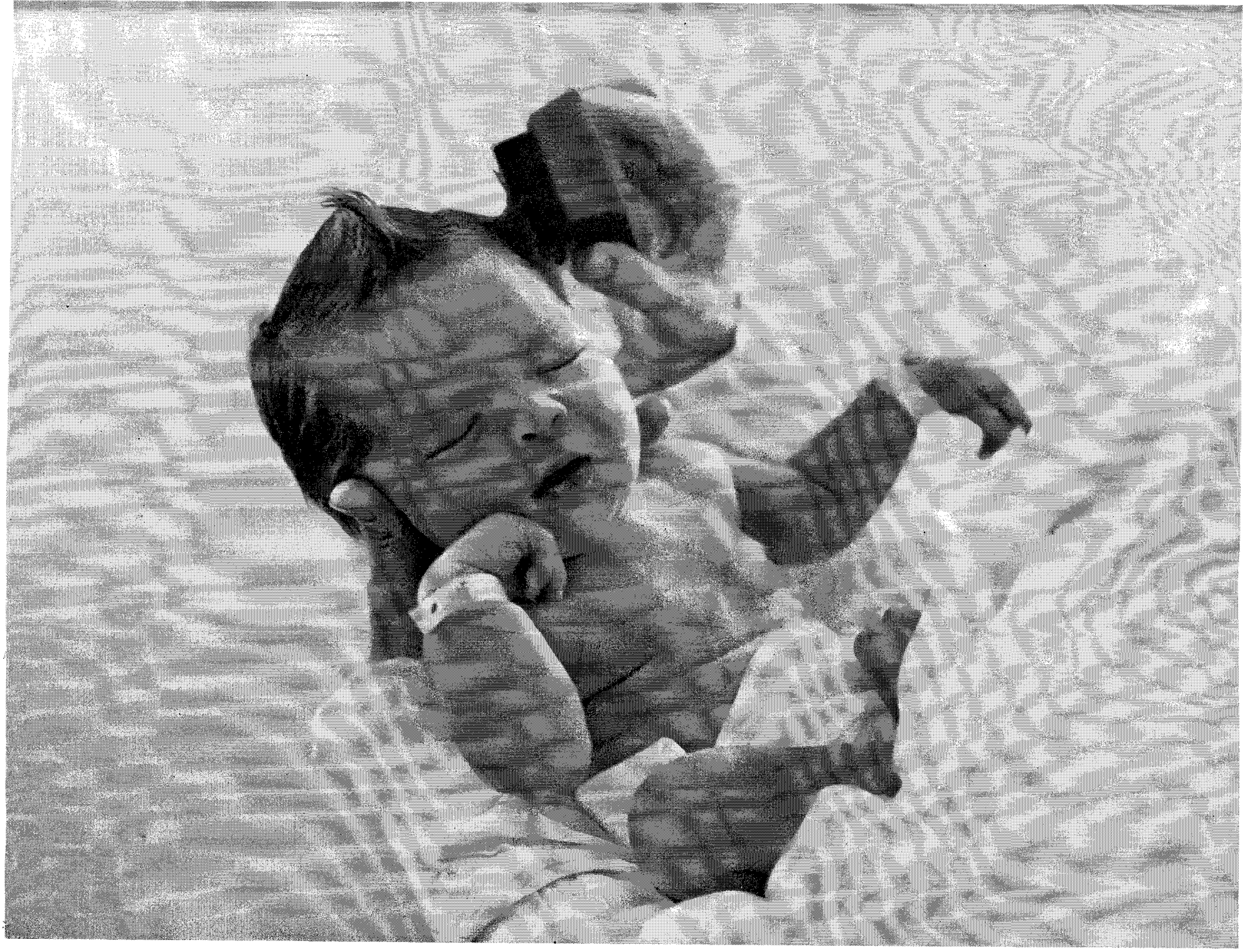

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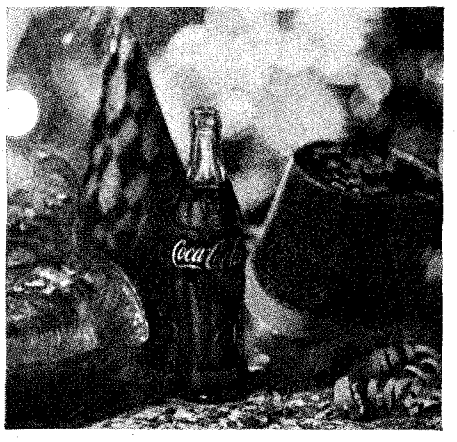
GEORGE WASHINGTON HAS A BIRTHDAY



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AFTER THE SKI RUN . . . COKE AND FUN

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(*Continued from Page 60*) Come on, marshal. Let's see how our gorillas are making out with the sluice boxes. Coming along, Enders?"

Enders nodded gloomily and the trio withdrew to the edge of the bank and paused there, leaning on the giant. The two old-timers mounted up beside them and young Tilton moved in casually from the north end of the bench.

"Do you have any questions yourself, Miss Craig?" the Mountie asked quizzically. "Any suggestions at this point?"

"No," she said. "If you're going up on the ridge, though, to sort of survey things, I'd like to go with you."

"Good idea," the Mountie approved. "I should make a crude sketch of the terrain and you can help me check details. I've only one question to ask, really," he said to the doctor. "Ravenhill stayed here for supper, I take it, and afterwards came up here to the dig with you. Did you notice anything suspicious in his bearing? I mean—anything which would suggest that he was thinking of absconding with Enders' ship?"

The doctor shook his head sadly. "On the contrary, I confess it's hard to believe that he had anything criminal in mind. He seemed most interested in our work. Eh, Dud?"

Dud Jessop agreed at once. "And d'you know, it struck me as odd that a person of Ravenhill's—er—background, could be either as black as Foley painted him, or would abandon whatever plan he had in mind after he'd escaped up there. He's a rather forceful character, I should say. Not easily diverted."

"I'm inclined to agree," Constable Hughson said, and went on at once, in a brisk change of front: "However, these are only speculations. We must hurry along. I've made a note of your observations, gentlemen. Shall we go up on the ridge, Miss Craig?"

Flynn Foley checked on their movements at once, through Enders. As the Mountie and Carol started toward the ridge, Enders called across the bench: "Just a second, Hugh! What's on the program now?"

Hughson halted and replied: "To make a sketch of the bench for my report. It won't take long."

"Foley says I can make it on foot up to the lake in fifteen minutes," Enders pointed out. "If it's O.K. with you, I'll hike up there and take off for Aklavik."

"I wouldn't think of it," the Mountie returned. "You're not a well man, remember. It looks like a terrific climb up there. I should be ready in ten minutes. Better wait, old chap."

He and Carol went on, and they began to mount the bank, shoulder to shoulder. "D'you care to brief me now, Miss Craig?" the Mountie asked. "Or wait for Ravenhill?"

"Wait," she voted. "Riv's planned all this. Let him follow through. And you've certainly done well, Constable Hughson. Taken by surprise like this."

"I'm still in the dark. I hope it's not as serious as you think."

"It is," she assured him. "It's worse."

They achieved the crest of the ridge and halted there, turning themselves about slowly to face the bench again. The brush was only waist-high, thick at the crest but thinning in scattered islands eastward.

"We'd better stay in sight of those down there," the Mountie said, drawing out his notebook. "But where's Ravenhill?"

"Here," Ravenhill said, from a position behind them and a little to the north.

They could see him now, by turning their heads slightly, kneeling close behind a considerable thicket. His clothing appeared a little travel-worn and he was plainly touched with weariness, but his manner was as cheerful as ever.

"I think it's safe to step a little back," he told them. "Just so your head and shoulders are in view. Constable Hughson, I believe? You were pointed out to me at Aklavik."

"Right," said the constable. "And we were given a complete dossier on you, Ravenhill. Now talk fast, please. Remember we're under close scrutiny. Just what's the difficulty here, Ravenhill?"

Carol never forgot the exchange that followed. She sensed at once that she was in the presence of two outstanding personalities, each in his widely separated sphere. And she also saw at once that of the two it was Ravenhill—the outcast, the suspect and renegade—who remained in command.

Ravenhill said, wasting no words: "A gold-bearing stratum underlies the whole bench. The doctor's not aware of it. Foley and his cutthroats are. The doctor believes he's protected by his Alaskan *in situ* permit. The *in situ* permit—and the doctor's unaware of this too—hasn't been filed. Thus the Alaskans, legally, can wash out the bench at once. They are prepared to do so the moment you leave. That's why the giant and the sluice boxes are in position. The United States marshal is here to protect Foley's 'rights.' He is completely dominated by Foley."

The Mountie digested this, nodding. "On second thought," he told Carol, "please make a rough drawing of the flat. Just parallel lines, showing the position of the dig between, and with the giant marked X. A neat plot," he said to Ravenhill, "but this is Alaskan territory. How can I interfere?"

Carol was staggered by Ravenhill's reply. He stated it calmly, disregarding her.

"It's Canadian territory," Ravenhill said. "I surveyed it last night. The river channel has eroded approximately one hundred feet eastward since the 1908 survey. The line passes through the exact spot where the giant stands."

During this, Ravenhill had come forward so that he stood to one side and a little back, within their range of vision but still hidden from view of those below.

The Mountie gave him a searching glance. "How did you survey it? You have a transit or theodolite?"

"No. I dismembered this rifle and used the barrel as a sighting device. Engineers often do so in preliminary surveys. Old Mac—the camp cook—helped me. Shall I describe the technique?"

The Mountie shook his head. "You're a licensed surveyor, Mr. Ravenhill?"

"No. Just a fairly well-qualified amateur."

"Are you suggesting, sir," the Mountie said grimly, "that I interfere here, on behalf of Doctor Craig and his associates, solely on the basis of your survey—which is unofficial in any way, to say the least?"

"I do, indeed," Ravenhill said. "These are Canadians, constable, on Canadian ground. You are sworn to uphold their rights. Tomorrow will be too late. An hour after you leave will be too late."

"But how justify it to my superiors?"

"You represent the Crown, sir," Ravenhill said. "A gentleman of about your age and experience accepted the same risk once, I believe. His name was Clive."

The Mountie stood silent for a moment, apparently taciturn and unmoved. But his lean-jawed face was glistening a little.

"I'll have to be blunt, Ravenhill. There's another factor. You are asking me to risk not only my future in the force but the prestige of the force itself, on your sole and unsupported statement that your survey is correct. Sufficiently correct, that is, that a later official survey will verify it within inches. Right?"

"Right."

"But you are, from the record, a credible witness, Mr. Ravenhill?"

"In this instance," Ravenhill said, "I've already wagered my life and liberty on the correctness of the survey."

"How so?"

"Because I'm here," Ravenhill said. "Flynn Foley is gambling for huge stakes. Last night, twice, Foley and his two old-timers were casting about the ridge here, and the eastward tundra. The first time they picked up my cold trail. The second time they found, and confiscated, my blankets and grub. Fortunately, I'd kept my musette bag and rifle while we played hide-and-seek. If I'd shown myself they'd have shot me down like a rabbit."

"H'm," the Mountie said.

"Look down at the Alaskans," Ravenhill said. "Note how they're deployed—each close to his rifle, waiting. D'you see how Foley keeps you under observation at all times—and has, from the moment you stepped down from the ship?"

The Mountie nodded. "Keep up your drawing," he warned Carol. "They're growing restless down there. I must ask another question or two, Ravenhill, before committing myself. You escaped from Marshal Wiggins' custody. How?"

"I was handcuffed to a wooden bedstead," Ravenhill said. "Someone had carelessly left a handsaw hanging on the wall. I sawed through the bedstead and dashed away."

"Both hands were handcuffed to the bedstead?"

"One hand. My left."

"And how did you rid yourself of the handcuffs?"

"I didn't," Ravenhill said. "Glance back casually. Not you, Carol—they're watching. Here's the handcuff. Taped to my arm."

"Oh, Riv!" Carol said. "It's been there since yesterday? Isn't your wrist all chafed?"

"It's incidental," Ravenhill said. "Well, Hughson? Have you decided to lend a hand?"

"Not yet," the constable said. "But I'm weakening, sir. Your theory is that your survey is sufficient excuse for me to exercise my authority on Canadian ground. At least insist that Foley make no move until the status of the line has been determined officially?"

"Right. This was your best judgment. Faced with an immediate decision. Time being of the essence."

"But Foley has made no overt move, as yet," the Mountie pointed out. "On the face of it, no Canadian rights have been violated—or are even in jeopardy."

"If he begins to destroy the flat," Ravenhill challenged, "will you then feel justified in using force? To protect the rights of Canadians on Canadian ground?"

"Would you, in my position?" the Mountie asked earnestly. "Word of honor?"

"I would, indeed," Ravenhill said. "Word of honor, sir."

"Very well," the Mountie said; and the casualness of it touched Carol deeply. No fanfare. No roll of drums. No flashing sabers ordering the charge. Yet the old Empire had reached its towering place in the sun in moments like these.

"You've had time to plan tactics," the Mountie said. "How would you suggest that I proceed?"

"Take Enders up to Glacier Lake to retrieve his ship," Ravenhill said. "Foley will make no move until he's sure you've returned to Aklavik and the coast is clear. To give him that impression, tell Enders to swing above the bench here before heading east, so they'll see him go. You follow suit, and head east. I'd suggest you let Enders go in, incidentally. He has no stake in this game. He'd only be a complicating factor."

"And then?"

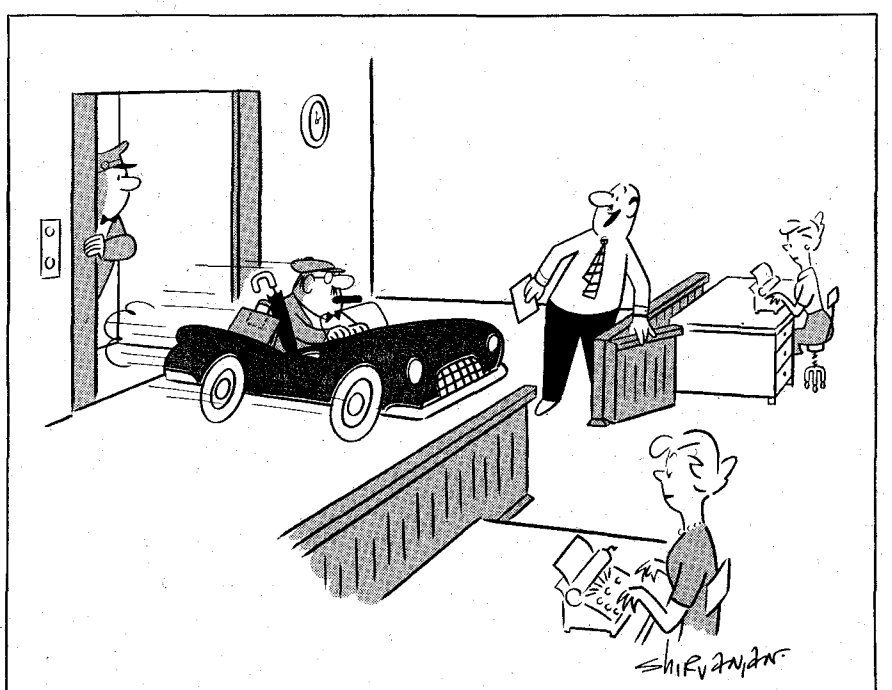
"The moment you're out of sight, I'm quite sure," Ravenhill said, "Foley will begin forthwith to wash out the thawed section of the bench. The giant makes a thundering uproar, as you know. Under cover of it, swing back over the tundra and come in low to your landing. The ridge will hide you. Then join us here on the ridge. Foley will be caught in the act—and the showdown will be at hand."

Constable Hughson considered this, and nodded. "This ridge is Canadian ground, beyond question. You'll make your stand here. You'll try to avoid any violence until I arrive and take over?"

"I can't guarantee it," Ravenhill returned. "Foley's likely to go completely berserk if he's crossed at this stage of the game. The marshal will be the coolest head on their side. Carol will help me keep control here. I'd suggest that you hurry back, however."

"Right," Constable Hughson said. "How many of the doctor's party can you depend upon when the pinch comes?"

Carol answered at once. "All of us. Including Old (*Continued on Page 68*)



"Morning, J.B."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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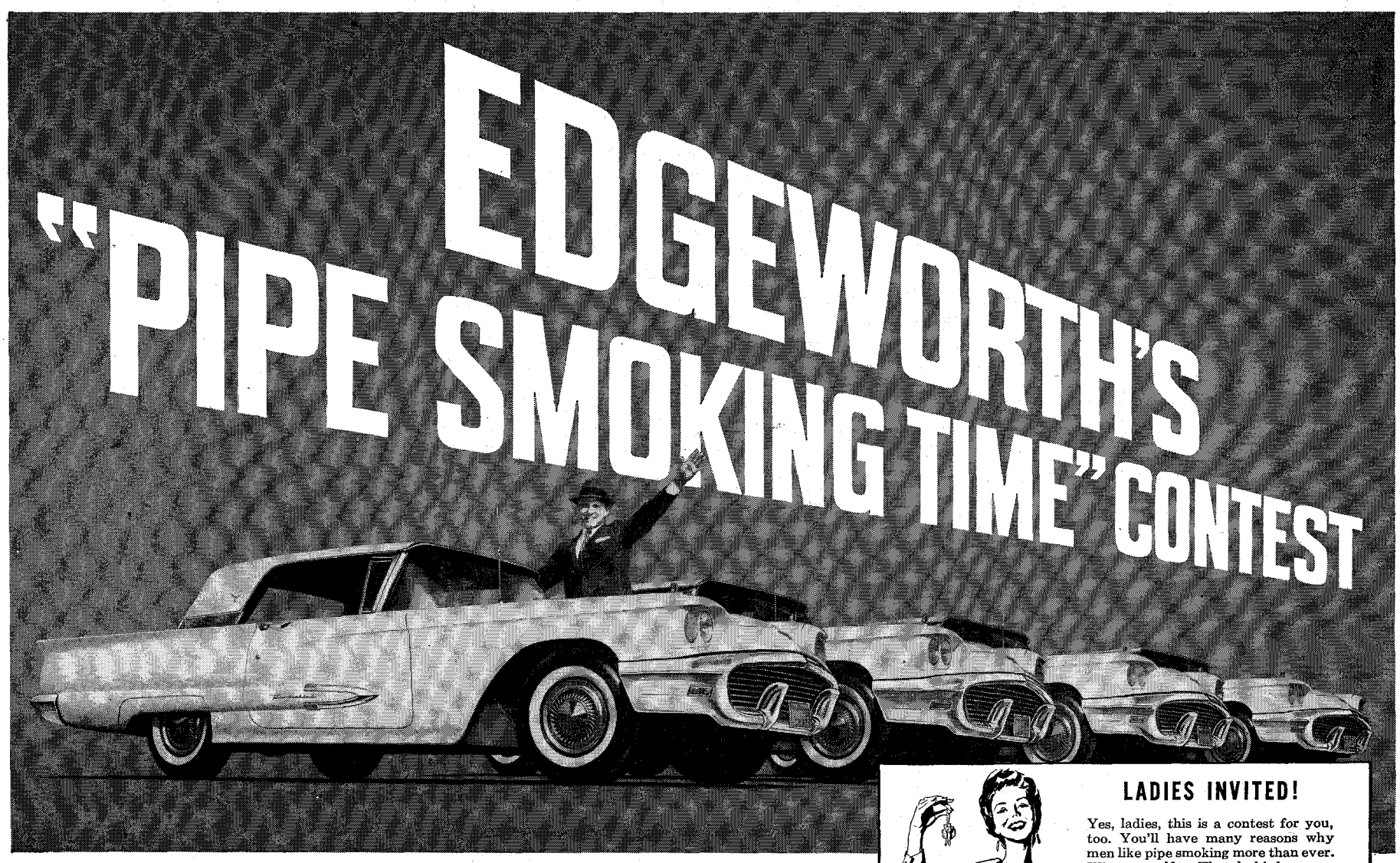

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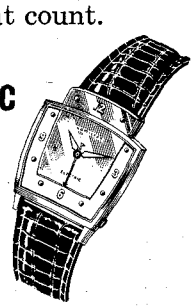

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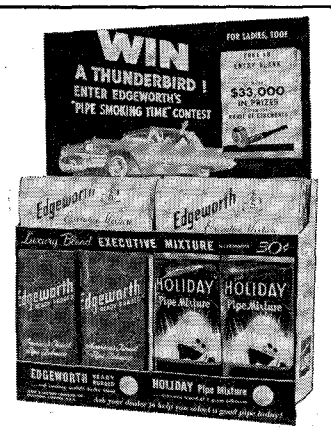

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2. Mail your entry to:
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3. Anyone living in the continental United States, its territories and possessions may enter except employees of Larus & Brother Company, Inc., and its advertising agencies and the families of such employees. Each entry must be the original work of the contestant submitting it and be submitted in the contestant's own name.
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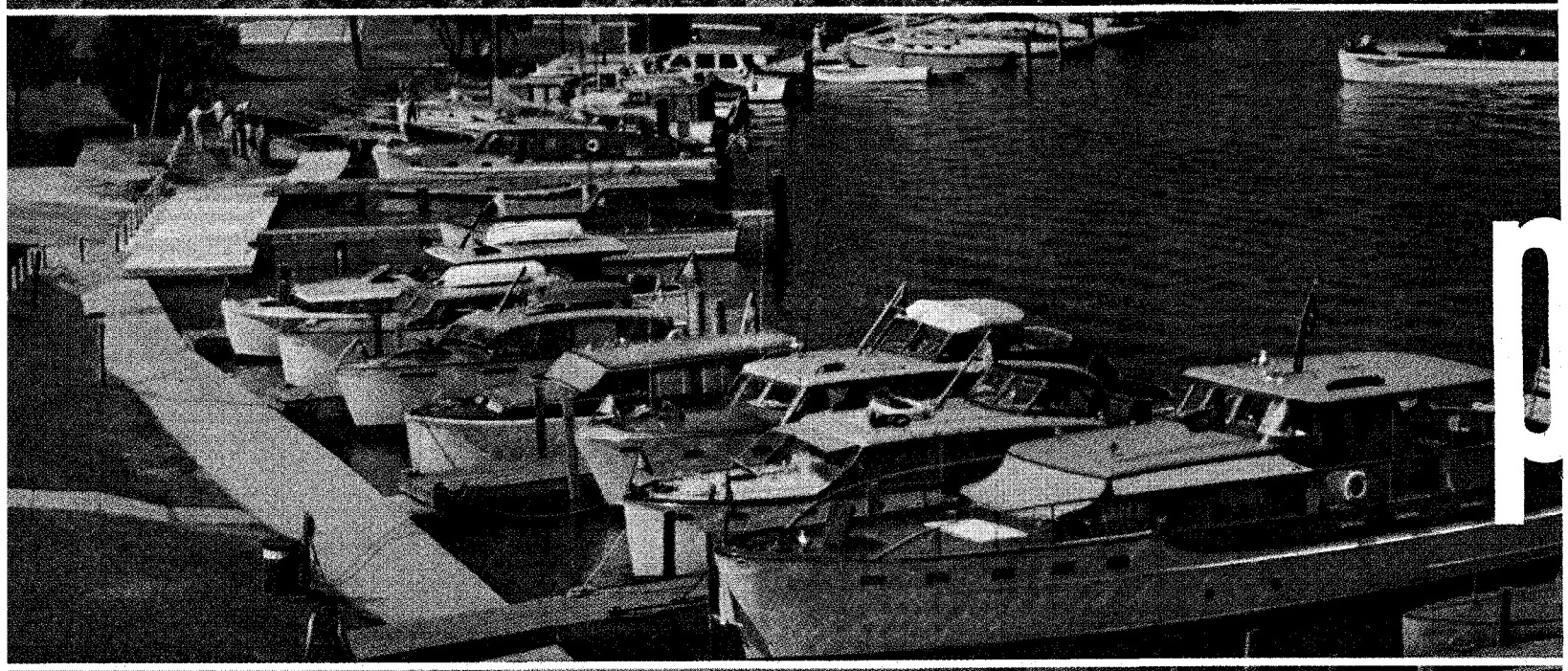

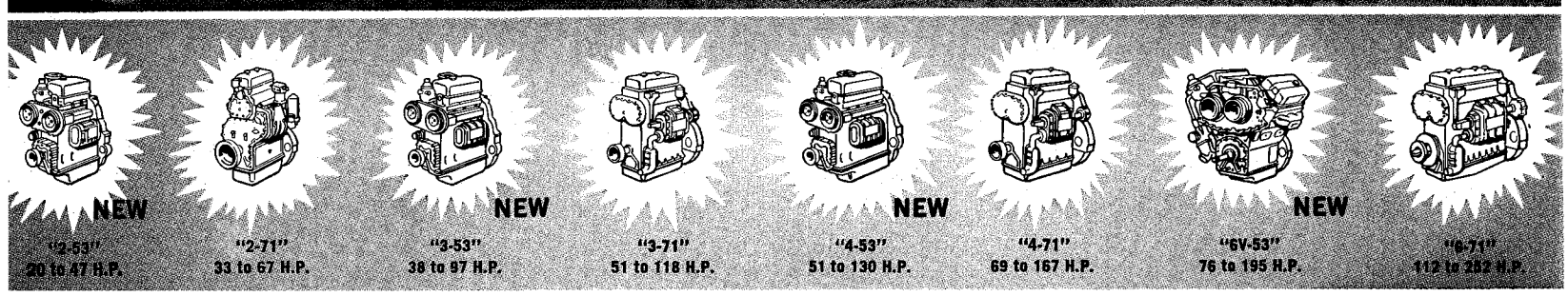

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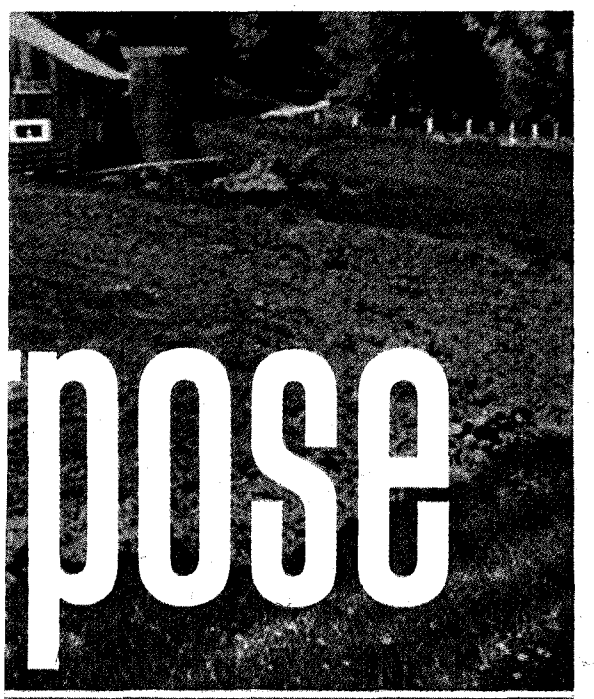

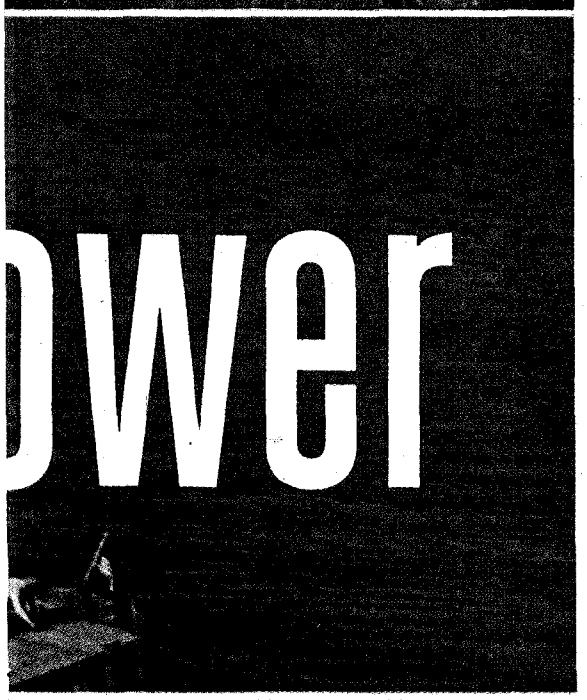

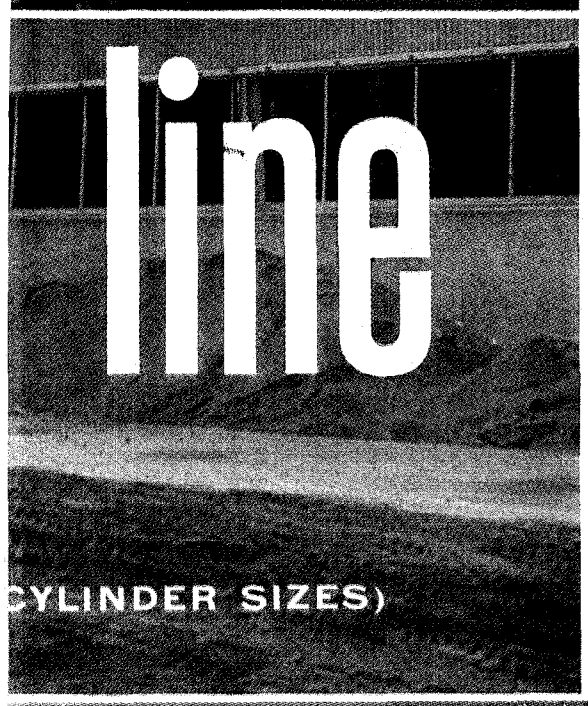

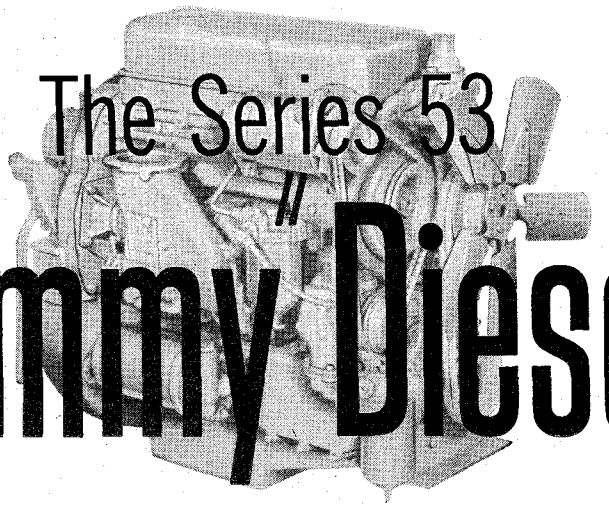

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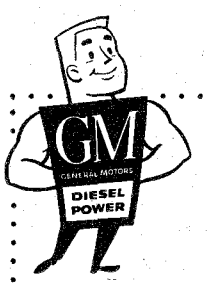

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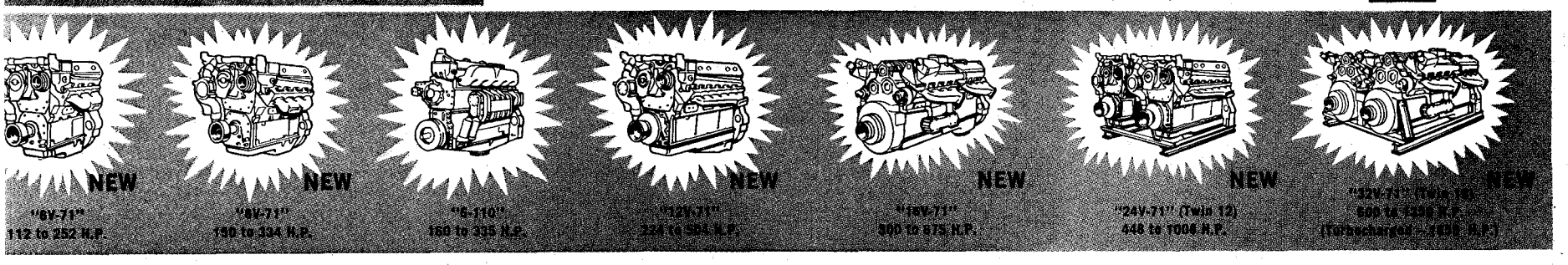

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(*Continued from Page 64*) Mac. And Buster and Julius. I'm not sure about Dud Jessop," she added, flushing a little.

"The field command's yours for the moment," the Mountie told Ravenhill. His decision reached, the die being cast, he did not hesitate. "We'll go down now," he told Carol. "Any final suggestions, sir?"

"Yes, for Carol," Ravenhill said. "Is Old Mac alerted?" he asked her. "Where are the camp's rifles?"

"Old Mac's ready and waiting," Carol said. "He has the rifles in the cook tent."

"Watch your chance, then," Ravenhill instructed. "All the Alaskans are grouped around the giant. They'll probably stay there, looking up toward Glacier Lake, until Enders and the constable have taken off, ostensibly for Aklavik. The marshal will insist on that. While their attention's diverted, have Old Mac go downriver with the rifles, swing up to the ridge and join me here. Then you can call Buster and Julius up. Can you manage it?"

"I'll try," she said. "Yes, I'll manage it."

"Be casual and unafraid," Ravenhill told her. "Remember, a good bluff is always on a par with a royal flush. Remember, too, that Foley has no notion of what's afoot. His mind's on raw gold. He can almost see the stuff in the riffles—and only minutes away now, it seems. Good luck, my dear. And to you, Hughson, old chap."

Constable Hughson nodded, pocketed his notebook and pencil. "After you, Miss Craig," he said, motioning her to precede him down to the bench.

When Constable Hughson and Carol came to the dig, the Mountie paused briefly to thank the archaeologists for their courtesy. His inspection was over, he told them. He and Enders would proceed at once to Glacier Lake.

Flynn Foley heard the exchange and came over with Enders, beaming. He stood listening, on legs firmly planted, while the doctor cleared routine details with Enders, concerning the latter's next flight in with provisions and mail. The doctor apologized for not seeing his visitors off at their ship. Carol, too, announced that it was time for her to lend a hand here at the dig. Then Enders and the constable saluted cheerfully and strode off across the bench.

Carol watched them go, her heart beating in mounting rhythm. The stress of the impending crisis seemed to be rising as Enders and the Mountie dropped from view down the bank and were gone.

Flynn Foley's attitude changed at once. When he spoke, the timbre of his voice was less ingratiating, more forceful and harsh. What he said was casual enough.

"We'll get back to our knitting too. We're gonna blow out the giant once before we move the stuff upstream," he warned. "After we see those fly-boys take off from Glacier Lake, that is. Don't be scared at the racket the giant makes. Just stand in the clear."

He strode off at once toward the giant. Dud Jessop watched him go, as did Carol. Then Jessop faced toward Carol in an oddly questioning way. They were standing together at the north end of the dig and Carol moved a little closer.

"Dud," she said, lowering her voice, "isn't it time you produced the carbon of our *in situ* permit?"

He frowned down at her. "What d'you mean?"

"Did you, or not, file our *in situ* permit in Fairbanks?"

He stiffened and his face flooded with color. "Just what are you suggesting, my dear?"

"You heard Mr. Foley," she said. "As soon as Enders and the Mountie leave for Aklavik, they're going to start the giant. Unless you have proof of our *in situ* permit, what's to prevent the Alaskans from washing out the bench?"

"Nonsense! And I must say I deeply resent ——"

"Resent it later," she interrupted. "I'll apologize later—if I'm wrong. In words of one syllable—no *in situ* permit, eh?"

He refused to answer, assuming the manner of one mortally offended. "Shall we proceed?" he asked coldly, motioning toward the screen.

Carol nodded and bent over the screen, shifting her position to keep Foley in view. This final proof of Jessop's treachery added to her mounting terror. She felt alone among forces she did not understand. What was it that raw gold did to men—men like Flynn Foley and his crew? To men of supposed principle like Dud Jessop? Yes, and to those who had long since turned their backs on creeds and codes—like Ravenhill? Whom could one trust, actually?

She hid her crumbling resolution, nevertheless. *Just be casual and brave*, she thought bitterly, remembering Raven-

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

A Kind Word for Winter

By Bessie F. Collins

How find a word of kindness for
a gray,
An introverted, friendless winter
day,
That seals the earth with
stubborn thumb,
And wills the flowing rivers'
numb?

Praise warms the heart in
winter's name,
When cardinals set snow aflame.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

hill's final instructions. *But what happens if I keep on shaking and finally fall apart?*

In that event, millenniums hence, astounded scientists would screen out her bones. They'd be easy to classify, of course: chicken bones. Brain capacity: nil. Habits and customs: odd, probably.

She didn't fall apart, however. The Alaskans remained grouped about the giant. The minutes dragged. A distant engine roared and the Mountie's plane rose up from Glacier Lake, swung high above them, dipped its wings, then headed eastward. The Alaskans stood motionless, waiting.

"Excuse me a second," Carol told Jessop. "I've got to run over to the cook tent. Forgot my cigarettes."

"I've got a pack," Jessop called after her, but she did not stop.

Old Mac was waiting at the door. She explained quickly that while the Alaskans were watching the southern sky, waiting for Enders to warm up his engine and take off, Old Mac must assemble their rifles and ammunition up on the ridge.

The old Eskimo asked simply: "You have talked to Ravenhill?" When she nodded he gave her a keen, twinkling glance. "Good. Where Ravenhill is, who can be afraid?"

"I hope you're right," she said. "Hurry, Old Mac."

She made it back to the dig just as Enders' ship rose up through the gap at Glacier Lake. It, too, swung wide above them, dipped its wings, then scuttled eastward like a homing pigeon.

Carol motioned to Dud Jessop to remain where he was. Then, deliberately, she circled the dig and halted beside her father. "I'd like a word with you," she whispered urgently. "You, too," she told Buster and Julius, motioning toward the south. "Over here, please."

The doctor gave her a quick, startled glance, then climbed at once from the dig. Buster and Julius followed like eager terriers. "What's up?" Julius whispered. He indicated the Alaskans, who were milling about the giant. "Skulduggery eh?"

"We thought so," Buster said. "We were afraid we rated dunce caps if we spoke up."

Jessop was circling the dig toward them. Carol held up her hand peremptorily. "If you don't mind, Dud! This is between us."

Jessop came on, nevertheless, erect and purposeful. "I insist, my dear. You must disregard her, doctor. She has the notion ——"

"Very well," she interrupted. "I'll say it to your face, then." Her knees were no longer shaking, now that the final pinch was at hand. "There's no time for questions," she warned her father. "Just listen carefully. There's gold here on the bench—quantities of it, in that lowest stratum. Dud Jessop didn't file our *in situ* permit in Fairbanks. So the Alaskans are getting ready to destroy the bench with their hydraulic operations. I mean—now. They planned it from the first. Dud has been in league with them from the first."

"I deny that, categorically," Jessop said. "This is outrageous! I must say, doctor ——"

A new voice spoke up, mature and menacing. It came from Julius. "The lady has the floor," he told Jessop. "And nobody's calling her a liar."

"Make it two," Buster said. "And you know what? I don't like you, Mr. Jessop. I never did. If the lady says ——"

"Wait, boys," Carol said, thrilled to the finger tips. "Thanks—but wait. We can't waste time arguing. You remember, this morning," she said to her father, "Dud didn't have time to look for the permit. He brushed me off. Ask him to produce it now. If he can, I'll apologize. But we need it right now."

She was proud of her father's reaction. Her army now numbered three. The doctor turned to peer through his glasses at the giant, and back to Jessop, and the jaw muscles hardened under his plump cheeks.

"You heard her, m'lad. Can you produce the carbon of the permit?"

"Certainly. It's over in my papers. But I can't understand ——"

"Will you get it, please?"

Jessop turned away at once and strode toward the camp, looking straight ahead.

"He'll say he can't find it," Carol predicted bitterly. "You'll see. Now listen. Ravenhill's up on the ridge. Our rifles are there. The Mountie knows the situation and is coming back to help."

"Ravenhill?" the doctor repeated. "Why is he ——"

"He's here to help," she cut in, watching the Alaskans. "Riv and the Mountie are agreed on how to proceed. When they start the giant, you go over and watch. We'll wait here. When they start cutting into the bank, you protest loudly."

"I certainly shall!" her father promised. "This is preposterous! But no—that's why their marshal's here. They shan't do it, however." He spoke with gathering force, coming to his feet. "Permit or not, our rights are obvious!"

"Listen!" she pleaded desperately. "Our 'rights' don't count with the Alaskans. We have to defend ourselves until the Mountie returns. There's a possibility that the whole bench lies in Canada. But the Mountie must make the final decision. Just protest to Foley. If he orders you off the ground, join us on the ridge ——"

The voice of the giant interrupted. Foley was at the nozzle, braced behind the tripod. The others stood in the clear, away from the high-pressure hose. Should the hose burst, it would straighten out like a whiplash, mowing down everything of flesh and blood in its path.

The water hurtling from the nozzle streamed out in a white parabola over the bank, straightening as Foley opened the valve slowly. The giant's deep-toned rumbling gathered in volume, then thundered in full force; a truly awesome picture of unleashed power. The hurtling water arched out a hundred feet or more over the boulder-strewn river bed. The very air seemed to shake under the impact of it.

Foley held the stream in its level position with one hand and gestured orders to his army with the other. They scattered along the bank, stooping to retrieve their rifles. The marshal was looking toward the dig, and Foley turned to look over his shoulder.

"Very well," the doctor said. "I go over and protest. If he disregards me, I retreat and join you on the ridge. That's the program, I take it." He spoke with bitter force. Carol had never before seen him fully aroused. "I'm anxious to get my hands on a rifle," he told her. "I'll join you at once. But what's this about the bench perhaps lying wholly in Yukon Territory?"

"Don't mention that to the Alaskans," Carol warned. "They wouldn't believe you. Let the Mountie announce it. Hurry, dad. Be careful. While you're arguing with them we'll start retreating to the ridge."

The doctor started off at once, walking quickly and resolutely. Before he had covered half the distance to the giant, Dud Jessop rose up from behind the bank, to the right of the giant, and motioned peremptorily to Foley and the marshal to join him. Foley gestured to Swenson to take his place at the giant, and he and the marshal closed in on Jessop.

They conferred briefly, heads together, then Jessop broke away and came on to intercept the doctor. Behind him Foley, the marshal, Blackie and Buck Tilton advanced in company front. All the Alaskans were armed. The marshal was wearing his service revolver and he hitched the weapon forward and brushed up the holster's flap as he advanced.

The doctor halted, some ten paces from the advancing Alaskans. They, too, halted, and Foley took one step forward and paused there, holding his rifle.

Jessop placed a hand on the doctor's shoulder and spoke guardedly in his ear. "I can't find the *in situ* permit at the moment. Sorry. We're in an awkward position. Let me parley with them. Perhaps they'll give us more time ——"

The doctor shook off his hand brusquely. "I'll manage the parley."

Flynn Foley spoke up, his brittle voice overriding the deep-toned roaring of the giant.

"We've tested 'er, doc. Everything's set. We're about to start washing the bench. Any objections?"

"We object most strenuously," the doctor replied. "We've prior rights to the ground. Protected by our *in situ* permit."

"No, you ain't," Foley returned. "You haven't any permit."

The doctor turned to Jessop. "Did you file our *in situ* permit in Fairbanks?"

"Yes," Jessop said, with an air of dejection. "But I've misplaced the carbon. It's somewhere (*Continued on Page 70*)

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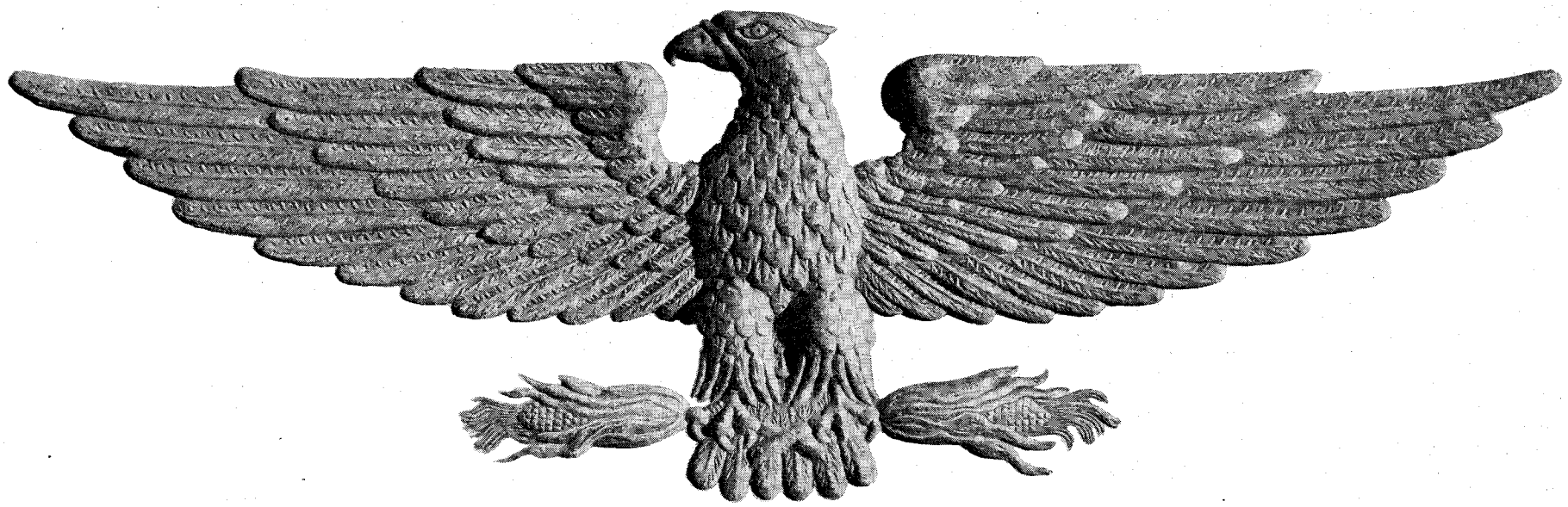

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(*Continued from Page 68*) in my papers, I'm sure. If these gentlemen will only wait a few minutes ——"

"We ain't waiting," Foley said. "No permit, no rights to the ground."

"Marshal Wiggins," the doctor said, "I make an official request. For the record."

"Make it, sir."

"Jessop says he filed our permit in Fairbanks. The day before yesterday, in our cook tent, Mr. Flynn Foley said he saw Jessop apply for and receive the permit."

"Hold on there," Foley objected. "You must have misunderstood me, doc. I never saw any permit."

The doctor continued to address the marshal: "Jessop has made his statement in the presence of witnesses. Foley's statement in corroboration, night before last, was in the presence of witnesses. At least this raises a presumption that our permit is actually of record in Fairbanks. Under these circumstances, sir, I ask you to restrain these men until Jessop has had a reasonable opportunity to search for our official carbon of the permit."

"Sorry, doctor," the marshal returned. "This isn't a court of law. Only one presumption draws water here. Since you can't produce the permit, the presumption is that you don't have it."

"Let's face this squarely," the doctor said, his lips thinning. "There's a conspiracy here, Marshal Wiggins. It can easily be demonstrated in court, later. Are you, sir, a party to this conspiracy?"

"I'm here in official line of duty," the marshal returned. "This is Alaskan ground, doctor. It's properly staked and recorded by Mr. Foley and his associates. Since you've failed to produce your *in situ* permit, as required by Alaskan regulations, these men have prior rights to the ground. I'm here to uphold those rights. I warn you not to interfere."

Dud Jessop broke in here. "But—but—my word, marshal! Surely your duty doesn't require ——"

"Stop there, Dud," the doctor said evenly. "I must warn you, Marshal Wiggins, in the presence of these witnesses, that Mr. Flynn Foley and his associates are proceeding at their peril. We have rights to defend, and we propose to defend those rights to the best of our ability."

"Is this a threat?" the marshal asked. "Understand, doctor, that I'm prepared to use force, if necessary."

"I make no threats," the doctor said. "I merely repeat: if you proceed, it will be at your peril. I'm retiring to the ridge, to Canadian ground. The marshal's authority ends there. Are you coming with me, Dud, or remaining here? Or—for appearances' sake, shall we say—you'd like to search a little more industriously for our permit, perhaps?"

"I'll go back to my tent," Jessop said. He was flushed and perspiring now. "I'm sure I can find the permit, given a little time. Mr. Foley, you're putting me in a frightful hole. Can't you hold off a few minutes more ——"

"Just to put more frosting on your cake?" Foley cut in. "No, bub, you've done your stuff." He jerked his thumb toward camp. "Now get lost."

Jessop turned away, not meeting the doctor's eyes, and strode off without a backward glance.

"This is your final decision, marshal?" the doctor asked. "Very well, sir, I'll retire to the ridge."

"Just a second," Foley interposed. "There's something fishy here, Horse. The doc ain't as surprised as he ought to be. He ain't screamed enough. Lookit—the gal and the others are already up on the ridge. Better arrest the doc right now, eh?"

The doctor halted and asked coldly, "On what charge? The marshal has warned us not to interfere. We haven't interfered."

"Time's awasting," Foley told the marshal. "Make your move."

"No," the marshal returned. "I've got official bets to copper, Flynn. We play 'em as they fall. You withdraw peaceably, doctor? Guaranteeing that you won't interfere with Mr. Foley's legal operations here on the bench?"

"Listen, Horse ——" Foley began ominously; but the marshal cut him off.

"Quiet, please. This is an official proceeding, Mr. Foley."

Foley turned on him, his features swelling a little. "At this stage of the game you're telling me to be quiet?"

The marshal stood his ground. "Just that—be quiet. I represent Federal authority here. None of your rights have been violated thus far." He went on hastily, "Very well, doctor—withdraw to the ridge. Remember, no interference whatever."

The doctor made no promises. "What about our tents?" he asked. "Our camp equipment? And may we salvage a few more artifacts from the dig before you destroy the bench?"

"Forget the dig," the marshal returned. "Mr. Foley starts thawing the next strip right away. He wants the bench clear. You may move your camp across the line tonight. Carry no weapons. I'll stand guard."

"And no funny moves, doc," Foley warned fiercely. "Not any. Or you'll roost up there without tents and grub till I give the word. That'll make good dogs of you in a hurry. Including the girl."

The doctor disregarded him. Turning, he strode away and did not look back. He paused momentarily at the dig, then shook his head and laboriously climbed the slope.

Carol and Old Mac were standing in a break in the brush, in full view, watching the bench. Buster and Julius towered behind them. Ravenhill knelt a little to the rear, his rifle sloping against his knee.

The doctor nodded somberly to Ravenhill and seated himself on a tiny hummock nearby. Though capable of prodigious labors at the dig each day, and all night on occasion, he slumped wearily now, his chin resting on his hands.

"Welcome, sir," Ravenhill greeted him. "Constable Hughson should be along soon—I hope. Meantime, all present and accounted for, eh? Except Jessop. Has Jessop decided where his best interests lie?"

The doctor surveyed him gloomily. "Jessop couldn't produce our *in situ* permit. He's still looking for it among his papers—he says."

Ravenhill merely nodded. Carol knelt beside her father, an arm about his shoulder. "Never mind Jessop, dad. The best of us are here."

"This is all incredible," the doctor said. "What can Constable Hughson do?" He peered intently at Ravenhill. "Carol tells me you've suggested that the bench is actually on the Yukon side of the line. That's merely a bluff, I presume? To give the Mountie an excuse to insist on an armistice?"

"It's no bluff, sir," Ravenhill returned. "I surveyed the line last night. Using Old Mac's rifle as a makeshift transit."

"I have help him," Old Mac put in proudly. "I have aimed the rifle. The line is by the river bank."

There was no further time to compare notes. The thundering of the giant gave each moment an immediate and mounting urgency. All eyes were fixed on the scene below. The marshal stood a little to the right, facing toward the ridge. Foley was at the giant, gesturing his orders to Tilton and the two old-timers at the sluice boxes below.

"What now, Ravenhill?" the doctor asked, mopping his face. "Surely we can't stand here passively while they start destroying the ground?"

"We'll calm their impatience, if necessary," Ravenhill said. "Spread out a little, everyone. Have your rifles at hand. Be prepared to take cover. Do nothing until I give the word. We're walking a tightrope."

He crept forward, flattened in the grass. Soon he lay prone just short of the crest, his rifle slanting down at the Alaskans.

"But how can we stop them? You mean—shoot Foley? Without warning?"

"No, the high-pressure hose," Ravenhill said. "That's their Achilles' heel. Puncture the hose and it bursts into shreds at once."

"Shoot, then!" the doctor urged. "Puncture it. Look—Foley's swinging the giant around!"

"No strain—yet," Ravenhill soothed. "They'll have to undercut the bank a little first. Readjust the sluice-box wings. Easy does it, doctor."

"Let us draw a bead on the hose, too," Buster pleaded.

"We can all fire together," Julius added. "You might miss."

Ravenhill beamed at them approvingly. "You gentlemen rankers will kindly wait for orders."

"Don't overlook me," Carol said. "Can't I be of some help?"

"You can, indeed," Ravenhill told her. "You'll be our rear guard. If they start deploying around us, north or south, sound the alarm. And you, Old Mac, get ready at the right. Do not shoot until I give the word."

"And when I shoot," Old Mac asked simply, "do I shoot to kill?"

Ravenhill hesitated. All he had planned thus far was a delaying action. This decision should properly be made only by Constable Hughson.

"The Mountie will tell us," he told Old Mac.

"Look," said the doctor, rearing up on his elbows. "What's Foley up to now?"

The stream of the giant was again arching high over the river bed, the mist from its roaring stream drifting slowly down-river. Foley was pointing down the bank, gesturing here and there.

"They're adjusting the sluice-box wings," Ravenhill said grimly. "We've only a minute or two more." Where was Constable Hughson?

Foley completed his instructions and bent again over the giant. The two old-timers moved hurriedly to Foley's left, out of range. Tilton took his stance by the marshal. Foley looked over his shoulder at the ridge, turned back to survey his army, then lowered the giant's stream and swung it slowly down to the edge of the bank.

Ravenhill did not hesitate. There was no time to weigh his responsibilities in starting a shooting war. The best defense was attack. "Down, doctor," he directed. "Take cover, all. Man your rifles but hold your fire."

He took aim deliberately—above the hose, close to the giant—and pressed the trigger. The light rifle roared. The bullet crashed near Foley's feet and sprayed the sluice-box wings with hurtling sand.

The Alaskans scattered like quail, the marshal leaping down the bank and the two old-timers diving for their unseen rifles. Tilton, at Foley's right, whirled and brought up his rifle. He fired once toward the puff of smoke marking Ravenhill's position, then dropped below the bank and fired again. Both bullets were wild, whining overhead. The two old-timers joined in, their heavy-caliber weapons thundering. Their more accurate bullets furrowed the crest of the ridge and kicked up clouds of sand and flying turf.

Under this protection Foley slowly closed the valve. When the giant's voice ceased he snatched up his rifle, leaped to the bank and slid over it.

Except for Ravenhill's one shot, no further firing had come from the ridge. With Foley under cover, the Alaskans likewise held their fire, their rifles motionless between the boulders lining the edge of the bank. The echoes dwindled among the peaks and an unreal hush stole across the lifeless bench.

TO BE CONCLUDED

"Any friend of Charlie's is a friend of Charlie's."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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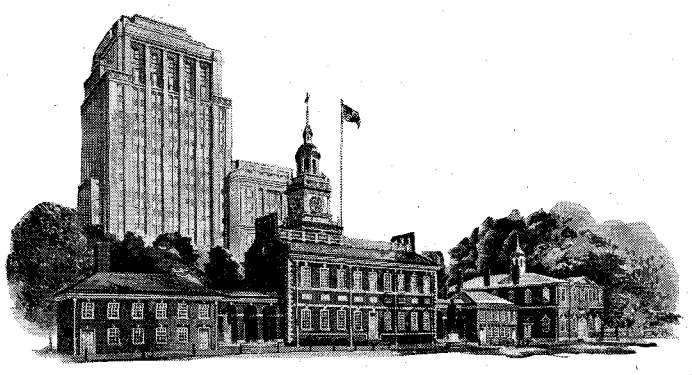

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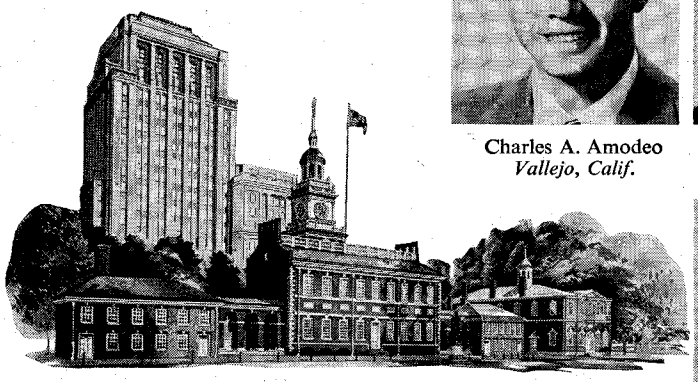

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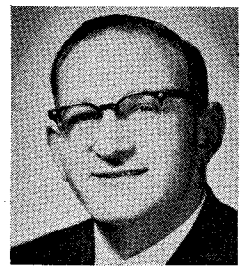

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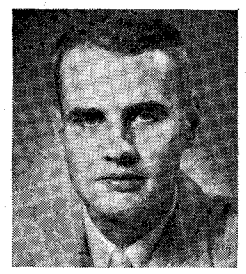

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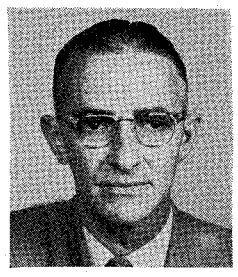

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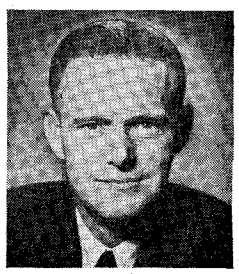

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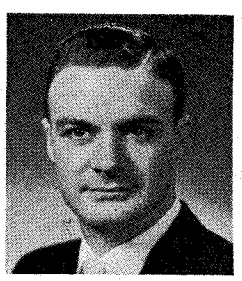

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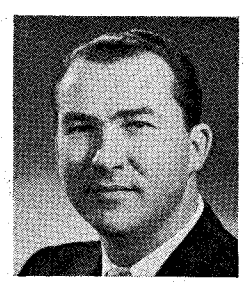

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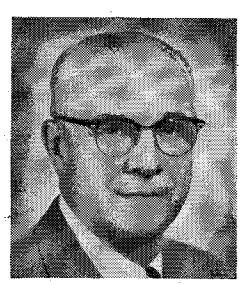

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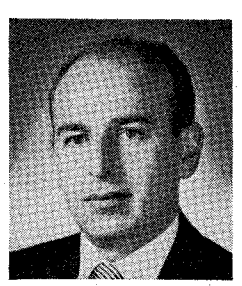

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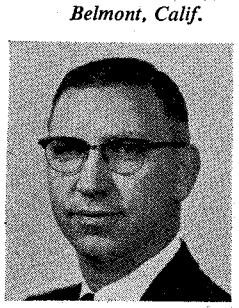

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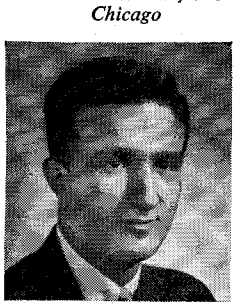

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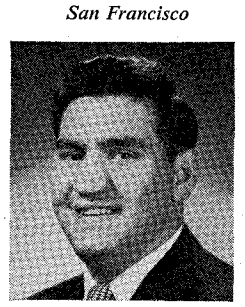

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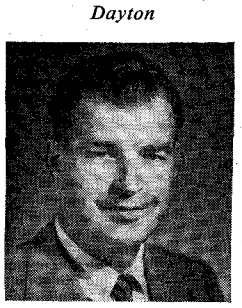

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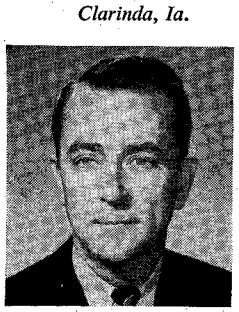

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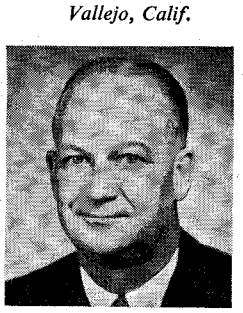

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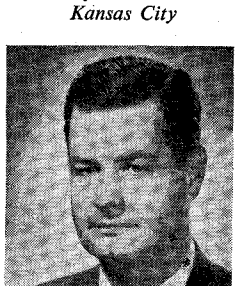

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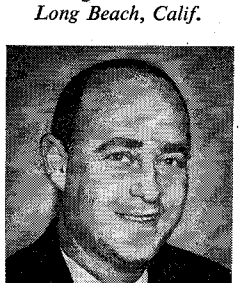

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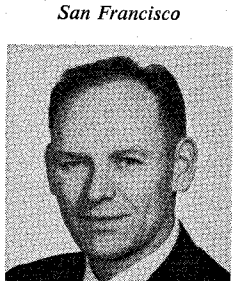

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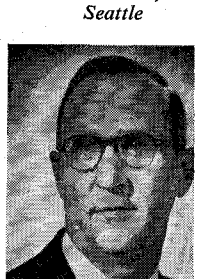

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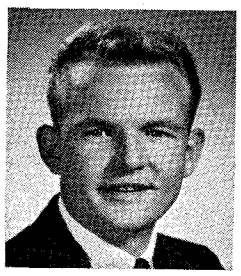

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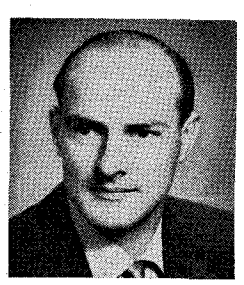

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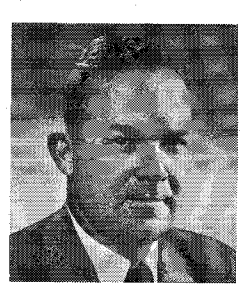

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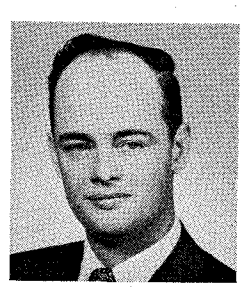

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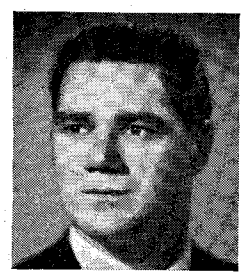

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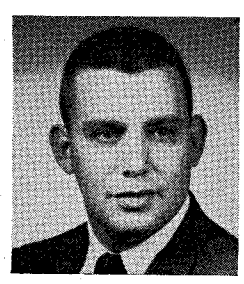

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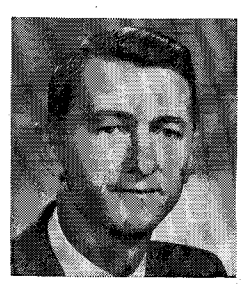

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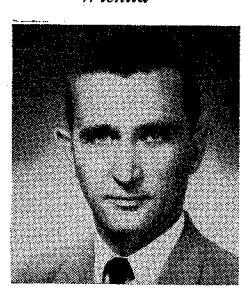

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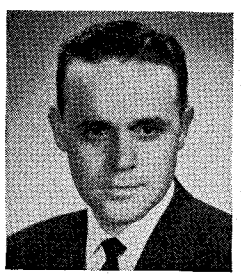

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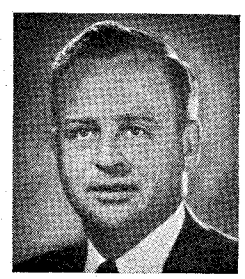

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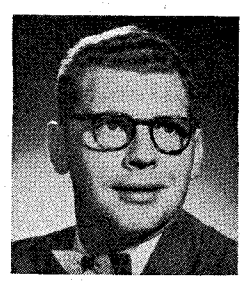

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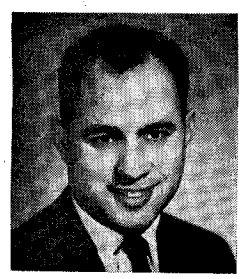

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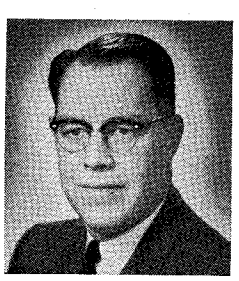

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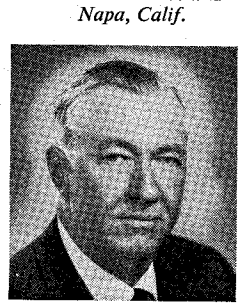

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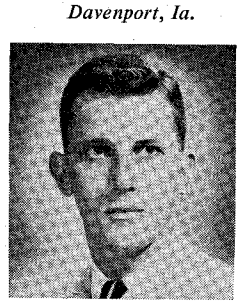

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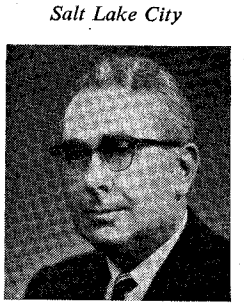

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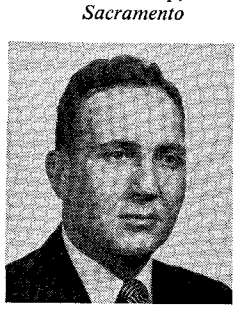

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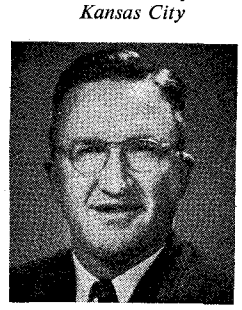

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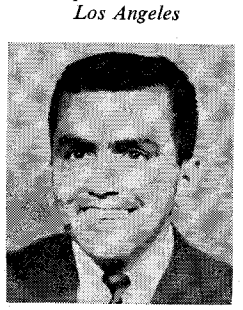

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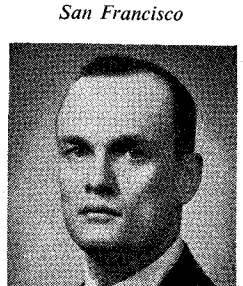

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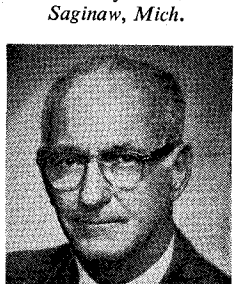

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The Horse Thieves of Ballysaggert

(Continued from Page 21)

"It's your father's fault," Uncle Jamesy said. "He's never taught you the facts of life. Girls is innocent enough, I'll grant you that, for dallying and dandling. Like kittens. But girls become women the way kittens become cats, and then where are you? There isn't the like of a woman for devilment in the world wide." He drained the mug and gave his hands a little wring together. "I was telling your father only the other day that it was time one of us did be warning you. . . ."

A shaft of sunlight fell between us then, and it was my father himself coming in with a sack of potatoes for the still.

"By the Lord," he said, "I've just heard the worst news I ever heard."

"Then you've heard the same thing that I have," said Uncle Jamesy. "The boy there has started tricksying after girls ——"

"Arrah go on with you and your girls," said my father. "This is serious. The sergeant has got himself a horse."

"What of it?" said Uncle Jamesy. "If he took to fox hunting now, wouldn't it be the good thing for us, although heaven have mercy on the poor horse that man puts his leg across."

"You don't understand," said father. "It isn't foxes he's going to be hunting. It's us. And whereas he wouldn't catch so much as old Mary O'Mahony on his two great feet, with them sinking into the bog twelve inches deep at every step, on horseback he'll have the legs of every man of us."

"You have something there," said my uncle, beginning to look very grave.

"I wish I hadn't," said my father. "But how many times has he nearly caught one or other of the lads as it is, and him with maybe a bottle of poteen in his coat pocket and a breath on him strong enough to light your pipe at? And once he has one of them caught and murdered with questions it won't be long before we have to give this place back to them we borrowed it from." And he jerked his thumb at the saucer in the corner, where there was always a sup of poteen laid out for the landlords. I never actually saw one of them drinking it, of course, and I don't believe in that kind of thing any more than you do, but it's certainly astonishing how every morning that saucer used to be dry. Dry as a cat would lick it, although we had no cat.

"Ruin," said my father, "that's what this means. It'll be like the Tans again."

"The Tans?" said my uncle. "I doubt even the Tans wouldn't have thought of a thing like this."

Just on that, two of the lads came in for a drop of support after the day's work, and it was one of them, Peter Lowry, that brought the whole ruin down on us with his cleverality, once he heard what was up.

"Gob," says he. "Is that all that's troubling you? A horse?"

"Aye," says my father. "Isn't it enough? The talk is he's gone and bought it out of his own money, the policemen up in Dublin not thinking it necessary to put a horse on the establishment. But he reckons that once he has the still found and a dozen or so arrests made they'll buy him a motorcar, let alone a horse."

"Better'n' betterer," said Peter Lowry, twisting his long red nose in his fingers and squinting very cunning at us under the peak of his cap. "He won't be in the mood to buy a second horse out of his money, hardly."

"What are you getting at?" said my uncle.

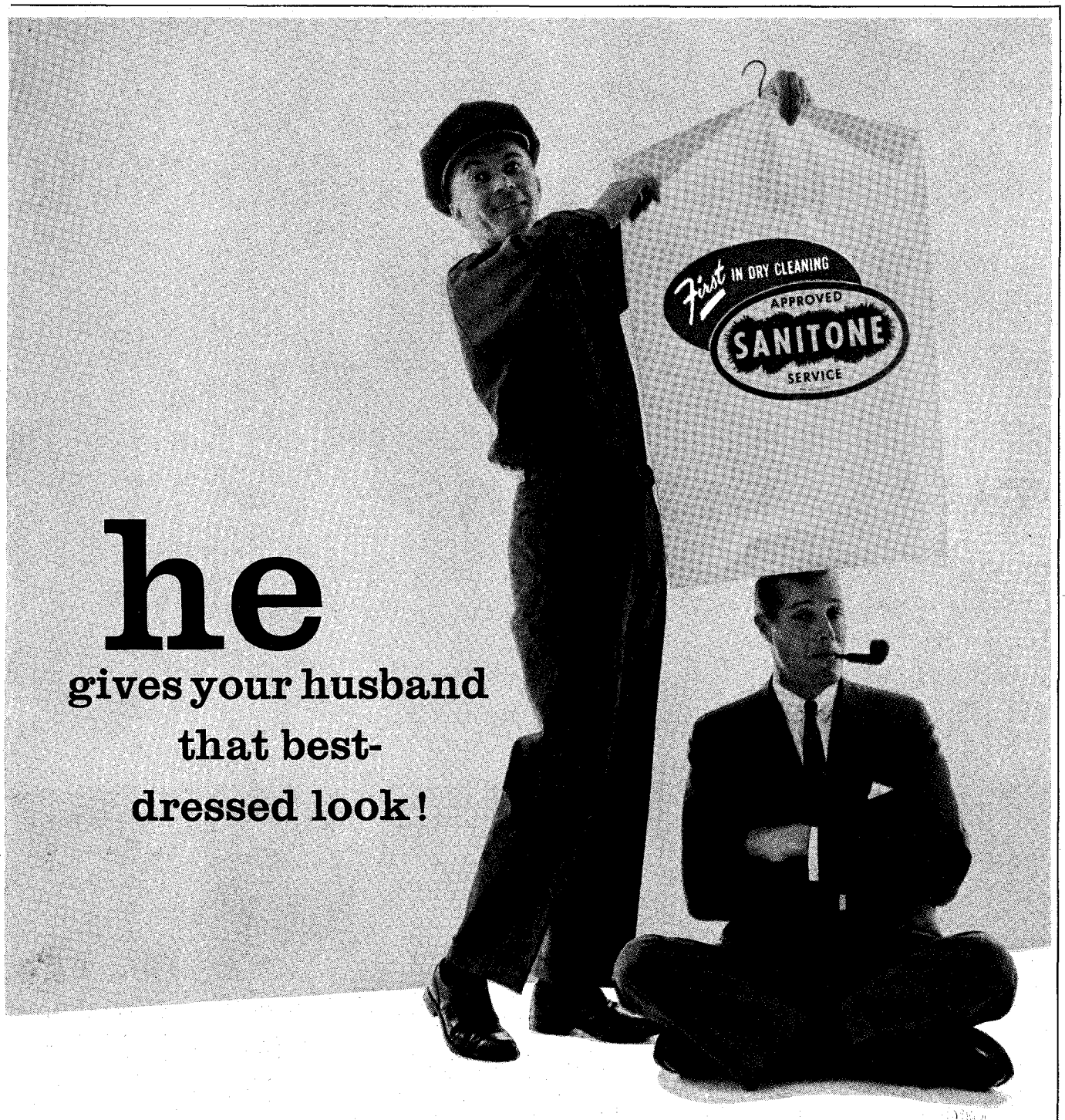
"Stealing the horse, of course," shouted Peter. "Down to his house one dark night, pocket full of sugar. Tsk, tsk, and out comes the horse, ready to follow you to Kingdom Come for the sugar lumps. And I know a lad over Killnoggin way would buy anything on four legs and no questions asked." He laid his finger alongside of his nose and winked the way you'd think he had something in his eye.

As maybe you can tell, I've never forgiven Peter Lowry for any of this, and neither has anyone else in the parish. But, of course, we hadn't the means of telling future woe from present stupidity, and the plan certainly sounded reasonable enough. Except that it turned out that what with being a mountainy man and not used to horses, Peter Lowry wouldn't be able for stealing the horse himself. For a moment or two it looked like the plan being dropped, when didn't it come into my uncle's head to mention about me looking moony over a girl?

"A girl, is it?" said Peter. "It wouldn't be a girl you saw today for the first time? A little dark-haired bit of a thing tittuping along the street just now?"

I gawed at him with my mouth open, and a blush coming up from my shirt collar to my cap, wondering how he knew. Although for the matter of that, I shouldn't have been surprised. There was never anything concerning other people in Ballysaggert that Peter Lowry didn't have his nose stuck into sooner or later, and usually sooner.

"The sergeant's daughter," he said, slapping his knee again. "No other in the



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world wide. Philomena, her name is. Working over in Killnoggin in a grand draper's shop till me bold sergeant sent for her to mind house for him. Did you speak to her, Michael?"

I shook my head. The sergeant's daughter! If he'd said the devil's daughter I couldn't have been more amazed. But "Philomena." Did you ever hear a more beautiful name than that?

"You didn't speak to her yet?" Peter was saying. "Then don't be wasting any more time, boy. Court her, and flatter her. Whisper to her in the moonlight. And if you don't have the key of the sergeant's stable door out of her inside a week you're not the lad I take you for." He turned to my uncle and my father. "There's your man for you. There's the lad will steal the horse."

"But I don't know anything about horses either," I said.

"Ah," said Peter. "But a lad like you will know about girls, and that's what's important here."

"Don't be listening to him, Michael," said my uncle. "Don't be tempting the child, Peter Lowry. Nothing but ill and harm could come of it."

"Wait now," said my father, beginning to look thoughtful. "Maybe something might come of it, at that. Don't be so hasty, Jamesy, telling the lad what he'll do and not do. It might be no harm if the lad sounded out the grounds, so to speak."

"Ruin," said Uncle Jamesy, wringing his hands. "There was never a plan yet with a woman in it that didn't end in ruin. I'm warning you, Paudeen O'Shaughnessy," Paudeen being my father's name.

"You and your warnings," said Peter. "Sure, aren't we facing ruin as it is?"

"Peter's right," said my father. "Let you see what you can do, Michael child. Although, anything you do, keep your mind on the horse. Remember, the girl is only ways and means."

"There's the man," said Peter, refilling his mug without so much as a by-your-leave. "The thing is as good as done."

Even so, there was none of us except Peter Lowry that wasn't more than doubtful about the whole plan. And if I entered into it at all it wasn't for the sake of the horse, I can tell you that. But before a week had passed we had the doubts driven out of us. The Tans? Mounted on his brute of a horse, the sergeant was more like Cromwell and his cavalry destroying the countryside. You could hardly move on the mountain without the terror of the hoofs thundering behind you.

The one salvation of us in that week was that the sergeant wasn't much of a fist at riding. And time and again when he near had one of us ridden down with the poteen turning our legs to water and a bottle of the darling stuff maybe clutched to our chests to keep out the night chill, wouldn't he fall off with a tremendous splash into a bog hole? But as the days passed, either he got better at riding, or the horse at being ridden, and on Saturday night didn't my father himself have the nearest squeak of his life, trotting over to Father Sweeney's presbytery with a half-gallon jar.

"Things can't go on like this much longer," he said to me in a voice that was still trembling the next morning. "You're the one hope we have left, Michael child. How is the plan progressing?"

To tell you the truth the horse side of it hadn't progressed very far. But the other side of it was fair rampaging along. We'd got to the stage where we met every night under the big oak tree beyond the crossroads, and I was repairing the gaps in my education left by my being brought up by my uncle and my father, with no female influence about the place. I was staggered at how much there was to learn. And, of course, in the midst of it all I couldn't help learning a little bit about the horse. The sergeant kept it locked in a shed at the bottom of his garden when he wasn't scouring the countryside on its back, and he kept the key hanging in his kitchen. Moreover, after dark, either he or his daughter was always in the house. She could only meet me when he was taking a nap after his supper, with the key hanging a bare two feet from his big, ugly ear. It didn't seem possible to get near it.

And then, that very morning, didn't the whole thing fall into my lap?

"Michael," whispered Philomena as I was passing her at the corner of the chapel wall. "I can't be meeting you tonight, after all. Father'll be over in Killnoggin till late this evening, and I have to mind the house. I wouldn't dare leave it empty in case he found out." And as she spoke I saw like a flash of lightning what I had to do. I took her little white hand and squeezed it.

"I'd die, passing a whole night without seeing you," I said, and true enough for me I would have too. "Why shouldn't I come and see you in the house itself?"

"Oh, you'd never," she gasped, blushing like a rose in the snow. But something in her eyes didn't look as shocked as her voice sounded, and I just gave her a wink and her little warm hand another squeeze, and went off up the road, whistling. And not all because of the horse either.

I think that Sunday was the longest day of my life. But it ended at last, and the shadows were hardly falling before I was down to the sergeant's back door. At the end of the garden I could hear the horse shuffling and scuffling in its shed, and inside the house Philomena singing like a blackbird about the kitchen.

"Ah," says I, "I'll have you both where I want you before the evening's out." And I tilted my cap and tapped on the door. "It's me, Michael," I whispered. "Open up to me, my darling."

And there was her little rosy lips at the crack of the door, begging to be kissed by a lad sensible enough not to listen to her saying "no." In I squeezed, and if you want to know about the next half hour it isn't me that'll be telling you. But everything good has an end, as they say, and after one last little kiss I made pretend I heard her father coming. By this time, of course, the key of the shed was well in my own pocket, unbeknownst to Philomena.

"I'll just slip out and look," I said. So out with me long enough to unlock the shed, then back into the kitchen again. "All clear as yet," I said, clasping her in my arms and hanging the key on its hook again behind her back, while her mind was otherwise occupied. "But I'd better be going, even so."

It was as easy as that, misfortune to me. Half an hour and a pound of lump sugar later I was leading the horse up to the trap door of the fort.

"Psst," I said. "I have him." Father and Uncle Jamesy came out to look.

"Why in the name of heaven didn't you tell us you were going to do it tonight, you stupid gawn?" said my father. "What are we going to do with it till Peter Lowry comes? And even then he has to fetch his friend. Where are we going to hide a thing that size and the sergeant tearing down the mountains to look for it?"

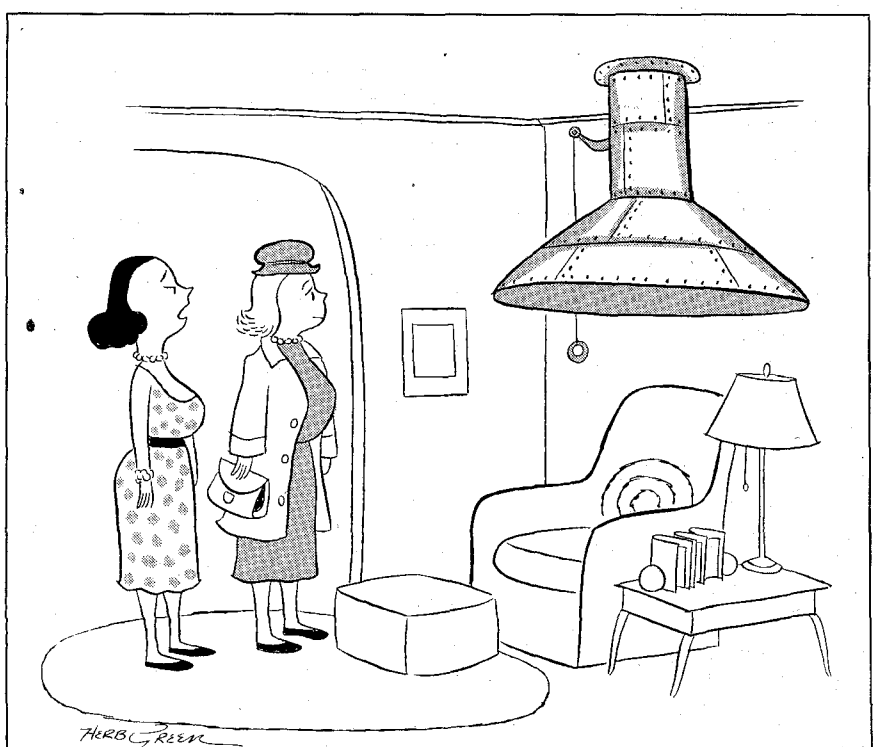
I hadn't thought of any of that, but I was inspired that night. There was the horse blowing down my neck, looking for more sugar. And there was the black mouth of the open trap door into the side of the Fairy Fort.

"In there," I said. "Five minutes' work with a spade round the sides of the trap door will make a hole big enough for him, and when we've eased him inside the fort and put the sods of turf back again, the head of all the police in Ireland wouldn't guess there was a horse hidden in there."

And after a bit of argument with Uncle Jamesy, that's what we did. Inside of an hour we had the horse as snug inside the still as if it was in its own stable. Snugger indeed, for I'll guarantee the sergeant never gave it mashed potatoes to eat, nor a bucket of second-run poteen to drink, to keep it quiet and happy while it was waiting for Peter Lowry's friend.

But there was no rest for me. I had to be down to the village again to look for Peter Lowry, who was courting a girl there on his own account. And that was how I ran into trouble. I hadn't set foot in the village street before I saw the sergeant rampaging along, practically carrying poor Philomena by the scruff of her neck.

"Where is it then?" he was roaring. "Where is the blasted horse if you never left eyes off of it? Out, you've been, that's what. Skylarking and gallivanting and courting in the lanes like a strumpet." And he lifted her till her feet swung off the ground, and shook her like a dog shaking



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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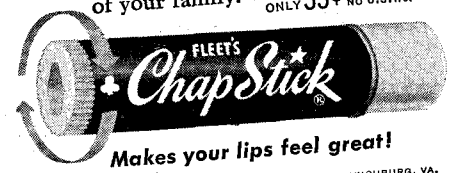

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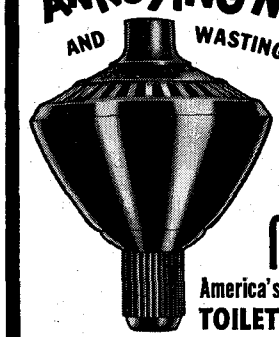

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a little, warm, wee rabbit. My blood near boiled in my heart and if I'd been a foot taller and fifty pounds heavier I'd have up and struck him, Philomena's father or no. But that moment, just as I was melting back into the darkness, didn't Philomena see me?

"Michael," she wailed. "There's Michael O'Shaughnessy, father. He'll tell you. Did I ever leave the house this whole night, Michael?"

And before I knew where I was, *my* feet were off the ground and *I* was being shaken like a rabbit. One of us in either hand. He's a terribly big man is the sergeant. "What do you know about my horse, Michael O'Shaughnessy?" he said in a police-court voice.

"Nothing," I said. "I never laid eyes on it. Did you lose it?"

"I did," he said, sounding very grim. "But I won't be long in finding it, nor the blaggards that did it. Get home with you, girl," he said, putting Philomena down on one side of him and me on the other, and producing a bull's-eye lantern. I made to follow Philomena, but he grabbed me again.

"You come with me," he said. "I've an idea you know something more of this business than appears."

So I went with him, while he shone the torch on the road and along the verge till he saw a place where the horse had left fresh hoofprints in the mud and wet grass, just where I'd led the horse off the road an hour or so before. Which was another thing I hadn't thought of. From then on, it was like following a path.

Straight to the trap door like a line of broad arrows went the horse's hoofprints, and the sergeant after them with me trailing alongside him.

"I think they go up that-a-way," I suggested, pointing away from the fort.

"Do you?" said the sergeant. "Well, I don't then. I think they go this-a-way." And he came to the green, sloping side of the fort itself, and lifted his foot to climb up and over it, thinking, of course, that the trail he was following must go over it too.

And that very second, hearing my voice, and thinking the second voice must be Peter Lowry's, didn't father open the trap door? Heavens above, it was like a thing you'd see in the films. The black hole appearing suddenly in the side of the Fairy Fort, father's head popping up out of it like a bald rabbit, and the sergeant bringing his size-fourteen boot down on top of it as if he was using it for a stepping-stone. I never saw two men look more startled in my mortal life. Down went father as if he'd been shot in the skull. Down went the sergeant plunging on top of him through the open trap door. And up from the still came the most catastrophic crashing and whinnying you'd hear outside of a collapsing stable. Because, of course, the horse was underneath.

Holding my breath, I went to the edge of the trap to look. And there, looking like the devils roasting in hell in the bit of lamplight, was father lying in one corner of the still, Uncle Jamesy in another, and right in the middle the sergeant draped over the horse's rump, and the horse staggering to and fro and shaking its ugly head as if it couldn't believe what was going on, which I suppose it couldn't. One more sway and the sergeant slid to the ground, and just in the same second the horse let a lash out of his back foot that would have broken another man's skull. Even with the sergeant it laid him as cold as a daisy under the poteen barrel. Finally, the horse itself buckled at the knees, gave a kind of small groan of bewilderment and despair, laid its head on the sergeant's stomach, and went to sleep.

"Gob," said father, sitting up and feeling himself. "Are we dead?" Then he felt Uncle Jamesy and sat him up. "Are you all right there, Jamesy?"

"It's the girl," said Uncle Jamesy, feeling round for the mug he'd been drinking out of when he got knocked into the corner. "I said no good would come of anything with a girl involved in it. Didn't I say that, Paudeen? But none of you would listen to me. And now the still is ruined on us."

"Oh, come up out of that," I whispered. "It won't be only the still that'll be ruined if you stay there arguing the toss. The sergeant'll have the life out of all of us. Put your hand on his heart and see is he breathing."

"Breathing?" said Uncle Jamesy. "He's snoring like a traction engine. Come down here out of that and give us a hand shifting the still."

Because, of course, with the sergeant lying there in the middle of the Fairy Fort there wasn't much point in leaving things for him to find when he came to himself again. And so for the next hour and a half we hefted and humped and shifted every blessed bit of the still up out of the fort and away down to Peter Lowry's shed. Finally we took away the trap door and dug the hole bigger and ragged all round to make it look as if the horse had fallen into the fort of his own accord. By the time we'd finished, you could have gone over the place with a currycomb and not found so much as the peeling of a potato to hint that there'd ever been a spoonful of poteen concocted inside it. And still the sergeant and the horse lay draped across each other in the middle of the floor, like two big, ugly logs. Only the horse had the most queer expression on its face, sort of smiling dreamily in its sleep. And it suddenly struck me to wonder why the horse was asleep at all.

"Because it's drunk, of course," said Uncle Jamesy bitterly, when I asked him. "Blind drunk. And why wouldn't it be after two buckets of poteen, and near kicking in the barrel to get the second one? It was the only thing would keep the brute quiet. Oh, this is a sad, bad day for Ballysaggert."

It must have been a pretty sad day for the sergeant, too, when he woke up and found his evidence gone from around him. And sadder still for him when he got the three of us into court over in Killnoggin a week later. He wouldn't have brought us within ten miles of the law, of course, on the sort of story he had to tell, only for the kick he'd had, and the blind rage he was in because of the way things had gone. I think it must have left him kind of muzzy-minded for a while. Indeed, it was only in the courtroom itself, and him on the witness stand giving his evidence, with a big square of plaster stuck on his head, that you could see him coming to his senses. He'd hardly begun about his horse when things started to look bad for him.

"You went to look for your horse in a Fairy Fort?" said the justice, beginning to sound rather grim.

"No, justice," the sergeant said, "it was only when the fort opened under my foot and I fell in on top of one of the leprechauns that I found the horse was there ——"

"One of the lep—one of the leprechauns?" said the justice very slowly. There was a big yell of laughter from some of the lads at the back of the courtroom, and I saw the sweat starting on the sergeant's forehead like marbles.

"I mean one of the defendants, your honor," he said miserably, as if he knew that he was a lost man from then on. "The people about call them the leprechauns because of the way they look."

The justice peered at us over his spectacles, where we were lined up, and we all tried to look as unleprechaunlike as three innocent men could.

"Go on," said the justice, but you could tell that he wasn't feeling very well disposed to the sergeant.

"Then the horse kicked me in the head, your honor, and when I woke up wasn't the whole place dismantled and gone, and me lying there in the middle of the floor of the fort with the roof of it gaping to the sky above my head ——"

"And you suggest that the leprechauns had taken everything away during the night?" asked the justice in a very silky kind of a voice.

"Yes, justice," roared the sergeant like a bull with dogs round him; and at that the yell of laughter from the lads near lifted the roof.

"Case dismissed," said the justice, pounding on the desk in front of him with his little wooden hammer.

For father and Uncle Jamesy it was as total a victory as a pair of honest men could wish. They even had a new place for the still; a little, disused quarry far back in the mountains where the sergeant could be looking a year without finding it. But for myself, I was more concerned about how I could face Philomena after what we'd just done to her father. And there she was, right in the middle of the path outside the courthouse, wringing her darling hands.

"Oh, Michael," she said, before I could sneak off, and then she was in my arms, sobbing her heart out on my shoulder. "Did you hear what they're saying about him?" she wailed. "That he was drunk. Father! That never touched a drop in his life except at Christmas."

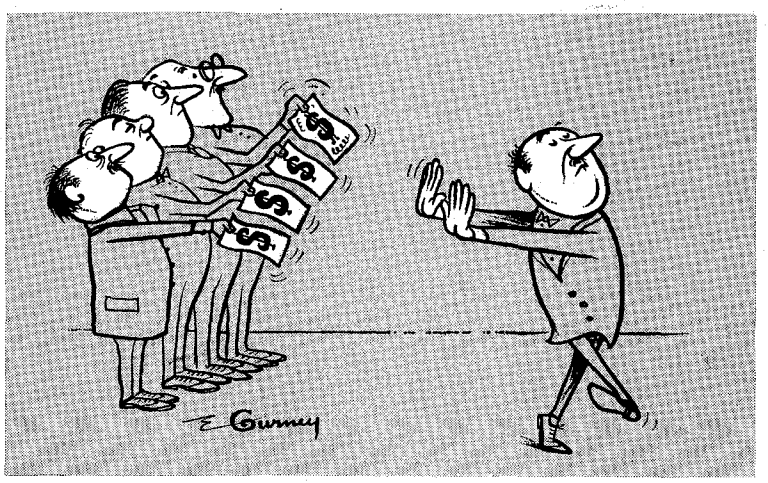
"There, there," I said, patting her head, and steering her out of the High Street into the peace and quiet of a little lane that led down beside the river. "There, there." And somehow we got off the subject of her father altogether, which was just as well. Because the things we got to talking about needed a lot less explaining on my part.

But up at the quarry, father and Uncle Jamesy couldn't have enough of it, laughing their heads off over the way the sergeant had looked in court, and how he was wasting his time traipsing and trapezing over the countryside again on his sway-backed monstrosity of a horse.

But the evening of the third day they stopped laughing pretty abruptly when the horse came stepping down into the quarry and pushed his big ugly head right inside the shaft where they had the still, snuffling with delight at the smell of the poteen. He'd got a taste for the stuff up in the Fairy Fort, and the second he'd got within half a mile of the quarry, down had gone his head and snuff, snuff, snuff, like a blessed dog rather than a horse, hadn't he smelled them out? They only got out of jail barely in time for the wedding, between me and Philomena.

And I can tell you, there wasn't much poteen drunk to celebrate that event, nor hasn't been since. Because once the sergeant realized that that horse of his could smell out a still, what did he do but turn the creature into a kind of flying column, laying waste the countryside on all sides. There isn't a still left hardly, between Killnoggin and the sea. There's even talk now of him being promoted to inspector, on the Poteen Squad. My own father-in-law, and me the descendant of untold generations of poteen-makers! I don't know how I'll ever live down the shame.

THE END



The Perfect Squelch

Although he owned much land in the city, Mr. Finch screamed when the school board asked him to sell a ten-foot strip. The city fathers, he loudly complained at a public hearing on the matter, were grossly underestimating the value of his land. Their $10,000 offer was ridiculous. They should pay at least $75,000 for the strip they wanted as a right of way to a new school.

After a series of speakers had risen to call Finch's demand outrageous, and to denounce his greed, Councilman Tatmore took the floor and surprised everyone with the statement: "Gentlemen, I am in favor of giving Mr. Finch the $75,000 he asks for the right of way." Then, to still the immediate murmur of protest, Tatmore held up his hand and added, "And of reassessing the rest of Mr. Finch's property on the same basis."

Joy Gallagher

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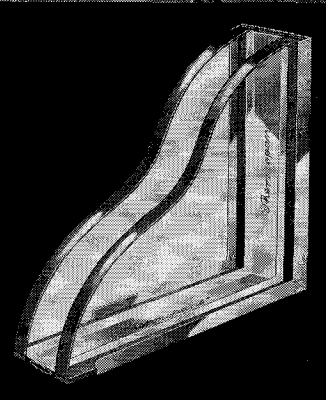

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Behind the Stock-Market Turmoil

(Continued from Page 31)

confidently expect the '60's to usher in the golden age are deeply fearful that prosperity will bring with it an inflation so omnivorous it will devour whatever gains in earnings and dividend yields the economy may achieve. The way things are going, the dollar in 1969 may well be worth only half as much as the dollar of 1959—which itself is buying only half as much as the dollar of 1940. Stock prices, the tables show, historically have tended to keep pace with inflation. Therefore, they seem today to be the best protection against the dwindling dollar of the future.

This may or may not be true. The market averages, over the years, indeed kept pace with the cost of living. But the averages are deceiving. As this is written, in early January, the Dow-Jones industrial averages of thirty stocks—the great blue chips of the market—stand at their all-time highs. But nearly two thirds of the stocks on the New York Exchange are selling lower than they sold in 1955. Meanwhile, the cost of living has shown a slow but steady rise.

It is obvious, therefore, that, though some stocks will protect you during a period of inflation, others won't. Stock in companies which manufacture a product which has traditionally sold for a fixed price—chewing gum and soft drinks, for example—may prove to be poor hedges against inflation. Shares in the great utility companies, whose rates are fixed by Government agencies, are fine to own in times of recession, but when inflation cuts their yield, their prices, usually, do not rise. There are exceptions, of course, as witness A.T.&T., whose earnings have outpaced inflation, sending its stock to such highs the directors authorized a three-for-one split. Usually, however, it is only those companies who can easily pass on to their customers whatever wage and price increases inflation brings, whose stocks keep pace with the general upswing.

It all boils down to a matter of selection. If the "public individual," which is Wall Street's somewhat curious name for the Joe Doe who puts his money in stocks, is rich enough to diversify, buying stocks across the board, he's likely to come out all right. His holdings rise in value with the averages. But few "public individuals" have that kind of money. He must turn his money over to one of the huge mutual funds, whose professional money managers do buy and sell across the whole spectrum of American industry. Or, seeking such counsel as he can get, from men who sell, or give away, their advice, he must pick and choose and hope to the Lord he's right.

The question naturally arises: Is the American investor any better qualified to make a wise investment in the market now than he was in the '20's? Then, as Wall Street still remembers, he plunged joyously in with the rent money, buying on hunch and tip and rumor, and woke up broke and bitterly disillusioned after the crash of 1929.

To get the answer to that question it is necessary to review a little history. A few years ago the New York Stock Exchange decided to try to find out what the American public actually knew about the stock market and its place in the economy, and what image of Wall Street still lingered in the public mind. What their survey showed appalled them. Three fourths of the people questioned did not know the difference between a bond and a stock. They thought the exchange itself owned stocks and sold them to the public, and that drops in the market came when nefarious and mysterious manipulators, hidden away somewhere in Wall Street's skyscrapers, decided the time had come to reap a harvest of the little man's dollars.

Since that time the exchange, through a far-flung educational program, has labored diligently to dispel these clouds of ignorance and mistrust. Millions of pieces of mail have gone out, explaining in simple terms the ABC's of the market, and hundreds of speakers, provided by the exchange or the more enlightened of its member firms, have explained to civic clubs or anybody else who would listen what the market is and what it isn't.

A man who buys stock, they point out, is buying a share in America. If he owns stock in a company that is well-managed and makes money, the stock will pay a good dividend, and in the natural course of things its price will rise, and the owner will have a profit if and when he sells. If, on the other hand, any one of a thousand things that can happen to a company does happen—if its costs and wages rise too much, if a competitor comes into the field with a better product, if its management begins to suffer from hardening of the cerebellum—then its earnings inevitably will decrease, dividends will dwindle, and the price of the stock will fall.

Owning stocks, therefore, is no one-way road to riches, the New York Stock Exchange's spokesmen hasten to point out. There is risk involved in stock ownership, as there is in every other human endeavor in which gain is sought.

The exchange, of course, does nothing to cause the market either to rise or fall. The price of a stock at any given moment represents what thousands, or perhaps millions, of people all over the country think that stock is worth in light of the company's present status and future prospects. The exchange does not make that decision. It merely provides a market place where those who want to buy and those who wish to sell can meet, through their representatives, the brokers of the exchange. The transaction is fairly simple.

In Miami, a man who owns 100 shares in the XYZ Company may decide he wants to sell. He may have any one of a thousand reasons for this decision. The stock may not be paying as good a dividend as he expected. Or he may have a good profit in the stock, and he figures he might as well take it now and reinvest in something else, or take a trip, send a son to college, buy a car. So he calls his broker. Roughly two minutes later his sell order is in the broker's office in one of the skyscrapers overlooking Wall Street. Seconds later, on the floor of the exchange, a floor trader's number flashes on the big annunciator board on the wall. He hurries over to the telephone clerk, who hands him a slip of paper which reads, "Sell 100 XYZ." He goes back to the trading floor, to the "post" where XYZ is sold. "How's XYZ?" he asks.

Meanwhile, in Seattle, another investor broods, while shaving, over what to do with some spare cash he has on hand. He thinks of buying a corporate bond. But most bonds provide a fixed return. He'd collect his interest, at a given rate, for a number of years, until the bonds matured, and then he'd get his original investment back. But $1000 invested in a bond in 1959 might be worth, in buying power, only $750 in 1964. A good stock, therefore, would probably be a better hedge against inflation. But what would be a good stock to buy?

An hour later he dropped in at his broker's office, where on a big board or on moving tapes every transaction on the two New York exchanges—name of stock, number of shares sold, price paid—was being recorded second by second. XYZ, he noted, was selling at 40⅛. He knew a little about the company and its prospects, for he'd read about it in one of the investment advisory services to which he subscribed, and he'd heard his broker mention it favorably. It had a good dividend record, over the years. He nods to his broker. "Buy one hundred XYZ."

Then began the same process that a few seconds before the man in Miami set in motion. The order flashes by wire to the broker's office in New York, from there by telephone to the floor of the exchange. A broker sees his signal, goes to the telephone clerk, picks up the buy order, goes to the post where at that moment the broker with the sell order from Miami is asking, "How's XYZ?" Seconds later, simultaneously, the record of the transaction is flashed to brokerage offices all over the country. The whole procedure of buying and selling has taken less than three minutes. On the American Stock Exchange it may have taken a few seconds less. There the floor brokers do not walk to the telephone clerk when their number shows on the board. The clerks sit in an amphitheater above the selling floor. They attract the attention of the broker on the floor by shouting or whistling, and give him his orders to buy or sell by hand signals based on the deaf-and-dumb alphabet. He signals back, by the same means, when the order is carried out. Both the buying and selling broker receive a commission, averaging about 1 per cent of the market value of the stock.

Buying and selling stocks, therefore, the exchange likes to say, is as simple and easy as going into a grocery store to buy a can of peas. They are pleased that the public is no longer afraid of a broker's

NEXT WEEK

My Husband, Arthur Murray

The intimate, surprising and often comic story of how Arthur turned dance teaching into big business—and a smash hit on TV.

By KATHRYN MURRAY

as told to Betty Hannah Hoffman

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office, and they like to cite the story of the Kansas farmer who came in to invest, carrying his money in a lard bucket.

Knowing what stocks to buy, or sell, however, is a different thing. The transaction described above involved two fairly sophisticated investors, who knew something about the company involved. But how can the average man, busy at his job, find out the things he ought to know before he puts his spare cash in a stock? How can he know that Company A is paying more for its raw materials this year and that its earnings, and therefore its dividends, will probably decrease a little? How can he know that Company B is planning a big expansion, which should widen its market greatly and thus increase its profits, or that Company C has just developed a new product that should sweep the market and send its dividends to new highs? How, in other words, can the average man "investigate before he invests," as the exchange in all its literature urges him to do?

The problem is not particularly complicated. There is more accurate and detailed information available to the average American investor today than was available to J. P. Morgan in his prime, and it is fairly easy to come by.

The simplest thing is to pick out a good broker, choosing him as carefully as you would choose your doctor, or your lawyer. If he is a registered representative of the New York Stock Exchange, his house will have a research department that spends its time digging into every facet of the business operations of American companies. Nearly anything you want to know about a company he can tell you, or can find out for you. If he can't, you can write to the company itself, ask for its annual reports for the past five years, study them and make your own decisions.

If, by fortunate mischance, your Aunt Jenny has died and left you $100,000, you might want more detailed help and advice than your broker will have time to give you. In this case you can probably afford to hire the services of a professional financial adviser—an investment counselor, who spends his life, not trying to guess what the market will do tomorrow, but analyzing how companies will perform over the long pull.

The services of these specialists in market analysis come high. Their minimum fee for advising you on what to buy and sell comes to about $500 a year. They are members of a profession that has grown up over the past dozen years. The best of them are competent men who doubtless give value received to those investors whose purchases are large enough to justify the expense, but it should be added that not every man who calls himself an investment counselor is worth his fees. There are some who are incompetent.

The claim of the investment counselors is that their advice is sounder than you can obtain elsewhere, because their counseling is objective. The broker, they point out, is in the business of buying and selling stocks, on commission, and no matter how honorable a man he may be, self-interest might at times just tinge his judgment as to when you should buy and sell, though you can be sure he won't "churn" your portfolio just to earn a commission. The investment banker, they add, is a wholesaler of securities, and his advice might be faintly colored by the fact that he has on the shelf some sound, but slow-moving, securities which he would like to unload. The commercial banker usually is more familiar with loans and discounts than he is with the earnings prospects of any particular firm. If he did have detailed knowledge of a company's operations, he might be reluctant to divulge what he knew, particularly if the company was having troubles that might affect the value of its stock.

There are, of course, two sides to all these arguments. Few brokers, investment bankers and commercial bankers would be guided solely by self-interest when advising the layman on investment matters. The important thing, therefore, is to choose a man of high ethical standards and ability, of whatever category, and then supply him with enough of your own financial background so that he can act intelligently for you.

Above all, don't buy anything from somebody you don't know, who calls you on the telephone from New York or Chicago or Toronto or Montreal and tries to sell you something that will make you rich overnight. He's probably operating out of a "boiler room," calling a sucker list, and the chances are that the SEC, or the Attorney General's office, will be breathing down his neck within a fortnight.

Before you choose any adviser, there are a couple of things the exchanges insist you should sit down and figure out. First, they say, you shouldn't be dealing in stocks at all until you have an adequate amount of life insurance laid away, plus some savings that you could lay hands on immediately in an emergency. Next, you should figure out what your objectives are. Nothing causes a broker or an investment counselor deeper anguish than for

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More men would come to the aid of the party if their wives weren't there.

JOE RYAN

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a customer to come in waving his money, bellowing eagerly, "Hey, Joe, I got a thousand bucks. What stock ought I to buy?" This is very much like asking a sporting-goods salesman what gun you ought to buy. He hasn't the faintest idea until he knows whether you plan to shoot rabbits, grizzly bears, elephants or quail.

A young married man, for example, earning an adequate income from his job, probably should be looking for a good growth stock—one that may pay no dividends to speak of for ten years as a new company plows its profits back into expansion, but which, if all goes well, should be paying good dividends, and selling at a high price, about the time the kids are ready for college. An old couple, retired and living on their savings, would be less interested in growth. They would be looking for current income, and for safety.

Though ideally each man should tailor his stock portfolio to his individual needs, one phenomenon of recent years has been the rise of the "investment clubs," in which groups of individuals—people in garden clubs, bridge clubs, or groups of young men who have lunch together—pool their resources and invest in stocks. The number of these clubs is growing so fast the exchanges' statisticians can't keep up with them, but there are believed to be at least 15,000, putting into the market about $2,000,000 in new money every month. One club, in Kansas City, made up of ladies who have time on their hands, sends delegations to visit industrial firms within a radius of 200 miles, where they quiz the management sternly and poke around on the production lines.

More widely diffused throughout the economy than the investment clubs are the citizens who invest regularly under something the New York Stock Exchange and its members worked out called the Monthly Investment Plan. By this procedure an investor turns over to his broker a fixed sum at regular intervals—it may be as little as forty dollars every third month. The broker, after deducting his commission, buys whatever stock the customer designates. According to G. Keith Funston, president of the New York Stock Exchange, some 150,000 people have bought more than $100,000,000 worth of stock under the Monthly Investment Plan, and the exchange naturally is vastly pleased at this broadening of the base of ownership. "The M.I.P.," says Mr. Funston, "is bringing Main Street closer to Wall Street, which is a good thing for us both."

By buying stocks by the dollars' worth, instead of by the share, the little investor is able to take advantage of an arithmetical gimmick which the big investing funds find helpful. It is called "dollar averaging," and it works like this: Joe Smith decides to invest $40 every month in a stock selling, at the start, at $40. He buys one share. Next month, unfortunately, the stock has dropped to $20. But his $40 buys two shares. It falls to $10. He gets four. It drops to $5, and he buys eight more, unless by now his courage has failed him. In four months he has spent $160, and, instead of acquiring four shares of $40 stock, he has fifteen shares of a $5 stock, total value $75. Obviously he has lost $85, plus what he's paid in commissions. But the average price per share is fairly low—$160 divided by fifteen equals $10.66. So, if he hangs on grimly, sustained by faith and hope, and the stock does start rising again, he shows a profit by the time it passes $10.66 on the rise. If he clings stubbornly to his original plan, continuing to buy, and the stock goes back to $40 again, he ends up with twenty-two shares worth $880. He's spent $280 for the stock, plus some $16.80 in broker's commissions, and he has a profit of $583.20, though the experience, no doubt, has left him shaken. If his stock stays at $5, he's sunk. He takes his loss and goes back to the savings bank with his $40; or he changes financial advisers and tries again.

All the methods of getting into the market outlined above require the investor to make a decision as to what stock he should buy, and millions of people still don't feel competent to make such judgments. They find it much simpler, therefore, to put their money into one of the huge mutual funds, whose stocks are sold not on the exchange but over the counter at the broker's office.

When you put your money in a mutual fund, you are, in effect, hiring a professional money manager to make your investments for you. The price you pay for stock in the fund is pooled with the millions coming in from other investors all over the country. With these millions the funds' managers buy huge blocks of stock which their professional judgment tells them will prove profitable, and sell them when the time seems ripe. If they know their jobs—and Wall Street looks on the mutual-fund managers as among the sharpest professionals in the Street—your stock will show a slow, but steady, rise in value despite the fact that the combined "load," or charge you must pay for this service, often runs to about 8 per cent or a bit more. In a few such funds, the charge is substantially less.

The individual investor has no say-so, of course, in what stocks the big funds buy or sell. He does have a fairly wide choice when he tries to decide what investment trust he wants to do his investing for him, for their numbers have grown greatly in recent years and there are now 177 of them listed on the financial pages. Many are conservative, balanced funds, keeping part of their capital resources in such safe securities as Government bonds or high-grade corporates. Others concentrate on growth stocks—small new companies that may be the blue chips of tomorrow.

The present resources of the mutual funds total some $12,000,000,000, which indicates they have been getting a heavy play from millions of people who wanted to get into the market and didn't quite know how, or were afraid to trust their own judgment in a time when the future seemed even more obscure than usual. Last year, when two big investment houses, Lehman Brothers and Lazard Frères, each announced they were organizing investment trusts, and the staid old Wellington, a balanced trust, started a new fund to concentrate on equities, eager investors poured nearly $500,000,000 into the till in a few weeks.

The mutual funds, along with the other huge institutional investors—such as insurance companies, pension funds, and colleges and universities who are beginning, cautiously, to build up heavier stock portfolios as a hedge against inflation—seemingly have contributed a new element of stability to the market. Managed by the most sophisticated of professionals, they are not disturbed by the temporary and transitory daily jigglings of the averages. They lay out a long-range investment program and stick to it, perhaps for months, buying and selling quietly and carefully, so that the market will not be too greatly disturbed. Many of their larger transactions, which may involve thousands of shares, are made by private agreement, outside the auction market, or through special procedures set up by the exchange.

"These boys don't panic," one Wall Streeter explained. "They watch the trend of the economy as it shows up in the Federal Reserve Board indexes. When business seems to be heading into a little slump, they move quietly into defensive stocks—foods and tobacco, for example, for people have to eat and they are going to smoke, no matter if they are out of a job. If they see a pickup coming, they start moving into the cyclicals, the industries that prosper most at the beginning of a boom—steel, building materials, and the metals."

Neither has the individual investor shown any signs of panic so far. Three times, in 1956, '57, and again in November of '58, the market took sudden plunges from high peaks, and no one could be sure how far the decline might go. Each time, however, the market has halted its plunge and started a slow climb back to new highs.

The calmness of the investor, his willingness to squirrel away his stocks, no matter how frenziedly the market may jiggle, has been a matter of mild discomfort to the exchanges. The exchange itself is a nonprofit organization, but its members are in the business of buying and selling stocks, and they thrive on volume, whether the market is rising or falling. And, generally speaking, brokers don't get rich on the customer who buys a few shares of stock and tucks them away in his strongbox, letting them gather dust with his insurance policies—although it should be added that some of the brokerage houses are set up for precisely this type of investor.

Though the mutual funds and the huge institutional funds may have served to put a floor under the market, their activities have also helped to drive the market to new highs. Money pours into the big pension funds and the investment trusts at the rate of $12,000 a minute, and this money can't be hidden away in a mattress. It must be put to work. But it has to be put to work where it will be reasonably safe, which means good, sound stocks. And, with the average stock owner keeping his holdings locked up, there is just not enough good (*Continued on Page 82*)

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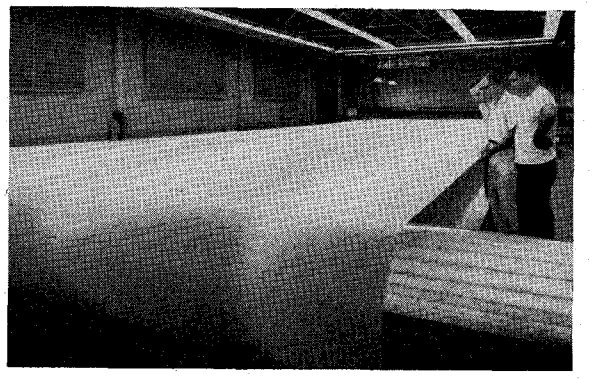
OIL TANKER, poised for launching, at Pascagoula, Mississippi, yard of the Ingalls Shipbuilding Corporation, with shipyards on the Mississippi coast and in Alabama. This is one of the major shipyards in the U.S. Ocean-going vessels, tankers, destroyers, nuclear-powered and conventional naval submarines and a wide variety of workboats are under construction. In 1958, various Ingalls' industries employed about 15,000.



▲ **A FOURDRINIER WIRE,** the endless belt of wire cloth upon which paper is formed, gets final inspection at Appleton Wire Works plant, Montgomery, Alabama. "The wire," for one of the world's largest paper making machines, measures 336 inches in width and 146 feet, 4 inches in circumference. To supply the South's growing number of paper mills, Appleton has increased the size of its plant six-fold since 1951.

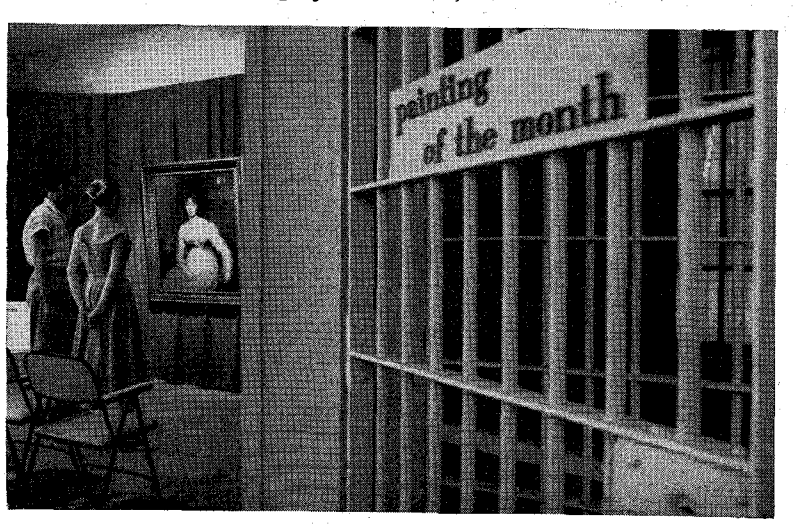
Industrial Diversification Launches Increasing Progress Down South!

IN THE SOUTH TODAY, industries of an ever-widening variety are producing everything from ships to potato chips . . . from anti-freeze to water skis. Result: a balanced economy . . . with new and expanding businesses . . . thriving markets . . . efficient transportation for shipments at home and abroad.

From Alabama, Florida, Georgia and Mississippi comes proof of this progress. Here, since 1950, payrolls have grown 87%. . . new firms have incorporated at a rate two-and-a-half times as great as the nation as a whole . . . retail sales have flourished!

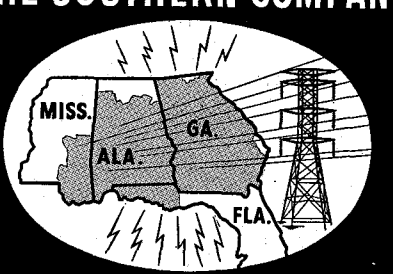
Electric power needs of industry, business, homes and farms, increasing at a record pace, are being met by The Southern Company through its four investor-owned operating affiliates. Alabama, Georgia, Gulf and Mississippi Power Companies are investing over $500 million for new and expanded facilities in their service areas in the three-year period, 1958-1960 . . . *further evidence that the last half of the twentieth century belongs to the South!*

KAOLIN CLAY—abundant in the Macon, Georgia, area—is used in the manufacturing of paper, tile, china, rubber products and many others. Here, an employee of the J. M. Huber Corporation plant near Macon, removes a piece of Kaolin tile from a testing kiln. One of Huber's three Kaolin mining and refining operations in the Southeast, it ships the vital material all over the world.



MUSEUM-IN-A-JAIL, historic Pensacola, Florida's unique art center, is located in a structure once used as a prison. It houses a large gallery, visited monthly by about 3,500 adults and school children. As many as 65 exhibitions are held annually, loaned by major museums across the country, many of them through the Southern Art Museum Directors' Association.

THE SOUTHERN COMPANY



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Georgia Power Company ..... Atlanta, Georgia
Gulf Power Company ..... Pensacola, Florida
Mississippi Power Company ..... Gulfport, Mississippi
Southern Electric Generating Co. . Birmingham, Alabama

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(*Continued from Page 80*) stock to go around. The fierce competition for the blue chips, therefore, and for the promising growth stocks has sent the price of a relatively few issues soaring, discounting their earnings for years to come. Some of the best issues are now selling at twenty to thirty times earnings, which disturbs old-timers, who believe that when a stock starts selling at more than ten times earnings, it's time to buy bonds.

Wall Street blames the capital-gains tax for the thin supply of stocks. The man who bought 1000 shares of XYZ at 30 ten years ago, and has seen it rise to 100, is not eager to sell and take his profit when he knows Uncle Sam will take up to one fourth of the gain, even though he is fully aware that the stock, at 100, is selling dangerously high. He prefers to hold on till he dies.

This "locking in" of great supplies of stock by the capital-gains tax is doing the economy a great disservice, Wall Street argues. It has not only driven prices of stocks in circulation to unreasonable highs but it also has starved new young companies that are desperately in need of equity capital.

It is also depriving Uncle Sam of revenue, they argue, for if the stock is not sold, no tax is paid. Many plans are suggested by which this situation might be remedied. If the tax were reduced by half, millions of dollars' worth of stock would become available for trading, the financial experts say. If the stock seller were granted the same privilege as the man who sells his home at a profit—paying no tax if he buys another house at an equal or greater price—there would be a great spate of selling and buying, and young companies would get support for new stock issues they desperately need if they are to grow.

There are no signs yet, however, that the tax gatherers are going to grant the investor any relief. In fact, there are dark mutterings, by some economists, that the best way to break out locked-in stocks is to start taxing them on their accrued, but unrealized, gains. The thought, of course, causes investors to shudder.

Whatever the reason—fear of inflation, confidence in the future, a shortage of stocks—the market today, many Wall Streeters admit, is higher than present earnings justify. Stocks are yielding, at the moment, less than bonds, a situation that also prevailed in the bull market of 1933 to '36, and just before the great crash in 1929.

Nobody, though, expects a sudden flight from stocks to bonds; nobody expects a long-sustained and disastrous drop in the market. One reason is that today's market, by contrast with the '20's, is a cash market. The investor today must put up 90 per cent of the value of the stock, and cash money does not panic as quickly as borrowed money. Also, the mood of the market today is a mood of investment, not speculation. The little man is coming in, but he's not looking for a quick killing. There are a few disturbing signs, however, other than the out-of-balance price-yield ratio. In recent months there has been a rise in short-term tradings, which indicates that some investors may be beginning to feel a touch of gambling fever.

It is inevitable, the market experts say, that a long rise will generate a speculative fever—and this market has been rising for ten years. Even some of the cagey old-timers are beginning to feel their pulses beat a little faster, and there is ebullient talk around Wall Street that in a few years earnings will be 50 per cent higher, dividends 40 per cent greater, and the market averages will be playing around 1000, instead of the high 500's.

They base their optimism on the surging growth of the United States. The country is growing in population at the rate of a city the size of Omaha every month, a Denmark every year. To provide these many millions with everything they want and need, American industry must push production to the highest levels in all its history, they argue, and the market will keep pace with the upsurge.

Here and there, however, a voice of caution is heard. One distinguished old gentleman who, in his years in Wall Street, has seen many a dream of riches wrecked when the market fell, had a word of advice for the eager investor. More than thirty years ago, before the crash of '29, he said, The Saturday Evening Post, in an editorial, addressed itself to the man who was playing the market:

> Study business first and the tape second.... Have a reason, and not an excuse, for buying a stock.... A profit is a profit. If your stock keeps going up after you sell, don't stew.... And don't take anybody's word for what the market will surely do. The only One who knows can be reached only by prayer.

"Print that again, as a public service," he said. "It's just as true today as it was then."

I Settled My Bride in Moscow (Continued from Page 34)

was interviewed by Garroway on his television program during a brief trip home from Russia.

A long-distance courtship is a complicated undertaking, I discovered, especially when conducted by intercontinental phone calls at four dollars per minute or by airmail letters that required an average of eight days to make the one-day airplane trip.

But the courtship was a simple matter compared to the task of getting Nancy and me together in Russia. When the wedding date was finally set, my bride-to-be applied for a Soviet visa to come to Moscow after the ceremony, which was to take place in New York at Nancy's parents' house. After several weeks of waiting for a response to her application, Nancy telephoned the Russian Embassy in Washington and was told that the visa could be granted only *after* we were married. Then six weeks would be required to issue it. Nancy explained that we planned to fly to Russia together almost immediately after the wedding.

"Let him go back to Russia first," proposed the Russian, "and then you can go and join him when—and if—your visa clears."

At this point I appealed by telephone to the Press Department of the Soviet Foreign Ministry—the agency to which correspondents are accredited in Russia—but got the same reply: not until we were married could Nancy get her visa. It might take a month.

I asked for an appointment to discuss the problem face to face, and was received by a Mr. Popov, a stocky man with a benign expression. I felt like a grammar-school pupil making a special plea to the principal. "I plan to get married," I said.

"I know," smiled Popov. "At last!" It sounded as if he had been privy to my letters and telephone conversations with Nancy.

In any case, Popov proved to be sympathetic and helpful. He agreed to instruct the Soviet Embassy in Copenhagen, Denmark, to issue Nancy her visa on presentation of our marriage documents on our trip to Moscow through Copenhagen. A week later, as Nancy and I left New York's Idlewild Airport, everything seemed all set—except for one thing!

We had discovered that it would be impossible to get the proper documents of marriage in time to carry them with us to Copenhagen. The license clerk in New York City Hall told us it would take at least a week after the wedding for the necessary signatures to be affixed to the official certificate of marriage. However, the judge performing the civil part of the wedding could issue a souvenir sort of document—suitable for framing, but having no legal significance.

We decided we'd just have to take a chance that the memento certificate would be acceptable to the Russians. Our confidence wavered somewhat when we saw that the certificate looked as authoritative as a Coney Island joke document, and Nancy and I entered the Soviet Embassy in Copenhagen a few days later with trepidation. The Russian looked at the "certificate." He studied it a long moment—upside down. "*Da*," he said, and within ten minutes he had stamped the visa in Nancy's passport.

From the day of our arrival at Moscow's airport, Nancy's indoctrination into the wonderful ways of a people's democracy proceeded at a rapid pace. When my bride sent a dress to the dry cleaners, a maid asked whether she wanted the "urgent" or "regular" service. "Regular" would take a month, "urgent" only a week.

On one of Moscow's rare sunny days, after much planning, Nancy and three other American wives set out on a picnic. They drove into the country and spread a tablecloth in a grove of trees near the road. Each had prepared one of the picnic courses. Marge served salad with Roquefort dressing. Carol uncovered some hot creamed crab and poured it on rolls that Nancy had baked. Betty Ann cut up a cherry pie and opened a bottle of red wine. All were poised for the first bite when a policeman roared up on his motorcycle and ordered them to leave immediately. It was all right to drive on this road, he said, but not to stop for a picnic.

They refused to budge, pointing to the food now growing cold. An international incident seemed to be taking shape. Finally, with a show of authority, the policeman studied his watch and said he would give them five minutes to finish the meal. With that he walked back to his motorcycle and waited while astonished ants watched the picnic meal disappear with Sputnik speed.

Nancy plunged into Russian lessons soon after her arrival. Her teacher, an elderly, emotional woman, devoted less time to declining Russian verbs than to recounting—in English—stories of the war years. On several occasions I came home from my broadcasts to find them both in tears at some particularly heart-rending war episode. Under these circumstances the lessons progressed slowly.

Once Nancy complained to her teacher that she had difficulty making herself understood in the hotel restaurant when she ordered anything by telephone. They tackled the task together. Nancy diligently followed the teacher's instructions for pronouncing *chai* (tea), *varenye* (jam), *maslo* (butter), *kartofel* (potatoes).

Finally, while the teacher looked on with pride, Nancy went to the phone and began reciting the list to someone in the restaurant. The voice from the restaurant could be heard across the room, shouting, "*Schtoh, schtoh?*"—"What, what?" Outraged, the Russian teacher waddled to the telephone and scolded the confused waiter at the other end for not understanding what she considered a perfectly mastered Russian lesson.

Actually, Nancy learns most of her Russian from the hotel maid, a shy, soft-spoken woman named Ilyena who has never traveled more than fifty miles from Moscow. What words they lack in each other's tongues they seem to compensate for with sign language. A sad situation is conveyed by drawing the fingers down the cheeks as if describing tears. Nancy once told me that religion was the most complicated subject to discuss.

"Why, for baptism alone," she explained, "we have to make gestures dunking the baby three times and outline a priest's hat in the air. No wonder religious discussions take longer than any other."

Although they get along famously on most subjects, Nancy and Ilyena seem to have different viewpoints on fashion. The Russian girl studied a gay orange scarf around Nancy's neck one day with expressions of sympathy. She thought the scarf was for a sore throat. And once when Nancy proudly displayed a pair of stylish, newly arrived shoes with pointed toes and very high heels, Ilyena, who favors sturdy low-heel Russian models, cocked her head in frank appraisal. "*Uzhas!*"—"Awful!"—she said.

The two rooms we live in had been both office and living quarters for me as a bachelor. Each morning my Russian assistant, Yura, a young graduate of the Moscow Foreign Language Institute, would come in and help me scan the daily influx of a score of Soviet newspapers. It became obvious, when Nancy and I were about to wed, that Yura must be moved to a separate office. But it is no simple matter to obtain living space in Russia, where an acute housing shortage forces families of four or more persons to live in one room. Although much roomier facilities are provided for privileged foreigners, agencies of the Soviet Government own all the apartments and hotels, and you cannot obtain an extra room simply by paying for it.

Prior to the wedding I called on the National Hotel's manager, who had the rather unpromising name of Bitchkov. Comrade Bitchkov listened without comment, and then said he was sorry, but the hotel was crowded and we'd have to get along with my present quarters.

When all arguments failed, I suddenly had an idea: "Mr. Bitchkov, at diplomatic receptions when I see Chairman Khrushchev"—Bitchkov's ears perked up perceptibly at this bit of name dropping—"the Communist Party Chairman often says there should be better understanding between our nations. Mr. Khrushchev is in favor of coexistence. Are you?"

Bitchkov winced but did not answer.

I pursued this line with unaccustomed eloquence: How could our nations live together if there could not be sympathetic understanding on lower levels such as ours? Mr. Khrushchev has said ——

Finally Bitchkov sagged. How was a loyal Russian (*Continued on Page 84*)

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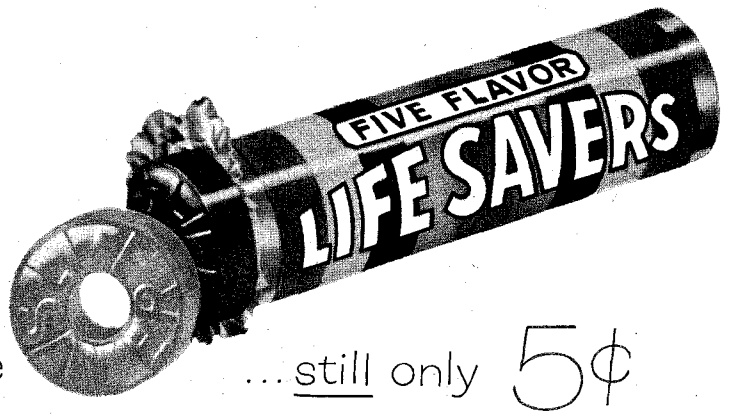
Good luck...Good lick!



The candy with the hole ...still only 5¢

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(*Continued from Page 82*) to oppose Khrushchev? We got our extra room for Yura's office.

Nonetheless our space is rather restricted for entertaining, so Nancy decided that our first dinner party should be held at the Praga Restaurant.

The Praga consists of a half dozen large, ornate dining rooms on three floors, each with mosaics, potted palms and overly bright chandeliers. We reserved a small private room out of hearing of the thundering orchestra's renditions of the current Moscow hits, Istanbul and Isle of Capri. To introduce a bit of charm into the typically tasteless room, Nancy decided on table candles instead of the glaring overhead light. "But," protested the headwaiter, "how will you see what you're eating?"

The soup course passed without incident, but after that, crisis followed crisis. We had ordered lettuce-and-tomato salad to be served with the chicken course. We should have known better. Salads are ordinarily a hearty first course in Russia; they are never served as a side dish. The Praga's headwaiter had shrugged when Nancy insisted and, having agreed, assured us that the salad would be served crisp and cold as ordered.

At the far end of the table I saw Nancy's brown eyes lower in despair as the waiters brought in the salad. Served in heaping portions on dinner plates, each portion was topped by two great hunks of ice.

Suddenly a Russian head burst through the red curtains that separated our room from the hall. "What's going on in here?" demanded a vodka-sodden voice. "Why is it so dark in here? What are you foreigners doing?" He leered at us meaningfully before the waiters ushered him back to the brightly lighted public portion of the Praga.

Most of our social life in Moscow centers in the diplomatic colony. Scarcely a week passes without three or more invitations to embassy cocktail receptions. Let a delegation of British scientists come to Moscow and a beautifully engraved card announces that "Her Britannic Majesty's Ambassador Plenipotentiary Sir Patrick Reilly and Lady Reilly" request our presence for cocktails from six to eight P.M. Let an American basketball team arrive to compete with the Russians and we can be sure to find ourselves in a jungle of seven-foot-tall athletes in the glass-chandeliered drawing room of Spaso House, the United States ambassador's residence. Not infrequently members of the Kremlin leadership come to national holiday receptions at embassies. With an eye for a pretty face, Nikita Khrushchev and Anastas Mikoyan have struck up nodding acquaintance with Nancy.

Moscow's social whirl presents other challenges, too, including the fact that the tides of tourism often dictate our guest list. It's frequently our lot to entertain "visiting firemen." This usually is a pleasure, sometimes even a thrill. We've had Bob Hope, the Begum Aga Khan, Truman Capote, Cary Grant, movie producer Sam Spiegel, William Randolph Hearst, Jr., Bob Considine, Metropolitan baritone Leonard Warren, and impresario Sol Hurok for cocktails—not all at the same time, of course.

Then, too, there are less-well-known visitors, often tourists sent by a friend. Some turn out to be delightful guests. Others are crushing bores. But to all Nancy has managed an attentive smile and a patient ear. I particularly remember a New England textile manufacturer, a man of admirable enthusiasms but abominable grammar and pronunciation, who boasted, "I been everywhere, seen all the big shots. We just come from Rome and, do ya know, I got an audience there with Pope Pizer."

There was also the rather priggish gentleman who, after a full day in Moscow, had incontestable opinions on everything from the Soviet abacus to Zhukov's purge. "I looked at some Russian radios in a store today, and, if I may use a four-letter word to describe them," he said, lowering his voice as I shifted uncomfortably, anticipating the worst, "they were *JUNK!*"

Despite our cramped quarters, Nancy has learned with some surprise that twice a year we are expected to hold an "open house" for several-score guests. We have this social obligation because our balconies command an excellent view of the endless columns of Russians who march into Red Square on Revolution Day and May Day.

Early one morning a week before the November-seventh Revolution anniversary, a persistent knock at the door awakened us. Nancy went to the door and rushed back to report, "They've come to lynch us." This was easy to believe, as a group of men marched in, dragging coils of rope. But their mission was hardly sinister. They wanted to suspend a gigantic Red star from our center balcony as part of the holiday decorations.

The workmen tugged in Volga-boatman rhythm to hoist the heavy star five stories from the sidewalk, a task that required three hours to accomplish, while our windows stood open to Moscow's frigid winds and Nancy and I huddled in our fur coats at the table, trying to eat breakfast. We were astonished when the most shabby of the workmen wished us in thick Russian accent, "*Bon appétit!*"

For three weeks preceding the May and November festivities, there are rehearsals several times a week just before midnight. It is an ominous sight—more so by night than by day, as columns of olive-drab mechanized armor grind past with headlights piercing the snowy blackness and paratroopers sitting cross-armed in armored vehicles. The first time Nancy saw it, I expected her to be frightened. As we stood on the balcony, I put my arm reassuringly around her shoulders.

More than one Westerner's wife had found the strain of Moscow's grimness too much to bear. Finally Nancy thought out loud over the roar. "I never realized they made such noise," she said. "Maybe these are just old ones, or not properly oiled or something." I knew then that Moscow wasn't going to faze my Nancy.

Nancy did get a case of "Moscow jitters" one evening at Moscow's circus, however. An excellent magician at the one-ring show was causing clowns and primly dressed girl assistants to disappear. He asked for volunteers from the audience. Nancy seized my arm. "Oh, please don't volunteer," she gasped. "If he disappeared you in a box in this country, I'd go out of my mind worrying that he might never bring you back."

It took some adjustment, also, to accept with resignation the characteristic attitude of many Russians who attribute incontestable logic to themselves in any conversation with a foreigner. Nancy learned this quickly in discussing drama with an English-speaking Russian. He told Nancy that Oscar Wilde was very popular in translation in the Soviet Union.

"Is The Importance of Being Earnest played very frequently?" asked my bride.

"Yes, it is," replied Nikolai, the Russian, "but the title must be changed because the pun is lost in translation."

Nancy: "What is it called in Russian?"

Nikolai: "It's called The Importance of Being Serious."

Nancy (*jokingly*): "Well, is the man in the play called 'Serious'?"

Nikolai (*with obvious scorn*): "Of course not; that's not a name."

Russians mean well. It's just that they tend to be bossy. Once when Nancy had a slight cough the waitress on our hotel floor refused to serve her ice cream. "Very bad for a cough to eat anything cold," she admonished Nancy sternly.

Solicitude by Russians can be somewhat more annoying when they set themselves up as arbiters of style. It's demoralizing for a girl who has selected precisely the right dress and accessories for an embassy cocktail party to step out into the street and have a Russian woman in ill-fitting garments, sporting knee boots, and a shawl drawn over her head, point in ridicule at the "weirdly dressed foreigner."

Probably the most irritating experience of this sort happened to us in Sochi, a resort town on the Soviet Black Sea coast. Nancy was dressed in what seemed to me a perfectly conservative seaside summer fashion—skirt and sleeveless blouse. But a grease-stained Russian truck driver, perched on the bumper of his ZIL machine, gnawing at half a loaf of black bread, took exception to it.

"*Ne kulturny* (not cultured)," he scolded, "to wear such cheap short sleeves. Your arms should be covered. Look. Like mine." He pointed to the jagged elbow-length sleeves of the underwear top he was wearing.

At that, the truck driver's taunts were easier to take than the physical punishment that goes with shopping in Russia. The Soviet system requires a shopper to stand in one line to select an item, stand in another line to pay for it, and then line up a third time to claim the purchase. Muscular Soviet women try to speed the process with hefty pushing.

The other day Nancy bought two pounds of tough beef for the ruble equivalent of six dollars, a skinny chicken for three dollars and eighty cents, and cucumbers at fifty cents each. But Nancy enjoys shopping in the "free market." You can learn a lot there about Russian honesty and friendliness.

Once, after paying for a kilo (two and two-tenths pounds) of potatoes—an American housewife in Russia has to learn to convert kilograms to pounds, centimeters to inches and centigrade to Fahrenheit—Nancy was stopped by a firm grasp on her arm. A self-assured, middle-aged Russian insisted that she pour her potatoes back on the scale. This fellow shopper had seen the vendor placing incorrect counterweights on the crude scale and thus depriving Nancy of three potatoes due her. Bewildered, Nancy looked on as the self-appointed vigilante made the farmer correct the short weight.

Often when nasty anti-American editorials in Pravda lead me to despair about the degenerating state of Soviet-American relations, I am heartened by an account of Nancy's morning at the market. One day she struggled home, two net shopping bags bulging with apples. It seems that an apple merchant, a swarthy, mustached man from the Georgian region of the Soviet Union, had asked Nancy how she liked Russia. Always the diplomat, Nancy replied that Moscow was fine, but that we had made a trip to Tiflis, capital of Georgia, and that was the best city in the U.S.S.R. That did it! The Georgians began filling Nancy's bags with apples, for which they refused payment.

Such an accommodating attitude is not limited to the market. One evening when we had tickets for the ballet Swan Lake at the famous Bolshoi Theater, I was delayed writing a news story and Nancy went on ahead. When I joined her during the intermission, she reported she'd had difficulty finding her seat. "All the ushers seemed to be busy," she explained, "but finally I saw one just standing there, ignoring everybody. I held out my ticket and plaintively asked him to show me my seat, which he did."

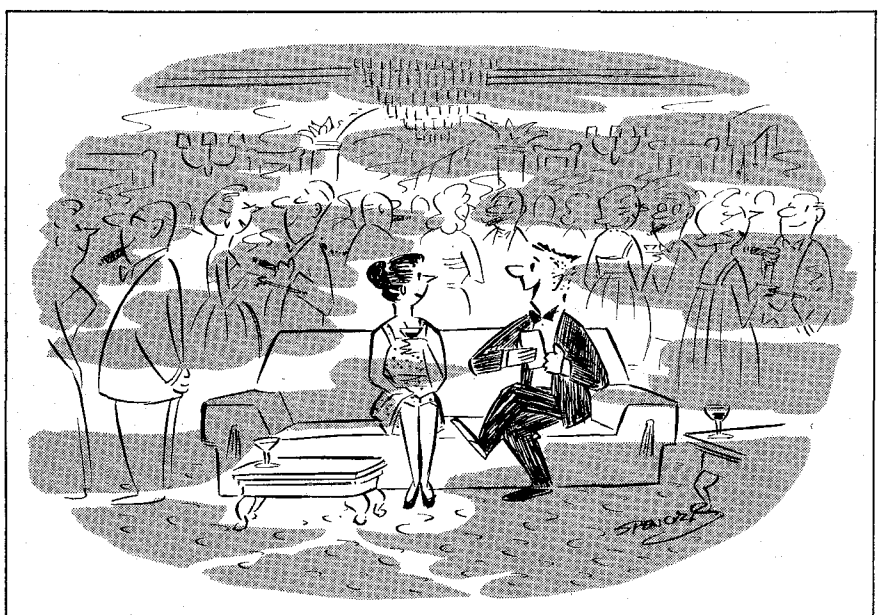
Warning bells signaled the end of the intermission and, as we were walking back from the lobby, Nancy tugged at my sleeve. "That's the usher who helped me," she whispered, pointing to a man in resplendent blue uniform. He was an admiral in the Soviet Navy.

Unlike Russians, whose shopping is limited to state stores and the "free market," the 220 Americans in Moscow have another source of supplies. Goods may be shipped in from abroad; although customs duty is exorbitant and often capricious, there is a liberal Soviet quota on canned goods.

There are, in fact, two firms in Copenhagen that do a thriving business keeping Americans and other foreigners supplied with groceries in Moscow, 1000 sea and rail miles away. Their huge catalogues of goods are read eagerly by American housewives.

Some items listed in the catalogue sometimes present language problems. What, for example, might be "*Hulstkamps Oude*, 12 jars per case, per jar $.85?" And if anyone knows how to fix up meatball-size hunks of mysterious texture and tasteless flavor that are labeled, "*Boiler i Carry med Riz*," please drop my bride a line. We've got eight large cans of it.

THE END



"Do you mind if I smoke?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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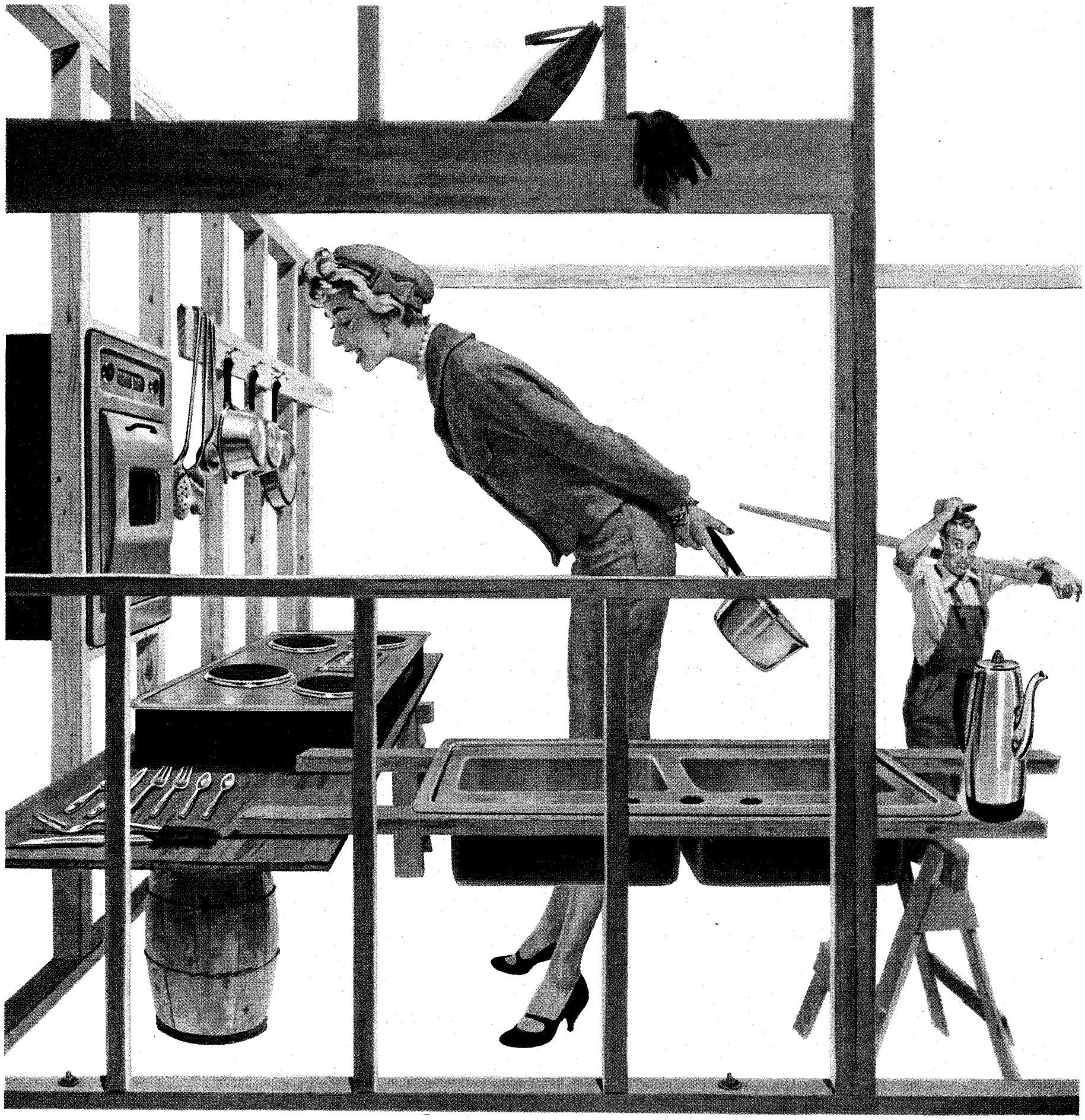

She couldn't wait! ... not even another day—
to see them in her new home. And who could,
when they're styled so smartly in stainless steel
for a lifetime of care-free beauty.

CRUCIBLE Stainless Steel

CRUCIBLE STEEL COMPANY OF AMERICA, THE OLIVER BUILDING, MELLON SQUARE, PITTSBURGH 22, PA.

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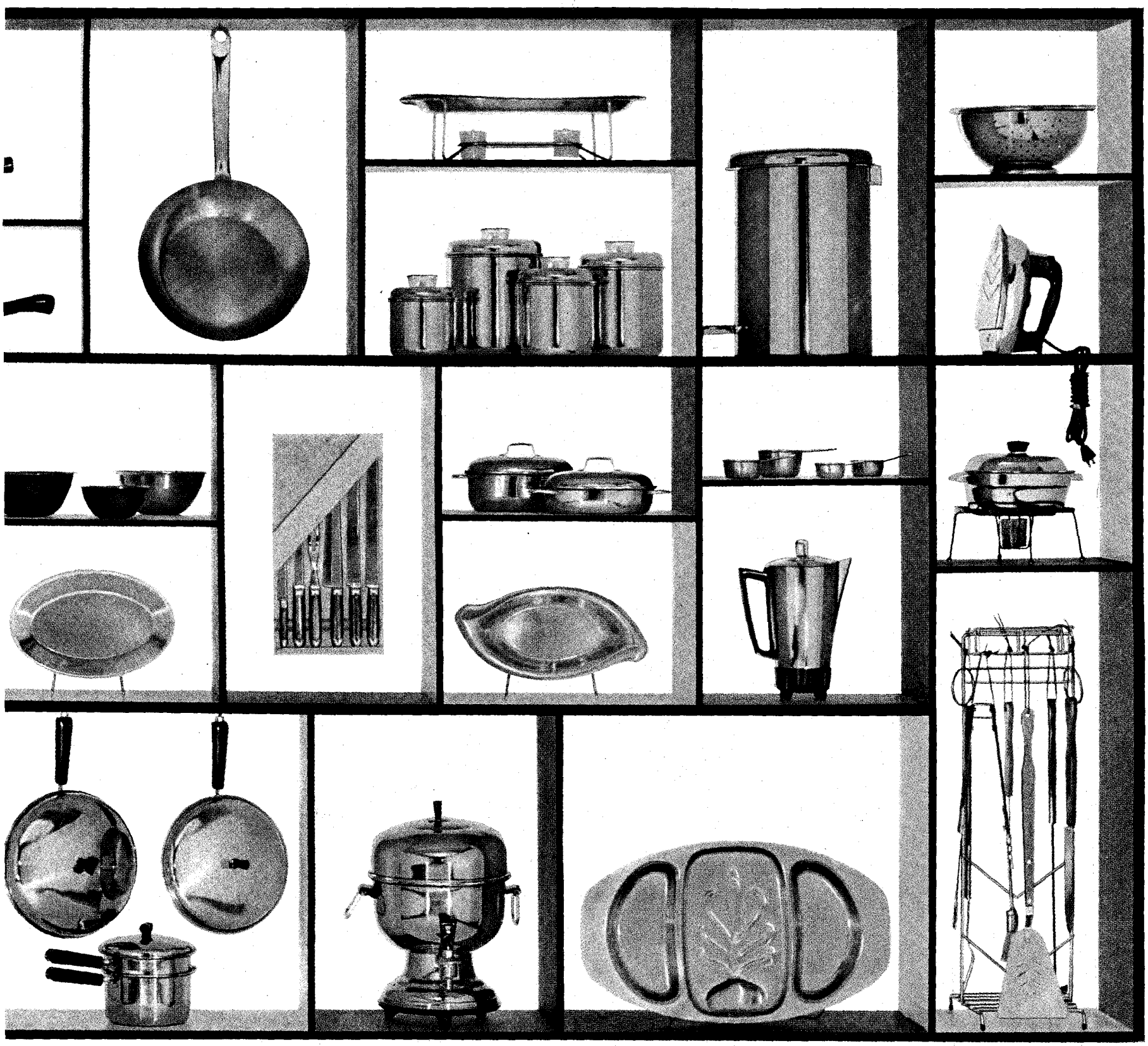

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Superclinic for Kids Only (Continued from Page 23)

near Stanford University, thirty miles south of San Francisco. They began giving him all the love and attention he had lacked for three years. Then they called their family doctor, who examined Billy and gave his considered opinion.

"Well," he announced, "you've got yourself a handful. This young fellow is going to need some help. He's got abnormal feet, bad legs, a congenital heart murmur, an infected throat, and I think his eyes are out of whack. Let's see, we'll need an orthopedic surgeon and probably a neurosurgeon, a cardiologist, a throat man, an eye man and a speech expert. We'll certainly need a child psychiatrist and some special teachers."

The Browns were staggered.

"Golly, doc," said Jim, "we'll do everything we can, but we never dreamed it'd be anything like this. Why, we can't afford ——"

"Hold it," interrupted the doctor. "We've got something new and special for patients like this. Sort of a superclinic, but just for youngsters. It's called the Children's Health Council."

Sue was distressed. "Oh, no!" she cried. "We can't let him be sent to another—another institution! That's the trouble with him. He's been in an institution all his life."

"Ah, that's the wonderful thing about this place," said the doctor. "You won't be sending him away. He'll go out to the Health Council every day for diagnosis and treatment, but he'll live with you at home—where you can love him and take care of him. And it won't cost any more than you can afford to pay."

A few weeks later, Billy was accepted for study and treatment at the Health Council. Bone specialists and neurosurgeons prescribed special shoes and braces for his deformed feet and legs. A throat expert cured his throat infection. A cardiologist confirmed the diagnosis of a heart murmur, but said, "It doesn't seem too serious. Get him on to the right food and exercise, and he'll undoubtedly outgrow it." Later an eye specialist prescribed glasses and added, "Good heaven, this kid couldn't see anything but blurs—no wonder he kept screaming at the world."

Then, under the watch of pediatricians and child psychiatrists, Billy was put into the Health Council's special nursery school. "He was now four years old," said one of the teachers, "but he was operating like a two-year-old in a panic."

At first, when any adult or child approached him, he screamed wildly. After a month, however, he accepted one teacher and allowed her to come near.

"Once this started," it was reported, "his progress was rapid. In a few months, he was starting to crawl, then to walk, and finally to run. He was playing with the other children. He came to listen to the others sing, and later he began to hum with them. Finally he started to talk."

This year Billy was six years old. He was enrolled in a regular school in his community, in the proper grade for his age, engaging in mild athletics, and getting along admirably with other children. New IQ tests indicated he had normal intelligence rating. He appeared to be a happy, well-adjusted boy, and his case at the Health Council was officially closed.

"This one," commented an official of the group, "worked out rather well. The Health Council can feel reasonably proud."

Now located on the Stanford University campus, the Children's Health Council is just starting its fifth year of operations. To many American and foreign observers, it is a key unit in what is probably the world's most exciting center for the treatment of physically, mentally and emotionally handicapped children. On its staff are skilled pediatricians, bone specialists, psychiatrists, psychologists, psychiatric social workers, occupational and physical therapists, speech experts, hearing experts, specially trained teachers, and consulting surgeons, neurosurgeons and ear-nose-and-throat men, all working as a single, integrated team to help the handicapped child—and usually to help the child's parents as well.

"We can't treat only the child," says the medical director of the Health Council. "A child is part of the family. We've got to do everything possible to keep the child in the family, and to treat the family as a unit."

By early last fall, the Health Council had provided care for more than 1200 boys and girls—children crippled by birth injuries or polio, victims of cerebral palsy, the mentally retarded, children threatened by schizophrenia, the congenitally blind, children with speech or hearing problems, the emotionally disturbed, the behavior-problem children and the prejuvenile delinquents. Few of these young patients have been improved as dramatically as little Billy Brown. Some have not shown any improvement. But of those accepted for treatment, the overwhelming majority—an estimated 80 or 85 per cent—have received significant help.

Physically crippled children have been helped to walk. Emotionally crippled youngsters and their families have been helped to understand themselves, and to face and solve their own problems wisely and logically.

Mentally crippled children have not had their damaged brains repaired, but they have been taught to use their undamaged brain cells—to talk, feed themselves, dress themselves, and perhaps learn a few simple skills. "These retarded youngsters won't grow up to be corporation presidents or Nobel-prize winners," said a psychiatrist, "but many of them can now look forward to a reasonably happy life, a fairly productive job."

Of most importance is the fact that all this has been accomplished on a community level, with families kept intact wherever possible, and that the highest quality of medical and educational care has been provided at reasonable cost.

This broad program is believed to be the first of its kind in the world. Major credit for establishing it goes to a slim, gray-haired, vigorous pediatrician named Dr. Esther Clark, the medical director of the Health Council. The daughter of a Stanford professor, she was graduated from the Stanford medical school in 1925. In 1927 she joined a number of other doctors who later formed what is now the Palo Alto Medical Clinic, one of the first and most successful group-practice clinics on the West Coast. For twenty-five years, she practiced as the dean of child specialists in the rapidly growing suburbs of the San Francisco Peninsula. She built up a reputation as a superlative diagnostician, a "pediatrician's pediatrician," and a doctor who would fight anybody—politicians, city officials, her fellow physicians and even the child's parents—to take care of a sick child.

Several years ago, for example, she was summoned to see the baby daughter of a wealthy San Francisco family which was spending the summer near Palo Alto. Doctor Clark examined the child carefully. "I'm afraid this girl has a brain abscess," she said. "I suggest you call a brain surgeon immediately."

"Nonsense," said the child's father. "You're an alarmist. She has a sore throat, or a headache, or something. All she needs is a pill."

"I insist you call a brain specialist," said Doctor Clark.

"Thank you just the same," said the father. "We'll take the child to our own physician in San Francisco."

Since the time of Hippocrates, the rules of medical conduct in such a situation have been quite clear. Doctor Clark's advice had been rejected and the patient was being transferred to the care of another physician. Doctor Clark should have kept hands off. But the doughty pediatrician traced the child to San Francisco, telephoned the family physician, and vigorously presented her evidence pointing to a brain abscess—probably in the left temporal lobe of the brain.

"Look, Esther," the San Francisco doctor said, "the parents think you're all wrong about this. And I don't think the diagnosis is clear enough to ——"

"I don't care what anybody thinks," the pediatrician snapped. "I'm not going to stand by and let that child die. I won't leave you alone until you get her to surgery."

Reluctantly, the family doctor induced the family to approve an exploratory operation. The brain abscess was found just about where Doctor Clark had predicted. It was removed, and the child eventually recovered.

"We all learned one thing from that case," says the doctor who related the incident. "We found that when Esther wants to do something for a sick child, keep out of her way."

As the years passed, Doctor Clark noted that the practice of pediatrics in California was changing. Because of public-health measures—many of which she had helped to introduce—most of the serious contagious diseases of childhood were being prevented. For children, the San Francisco Peninsula area had become one of the healthiest in the world. This made Esther Clark exceedingly restless.

"Prescribing vaccinations and vitamins for healthy children may be a pleasant occupation," she said, "but after twenty-five years, it loses some of its excitement."

She began a crusade to wipe out accidents among children. She fought for home-safety programs, and warned, "In our communities a child is more likely to die from aspirin poisoning than from meningitis." She took up painting, woodworking and photography. She became an avid horsewoman. None of these activities proved completely satisfying.

Finally, about six years ago, she took a long look at her community, with its magnificent health record, and realized that some needs were still not being met. One large segment of the population, it appeared, was being ignored or forgotten.

"We had no child-guidance service available to (Continued on Page 90)

Because of an emotional disturbance, the clinic patient at right is usually withdrawn. But this mechanical bird makes him smile.

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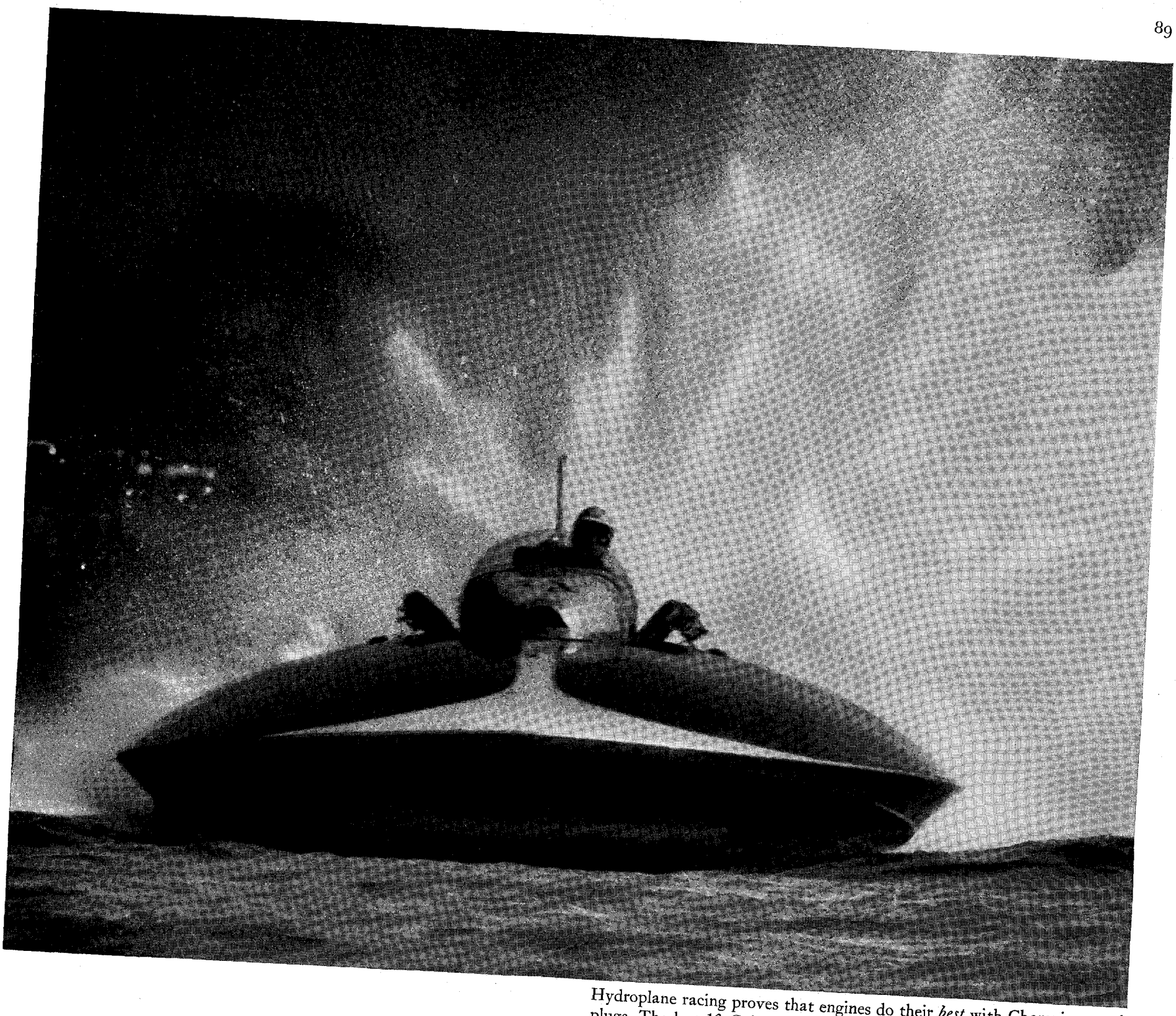

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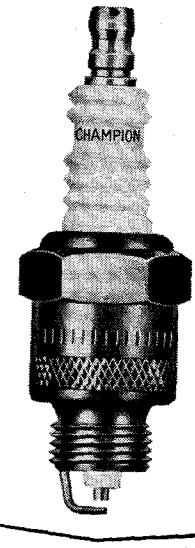

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(*Continued from Page 88*) the whole community," she said. "For retarded children, there were state institutions and there were private institutions. But it took two or three years to get a child into one of those state facilities, and most of the private institutions were so expensive that most people couldn't afford them. There was no local setup for physical rehabilitation which would allow the crippled child to live at home."

This living-at-home factor, she said, was vital for nearly all handicapped children.

"A child needs his own parents," she emphasized. "He needs affection and love from his own family. In most cases, you're not going to solve a child's abnormal emotional problems by putting him in the abnormal environment of an institution."

Early in 1953 the pediatrician began her campaign. She wanted a child-guidance unit, a nursery school for the mentally retarded, and a rehabilitation unit, all completely integrated, with special teachers, medical experts and parents working together as a single team.

It was obvious such a program could succeed only if it had the full support of the local doctors. Doctor Clark discussed it with her colleagues, and all of them—her associates in the Palo Alto Medical Clinic as well as her professional competitors—promptly pledged their complete backing. Teachers in nearby public and private schools immediately guaranteed their co-operation.

The next task was to find financial support. Some funds came from grateful families who had long been served by Doctor Clark as their pediatrician. Some came from parents of handicapped children. Some came from small groups which had been striving by themselves—usually without brilliant results—to help the handicapped. A few sizable grants were provided by such local organizations as the Rosenberg Foundation, the Fuller Foundation and the Lucie Stern Fund. In her appeal to one of these groups, she was forced to invent a new concept of medical care.

"We'll be glad to help," one of the trustees told her, "but we're looking for something original and unusual. What do you propose?"

"We want to do rehabilitation work for children."

"Rehabilitation? No, I don't think we'd be interested. Other groups are already supporting it."

Doctor Clark thought quickly. "All right," she said, "then let's do some habilitation work."

"Habilitation?" said the trustee. "Never heard of it, but it sounds fascinating. What does it mean?"

The pediatrician groped for a definition. "Well," she said, "rehabilitation means rebuilding. It means getting a handicapped child back to normal—back to the good health he used to have. As you say, it's not new. But habilitation—well, that means taking a child who was never normal, who was never healthy, who was born with a handicap, and giving him a healthy body and mind. Instead of rebuilding, it means building."

"Wonderful!" said the trustee. "We'll be delighted to support you."

The first unit, a nursery school for mentally retarded children, was opened in September, 1953, in space borrowed from a Methodist Sunday school. It was put in charge of Mrs. Betty Miller, an ex-Wave, a warm, patient, tolerant woman with two children of her own, and with special training in teaching retarded children. Early in 1954 the rehabilitation—or habilitation—unit was opened in a building rented from the Palo Alto Medical Clinic. It was directed by Dr. Bruce Jessup, an enthusiastic young pediatrician who had just completed his training under Dr. Howard A. Rusk, the world-famed rehabilitation expert in New York. At about the same time, the child-guidance unit was begun in the First Christian Church building under the direction of Dr. Julian Pichel, a skilled child psychiatrist.

One of the first laymen to join the staff of the Children's Health Council was Mrs. Frances Brainerd, a Vassar graduate and then head of the local branch of the Junior League.

"You're going to need an executive secretary," she told Doctor Clark. "I'll do the job until you can find somebody to take it on permanently."

One of the medical workers noted the Vassar and Junior League items in Mrs. Brainerd's record and remarked, "Yipe! One of those social butterflies!"

"No, she's not," said Doctor Clark. "We can use her."

An expert in languages and cryptography, Mrs. Brainerd had served as a translator in the Navy's Office of Censorship during World War II, helped break enemy codes, done social-service work, organized Girl Scout troops, Red Cross drives and Sunday-school picnics, instituted support for a speech-and-hearing clinic at Stanford University, run her own home—she is married to an official of a nearby private school—and taken care of her own two children. After more than four years, she is still a key member of the staff.

"One reason for our success," says a member of the Health Council's board of directors, "is that Frances saw to it that we didn't start big. We simply started."

At the outset, Mrs. Brainerd acted as secretary, manager, bookkeeper, medical recorder, social worker and janitor. She also made home visits and conducted the first interviews with parents who sought help for their children. From the start, there was no shortage of such patients. Some were sent by doctors in the vicinity. Others were brought by their fathers and mothers, who had heard of the Health Council from friends or neighbors. Many of these parents were ridden by feelings of shame, fear or guilt, and desperately needed help and reassurance themselves.

One of the first patients was a three-year-old victim of cerebral palsy. "When we got him," said Doctor Clark, "his muscles were so weak that he looked like a pile of limp spaghetti. But he needed more than physical therapy. He had been so badly spoiled and overprotected that he had become a tyrant, and was turning his home into an emotional shambles."

His mother said, "It's all our fault that he was born that way. We must have done something terribly wrong. We can't discipline the poor baby."

His father pleaded, "You've got to do something. This is killing my wife. It's hurting our other children. It's breaking up our marriage."

Orthopedic surgeons and physical therapists promptly went to work on the boy's bones and muscles. At the same time, psychiatrists carefully explained to the parents that their guilt feelings were groundless, and that the child could not develop properly unless he had both affection and appropriate discipline. Within a year the boy was scampering around on crutches, riding a tricycle, and getting along well with his delighted parents.

Another patient was a four-year-old girl who had been sent to the Health Council as a pre-juvenile delinquent. She sulked, fought, threw temper tantrums, refused to accept discipline, and spoke in a garbled, almost unintelligible voice.

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"Nobody could understand the child or get along with her," reported Doctor Clark. "Also, it turned out later, she couldn't understand us. She was almost totally deaf."

Once her unsuspected hearing loss was detected, the girl was fitted with hearing aids, assigned to a speech expert, and put in a special course with a child psychiatrist. In a few months both her speech and her hearing had improved, and her behavior problems were well on the way to solution.

Still another in the first group of patients was a baby boy who had been paralyzed by polio in both legs. "We've got to move in on this one in a hurry," said the family pediatrician, "or the whole family will go to pieces psychologically."

The whole team of Health Council experts was mobilized. At the age of thirteen months—a remarkably early age for such treatment—the baby was fitted with leg braces and then taught to use crutches. A series of surgical operations was performed to release cramped leg muscles. Physical therapists laid out intensive courses of exercises. Psychiatrists and psychologists worked regularly with both the patient and his parents.

Four years later the experts could point with considerable pride to the results. The boy's legs were still weak, but he was beginning to walk without crutches. "He only uses the crutches now to get up speed," said his mother. He could wiggle through climbing bars with the greatest agility, he could swim well enough to win a novice championship race, he was trying to use roller skates, and he was ready and eager to start regular school.

"He's now standing on his own feet, physically and emotionally," says his family doctor. "Without the help he obtained, he would be either bedridden at home or sent away to an institution. His case alone has justified the whole Health Council program."

Some cases have not ended so happily. Many children have been sent to the Health Council with severe mental retardation—with brains permanently damaged by injury or disease. Some of these unfortunate boys and girls are brought each morning in old, rattling cars from poorer sections of the community. Some come from huge estates, and arrive in luxurious, chauffeur-driven limousines.

"Here, in particular, we can't work with just the child," says Doctor Clark. "We must provide care for the whole family."

In many cases, the parents of these mentally retarded children are depressed by feelings of shame or guilt. In others, they hopefully seek some new wonder drug or surgical magic which might restore a ruined brain. In still others, the parents stubbornly refuse to admit that their child is retarded, and insist, "Oh, he'll outgrow it."

In such instances, once the diagnosis has been firmly established by careful psychological and medical study, the Health Council doctors can perform two vital tasks: they can help the parents accept the tragic situation—sometimes by getting them together with other parents in similar plights—and they can give the child whatever training he can absorb in the Health Council's nursery school.

Ordinarily, all these forms of care—the nursery school, the child-guidance clinic and the rehabilitation unit, with the teams of medical and education experts—would be fantastically expensive. The charges for each patient, however, range from a few cents to more than $100 a month, with the cost set according to the ability of the family to pay.

This low-cost operation is possible only because the Health Council has received remarkable support from the community. Scores of distinguished doctors have been induced by Doctor Clark to give thousands of hours of service, worth tens or hundreds of thousands of dollars, without charge. Thousands of laymen have volunteered their services. Church and fraternal groups have donated money. Employee groups in nearby factories and offices have included the Health Council in their payroll-deduction plans. Local firemen have made toys for the children. Stanford University students, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, former airline stewardesses, high-school students, parents of handicapped children, parents of nonhandicapped children, and Junior Leaguers have done everything from making occupational-therapy equipment and serving as nursery-school assistants to raising funds and pouring concrete.

One volunteer group came to the rescue early in 1955, when it became possible to move the three separate Health Council units into one rented building in the city of Palo Alto. Various organizations of merchants and unions had contributed all necessary supplies and labor to repair, renovate and redecorate the new location. Even a moving van had been provided. At the last moment, however, it was found that there were no movers available—no husky men to do the actual lifting and hauling—and no money in the treasury to hire them. Then, from their homes in adjoining communities, came more than a score of large and obviously muscular gentlemen. They introduced themselves.

"My name is Bruno Banducci," said one man. "Where do we start?"

"I'm Hugh McElhenny," said another. "What do we move first?"

"I'm Y. A. Tittle," said a third. "If you folks will kindly step out of the way, we'll get going."

Winter Outpost in Malaya

By Lucile Palmer

The month of hot enchantment
hovers here,
Miasmic, mellow, still. The
fevered air
Is smothering the earth where
red flowers bare
Their hearts and wait for rain
clouds that are near.
The yellow stripes of light,
black-edged, appear
Like tawny tigers in the sky
that stare
Through golden bars with
amber eyes and dare
To pounce upon the land that
pants in fear.
And we who are so far away
from home
Are wearied by this splendor
of decay,
This jungle growth, lush and
undisciplined;
We long to see a winter
monochrome,
A black and silver scene, a
snowy day,
The flat tone of a somber sky,
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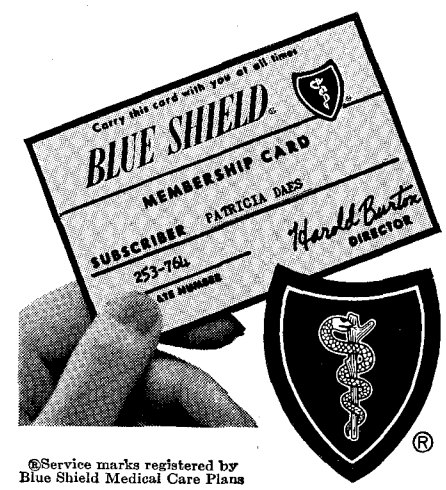

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"Oh, my heavens, here come the Rogers!"

Out-of-town guests are always more welcome when they telephone ahead!

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Above is the Children's Health Council building on the Stanford University campus in California. Here parents are included in every phase of their youngsters' treatment.

Banducci, now assistant coach of the Philadelphia Eagles, was then the great defensive guard of the San Francisco Forty Niner football team. McElhenny, one of the most dangerous open-field runners in professional football, was a Forty Niner halfback. Tittle was the team's sensational quarterback. Almost the entire Forty Niner squad had arrived, and proceeded to make the move with quickness, efficiency and very few fumbles of furniture.

Nearly two years later, the Health Council faced another crisis when its rented Palo Alto home was sold and it became essential to find another location.

"We wanted to build our own plant," said Frances Brainerd, now the executive director, "but this would take more than a hundred thousand dollars—which we didn't have. Also, we needed two or three acres of land for the buildings and the nursery-school playground—and we didn't have that either. Things looked a little grim."

Mrs. Brainerd and Doctor Clark went out to collect the money. In a week, these two charming ladies argued, bludgeoned and otherwise induced various individuals and philanthropic groups to put up most of the requisite funds. Then they were suddenly offered two buildings of just the right size and shape.

"These are temporary structures that we're moving off our property," an official of a nearby research institute told them. "They're in good condition. If you redecorate them, they'll be very attractive. You can have them for one dollar apiece—but you've got to take them off our hands in six days."

Doctor Clark consulted another pediatrician, Dr. Robert Alway.

"Accept the buildings," he advised. "We'll find some place for them. If you can't put them anywhere else, you can park them in my driveway."

Doctor Alway did more than offer advice. He was then professor of pediatrics at the Stanford Medical School, which was preparing to move its facilities from San Francisco to the university campus itself, near Palo Alto. Moreover, he was widely regarded as one of the most able young pediatrics educators in America, and other major medical schools were bidding for his services. Stanford officials not only wanted to keep him on the faculty but were pressing him to accept a position as dean of the medical school.

On a fateful morning, Doctor Alway called on Dr. Wallace Sterling, president of Stanford, and outlined the predicament of the Health Council. The college president offered his regrets, but saw no way in which he might help.

"But you could help," said Doctor Alway. "You've got thousands of acres lying around on the campus. Couldn't you spare a couple—maybe on some of the extra land of the Stanford Convalescent Home, right near the new medical-school buildings?"

"I'd like to do that," said the president, "but it would be against the university rules."

Doctor Alway hesitated for a moment. "Do you still want me to serve as dean of the medical school?" he asked.

President Sterling likewise hesitated briefly. "I see your point," he said.

In a remarkably short time, three acres of Stanford University land were made available on a complex sublease basis, and the buildings were moved into the new location.

Here, since the fall of 1957, the Health Council has become a strategic unit in a four-way attack against all children's diseases. In its own operations it provides care for handicapped children who can live at home. It adjoins the modernized Stanford Convalescent Home, which cares for chronically ill children requiring prolonged hospitalization. Near it is a new hospital which can offer treatment for acutely ill children needing only brief hospitalization. And also near it will be the new Stanford Medical School, under Dean Robert Alway, with its intensive program in pediatrics research and education.

"It is not clear," Doctor Alway said recently, "whether or not Esther Clark realized at the beginning that she was trying to turn this area into one of the great pediatrics centers. But now it seems that she and her associates may accomplish it."

Significantly, the Health Council was originated and operated for its first four years as a completely local enterprise. Its patients are all from local homes. Its medical staff and its corps of devoted volunteer workers are local men and women. Its annual operating budget—roughly $100,000—has been raised each year almost entirely from local sources.

This aspect is truly important. It means that almost any community, if it so desires, can do the same thing.

"All you need," said Doctor Alway, "is vision, enterprise and a lot of hard work—and, preferably, having somebody around like Esther Clark, who wants to do things for sick kids, and who won't let anything stop her." THE END

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Husband on the Prowl (Continued from Page 25)

said in a commanding tone, "except fix me another drink. What you can't escape, you have to obliterate. Can he do anything?" she said to Tess. "The only thing you can do," she called after him as he went into the kitchen, "is to get me some relief from these incessant children. You get a vacation! But I don't! The boys have been in and out a dozen times while you were changing. I just had to call Bobby out of the road. All day on the beach they fought over toys."

He brought her a drink. "Maybe you'll feel better when we get away for dinner."

"I'm sure you will," Tess said, trying to smooth things. "Just the two of you."

"Oh, don't try to make it sound so romantic," Valerie said. "Who could be romantic with him? He's gotten paunchy and stuffy and dull. We'll go out to escape the children and spend all evening talking about them."

"I don't think Joel's so paunchy," Tess said. "Or so dull."

"All right. You go to dinner with him."

From her looks and the sound of her, Valerie must be on her third rather than her second drink, Joel decided. After two drinks she liked to show off. That was when she became the terrible child and made shocking statements she didn't mean, simply to outrage people.

"I didn't want to get married," she said. "I don't want to be married! Men! 'Tis he who'll have the fun and thee the baby,'" she quoted the song from Kiss Me, Kate. "They're all old lechers. Joel's an old lecher, a satyr, a goat, a faun."

This began to irritate Joel. "You're beginning to sound like the Congressional committee on legislative oversight," he said. It didn't make the right sort of sense, but it was a stab at a joke.

"Well," she said too loudly, "isn't it so? After you're married, is there anything but sex?"

Bitterly, but quietly, he said, "If a woman destroys everything about love except sex, the whole thing becomes revolting, even for a man."

"Oh, I'm sure that isn't so," Tess said sweetly.

Feeling his drink and his anger, yet still reluctant to snap at Valerie, Joel turned on Tess: "Just how could you be sure?"

"Why wouldn't she be sure?" Valerie asked before Tess could answer. "Every woman who's ever been married is sure!"

"Then married women are fools!" He finished his drink and went to make another, also making one for Tess. When he came back, he handed Tess her drink and said, "If you tell a man often enough that he's a lecher, if you treat him like one, he'll begin to behave like one."

This notion convulsed Valerie. "You mean you're going to behave like a lecher? What an idea!"

"What do you want me to do? Go get a date?"

Tess, growing concerned over the argument, said, "Now you children behave! You're a lovely couple. You have two handsome sons, and you're in love. You're just tired. Go have a nice dinner and stop all this."

"I'm not going to dinner with him," Valerie said. "It would be a horrible bore."

"It would be," Joel said, "if you insisted on making it one."

"A date!" Valerie laughed. "Yes. Go make a date! Who would look at you? One of the pretty little seaside girls?"

He finished his second drink. It didn't warm the chill of rage. Without answering, he walked resolutely into the bedroom and changed for dinner. When he came out, Valerie gazed at him defiantly. "Where do you think you're going?" she asked.

In a cold and measured tone he said, "I'm going out to dinner, as originally advertised. Are you coming?"

"No. I am not!" Then, lightly, "You can take Jeremy."

On previous occasions—there had been others of this sort, as there are in any marriage—this gambit had worked for Valerie. Now Joel faced her squarely. "No, my dear," he said, "I will not take Jeremy."

This alarmed Valerie, but Joel didn't wait for her comment. He walked out and turned along the sidewalk toward town. As he passed the hotel next door, the engaging blonde—she looked to be about thirty-five and alone—who had smiled at him and spoken on several mornings, smiled again. Joel smiled back and walked on.

He wondered if he was a lecher, as Valerie accused him of being. He certainly didn't feel like one. At the moment he only felt sad and wistful and a little lightheaded from the drinks. What he would like was a pretty girl—a feminine, affectionate and romantic girl—to talk to.

Joel came to a field in which two semi-pro teams were finishing a baseball game in the twilight. He watched the game without really seeing it. He wasn't angry with Valerie. He was only sad that she was not spontaneously romantic by nature, as he was. She never had been. And he was hurt because she said he couldn't get a date.

The ball game, ending suddenly, awoke Joel to the need for moving on. Why hadn't he asked the girl on the porch to dine with him? He'd lost his reflexes! Why not ask her now?

Although the prospect of returning pointedly and going up and speaking, when he didn't know her, when others would be present, terrified him, he walked hurriedly back to the hotel. As he went, his calves itched, and he felt ridiculous. If there was a scene over it, Valerie and Tess, sitting next door, would hear it. They would come out and laugh at him. This would make him look like a lecher, when he intended no such thing. Still, he was determined.

He reached the hotel and looked on the porch. The girl was gone. Several older people, sitting, rocking, digesting dinner, gazed at him in mild curiosity. He felt he should offer an explanation. Instead, he fled, relieved that it didn't work.

He went along the boardwalk into the busier part of Point Pleasant. At Duval's, the best restaurant, he walked up the steps to the dining room, a sort of deck overlooking the sea, and took a table by a front window. The headwaiter came and asked what he'd have to drink. He didn't want another drink, but, if he didn't order something, the management might be offended. He ordered Scotch-and-soda.

The headwaiter brought it back and said, "Your waitress is very busy at the moment, but she'll be along. Would you like me to take your order?"

"No," Joel said. He wasn't very hungry. "I'll wait."

The place was nearly empty, yet the waitresses scurried about as if they dealt with a mob. Must be inexperience. Most of them were attractive girls. Of course. They would be college girls. Valerie had come here, when she was in college, with Tess and some other girls and taken a waitress job so she could spend the summer at the shore.

Presently a tall, studious blonde with dark glasses and bangs came to take his order. "I'm not your regular girl," she said, "but there's no need for you to wait."

He ordered roast beef and a salad and resumed sipping his drink. Soon another girl hurried toward him. She was tall too. Her rather full, white piqué uniform concealed her figure, but she had good ankles. "I'm your waitress," she said.

"Welcome!" he said. And he gave her a sad, gentle smile.

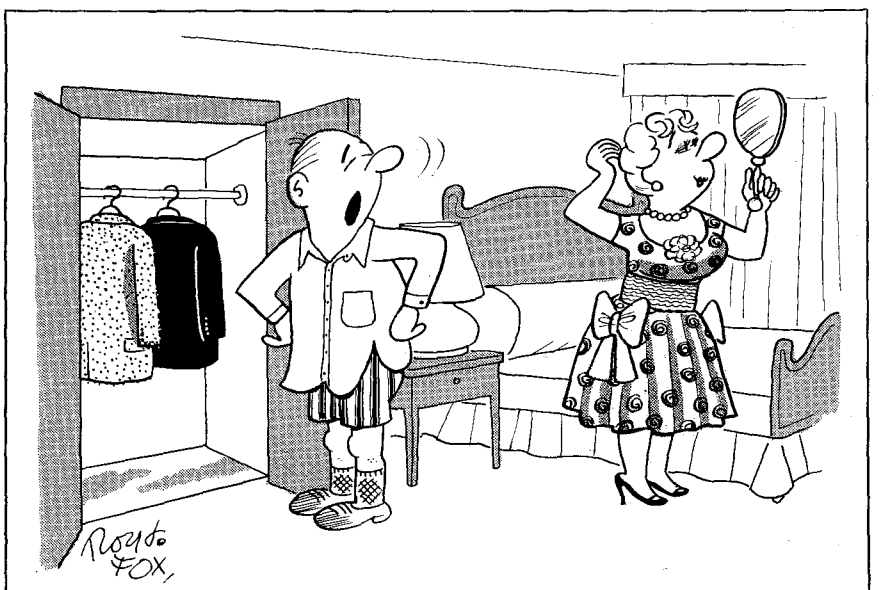
She blushed. At first he thought she was plain. But she wasn't plain. She had a wonderful face—an honest, open, friendly face. Her eyes were the color of cornflowers. Her hair, cut in a sort of partial bob that curled at her temples, but not much anywhere else, was the color of ripe wheat. "I just came to tell you your dinner will be ready in a minute," she said, "and I'm looking after it."

"I'm glad," he said. "It couldn't be in better hands."

She hesitated, uncertain whether he was angry or impatient or what. Anxiously she said, "I'll see if I can hurry it."

Then she fled as if she were a startled nymph.

Nymph? That this word occurred to Joel surprised him. It was years since he'd read Mallarmé's *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*. He enjoyed reading and remembered many curious things—especially words—but usually absorption in business pushed quaint expressions out of his mind. Valerie had called him a faun. Perhaps that suggested it. Or maybe, relaxing by the sea brought up the word.



"Which do you think will be more appropriate, dear—my tweed with the frayed cuffs or my navy with the moth holes?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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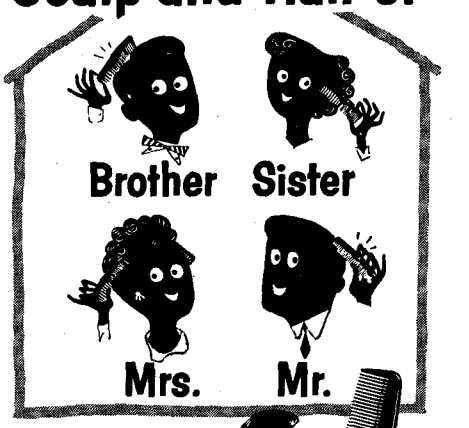

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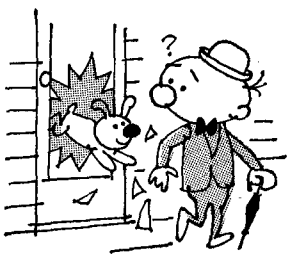

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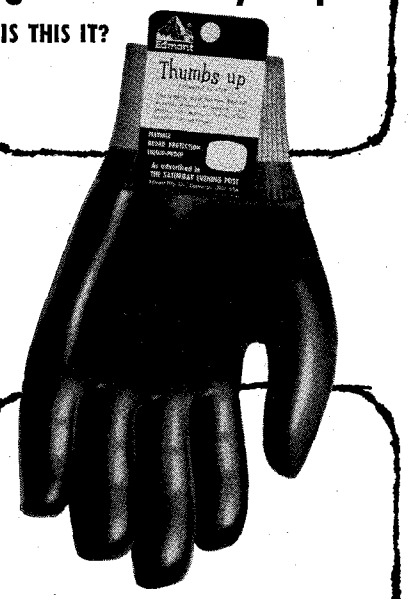

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For no good reason these thoughts reminded him that he knew Armand Duval. Once he had eaten regularly at Duval's restaurant in Philadelphia. He took out a card and wrote a greeting on it. When the girl brought his dinner, he asked if Armand was there. She said he wasn't. Joel gave her the card. "I know him. Would you give him this?"

"Of course. He'll be sorry to miss you."

He ate without much appetite and gazed at the few family groups who sat at the other tables. They looked rather dull and didn't seem to be having much fun.

When the girl came back for his dishes, she asked if he'd like anything else. He wanted to say: "Yes. Conversation with a pretty girl, but it doesn't seem to be on the menu." He didn't say that, though. It would be a coarse and unseemly thing to say. It was the sort of thing a brash salesman would say. Instead, he said, "No. I'd just like to sit here and sip my drink, if I may."

"Oh, yes. Of course you may."

He hoped she would come back, but she didn't. She had left his check when she took the dishes. She had no reason to come back. He wondered whether she actually was as pretty as she'd seemed. Perhaps she looked good simply because he was lonely. And that was the truth. He *was* lonely.

When she didn't come back, Joel went and sought company in the oval bar that, on a dais in its center, had a pianist who rippled lazily through a medley of old songs. They were songs Crosby and Russ Columbo sang in the '30's when Joel was young and in love.

There must be something wrong with the world. When those songs came out, there was romance. People believed in each other. Now there was a conspiracy of suspicion. To speak to a girl meant you had designs on her. If you picked up a hitchhiker, you were sure to be robbed, if not shot. If you did a kind thing, it was because you had an ulterior motive. Everybody believed this sort of thing and acted as if it were true. It was sad. You couldn't be friendly any more.

There wasn't much company in the bar except for the waitresses coming for drinks. He thought his waitress might come, but she didn't. On the other side of the oval two sailors drank sad beer together. Down the bar a crepy old hag sipped an Alexander with the cream floating.

Joel got up. Why fight it? Why not absolutely and bluntly pick up a woman? Romance! Who could find it? Everyone had forgotten romance. As everything else, it had become merchandise. You bought it. And, when you got it, it didn't do what it was supposed to. It had built-in obsolescence.

Joel remembered another bar where he and Valerie bought whisky. It had looked livelier. It was called the Marlin. He went there. The Marlin had a bigger crowd and a pianist who worked right on the floor beside the bar. He had an attachment on the piano that made it sound like an organ. He was playing Tico-Tico.

Joel sat at the bar on a stool opposite the piano. A girl, or rather, a woman, hung over the piano and kept telling the pianist to stop faking. Instead of getting mad, the pianist took this as a great joke. Until the girl saw Joel and came over, he thought she belonged to the pianist.

"You a musician?" she asked Joel.

He shook his head. "I just like to listen."

"I play a guitar," she said. "I can't stand a guy doing all this faking." She sat beside Joel. She'd had a good deal to drink. Her face was hard, and she wore too much make-up. But nature had been kind to her figure. It was trim and well shaped and packed into her dress as tightly as cement in a sack. "I'm just outta the WACS," she said. "Whatta relief!"

For a while the conversation went back to music. Joel and the girl tried to request tunes the pianist wouldn't know. But he was good. He faked a little, but he knew most of the numbers, including the Rhapsody in Blue, although he bridged rapidly to the andante because he said most people didn't recognize the early movements.

The girl, now sitting very close to Joel, pressed against him and asked, "What time's it, honey?"

Joel looked at his watch. "Eleven."

"Oh, hell. I've missed a last bus 'n' a last train, 'n' I ain't gotta place to stay."

"Where are you from?"

"Trenton." She fixed him with a glazed but challenging eye. "You think your people been in this country a long time?"

"I make no real claims," Joel said.

"'S a good thing for you! Know how old we are? Fighters from 'way back! Pros!" She made a broad gesture with her glass. "Know what?" She leaned close to tell a secret. "We were mustered out at Trenton. I'm a Hessian!"

"I would've guessed you were Irish."

She shook her head sadly. "That was later. Irish were like me. No place to

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spend the night." She glanced at him coyly.

"How much would a room cost?" Joel asked.

"Oh." She examined him carefully. "'Bout ten bucks."

Joel gave her a ten-dollar bill. She hooked her arm in his and said, "You're my kinda guy, honey." She pecked his cheek. "Let's go find this here room."

He studied her. All right. This was why he came, wasn't it? Who did he expect to find in a bar? The Queen of Sheba? If you came to a bar looking, this was what you found.

He felt sorry for this girl. His gorge rose, yet he pitied her. She revolted him because he'd never done anything of this sort, but that wasn't her fault. He squeezed her arm. "Look," he said. "I've got an appointment. You find a room. I'll meet you here in about an hour."

She watched him. She was fairly drunk, but she understood. She patted his cheek. "You're all right, honey. But if you change your mind, I'll be here."

Joel went back on the street. "I guess," he said to himself, "I'm not much of a lecher."

He considered going back to the cottage. He wasn't having much fun. His heart ached for Valerie. He mustn't take seriously these things she said to blow off steam. But they must figure some way to tear down the wall that irritation and exhaustion with the children built up around Valerie. Around both of them, in fact.

Joel decided to walk back to the shore drive and go home along the boardwalk. This was the last night of relaxing, feeling free, being able to think. On Monday he would climb back into the strait jacket of business. The sound of the sea would be gone.

The street he took passed a third bar called Philippe's. Joel looked in through a side door. A colored pianist, better than the two others, was just fooling around because the crowd wasn't there. Joel didn't go in. He walked around to the front door and glanced in again. Clustered at the forward end of the bar was a group of girls. They were the waitresses from Duval's. In the midst of them was his waitress.

Without hesitating, Joel walked in, went up to her and said, "Ha! Patronizing the competition! I will tell Armand Duval!"

All of them recognized him and laughed at this joke. His waitress gazed at him with soft and hopeful eyes. "Oh!" she said. "Hello!"

"May I join you?" He didn't ask them all. He asked her.

"Please do."

He got a stool and the girls made a place for him beside his waitress. She knew his name from the card he had left for Duval. Carefully she introduced him to all of the girls.

That he had been noticed and remembered—perhaps even discussed with the others in the kitchen—excited him. He didn't remember any of the names except hers, which was Ellen Brady, and the name of the girl on his other side, Grace, who was Ellen's boss. "Grace is in charge of all of us," Ellen said.

Joel turned to see what the girl in charge of all of the girls looked like. A brisk, attractive, dark-haired girl smiled at him. She was competently groomed and alert. She saw at once the wedding band he wore on his left hand. Lest there be any confusion about his being married, he put his left hand on the bar in plain view. Most of the girls gazed thoughtfully at the wedding band.

Joel asked Ellen if he could buy her a drink. She smiled and nodded. She had a wonderful smile. It didn't scatter itself all over the place. It was aimed right at the person it was for. She was drinking splits of champagne poured over ice. So was Grace. Joel ordered Ellen a bottle. Ellen divided it with Grace.

For a while, to the envy of two muscular young men who sat beyond the girls and who had been trying to decide on an approach, Joel was up for grabs. There was a sort of implicit understanding that he would select Grace or, perhaps, a willowy creature beyond Grace who wore her long hair in a bun and chattered brightly.

With dainty conversational threads, each girl drew Joel's attention for a moment. Each time he turned the conversation back to Ellen. To show her happiness at this, Ellen pressed her knee against his. He had forgotten how exciting the touch of a knee could be from a girl who really meant it. He bought Ellen another split of champagne and she told him how she'd felt so bad and was sure he was angry at the service she'd given him at dinner and how, although angry, he'd been so nice about it, sitting and sipping his drink afterward, so she wouldn't know he was in a hurry.

"I wasn't angry," he said, "and I wasn't in a hurry. I hoped you would come back." He told her about conversation not being on the menu.

"Why didn't you say it?" she asked. "That's cute. I was so embarrassed"—holding his arm, she hid her face against it—"I couldn't come back. I hid in the kitchen until you went into the bar."

"Oh, my dear." He pressed her hand. Quickly she pressed back, and a chill went up his spine. "Did I look so forbidding?"

She nodded.

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Seeing how things were going, the other girls had drifted out, each pausing to say good night. They were a gracious crowd. Finally, there was only one girl left. She had come in later. Ellen introduced her as her cousin, Wendy.

Wendy was young. She was trying on make-up and sophistication for size. Neither fitted as yet. She tried to join the conversation, but Ellen and Joel were too absorbed in each other. Joel slipped his arm around Ellen's waist. Impulsively, she kissed his cheek. She'd evidently had a good deal of champagne.

Into her ear he whispered: "Why don't you tell Wendy she doesn't have to chaperon you?"

Ellen drew away and looked at him seriously for a moment. "All right." She turned to Wendy and whispered. As she did, a waitress who hadn't been with the crowd came in. She'd been sick all day and hadn't gotten her pay. Where was Grace?

"Grace went to your room this morning with your pay and you weren't there," Ellen said.

The girl was indignant. What right did Grace have to go to her room? While Ellen tried to straighten this out, Wendy came and whispered to Joel. "I'll leave Ellen with you," she told him in a way that said he had made a poor choice, not selecting her rather than Ellen, "but please don't get her into any trouble. Don't keep her out late."

This made Joel sad. How could he tell Wendy? She thought he was a wolf, or, to use Valerie's word, a lecher. "I promise," he said. "Will you believe me?"

She was disappointed. Her bid hadn't worked. She nodded and went away with the waitress who had been sick. Then he was alone with Ellen. Champagne had made her quite gay. She kissed his cheek again and pressed her knee against his and squeezed his hand, all in the fashion of a child who hugs herself at some good fortune.

"You're wonderful, Ellen," he said, "to be nice to me. I felt old and tired. You make me feel young again."

"You're not old."

"I suppose not. But I must be nearly old enough to be your father."

She laughed at him and hooked her arm through his and leaned against him. "I'm twenty-two. You can't be forty yet. So you're not old enough. And you're not tired. You're fun. You use nice words. I like nice words because I want to be a poet. I'll bet you're a poet."

He shook his head. "But when I was on the beach this afternoon, and the tide was rising, and I watched the waves come higher and higher over the sand, castles and all, I thought of a line that might be poetry."

"Tell it to me?" She tipped her head and looked impish and eager.

"'And now the sea will come and heal
The scars of play upon the sand.'"

He paused.

"It is poetry!" she said. "How lovely!"

"You may have it." He looked at his watch. The time was one o'clock. He got up. "I'd better take you home. I hope it's a long walk."

She nodded. "It is."

They walked, holding hands, she pressing his arm against her side and glancing at him happily from time to time. Strangely, he felt again the curious awe he'd known on his first date long ago when he was overwhelmed and a little frightened. It was a delirious feeling.

On the main business street of Point Pleasant, he and Ellen met two of the other waitresses and four young men. The waitresses teased the young men. Ellen paused to tell about the girl who was sick. The young men gazed at her with that awakened interest young men show a girl when they've paid no attention to her and then see how she is attractive to someone older and more worldly. Tomorrow they would be calling Ellen for dates. Joel felt richly complimented.

Ellen lived up some dark stairs that rose from a dark back porch. Joel sat on the railing of the porch and drew Ellen to him. She let him kiss her neck, her cheek and her shoulder just inside her collar, but not her mouth. How soft and warm and clean a young girl was. The gentle, unblemished skin. The sweet uncertainty of innocence. She was beautifully made, and she didn't even know it.

Joel thought of a girl at the office of whom someone said: "She has a wonderful figure," and someone else replied, "Yes, but she doesn't really mean it."

"Why won't you really kiss me?" he asked Ellen.

"Because"—she turned away from him—"it would —— Then I'd have to—we'd have to get married."

He was astonished. Her innocence was real. "Can you actually believe that?" he asked. "It isn't so, you know."

She didn't want the disillusion of discussion. She took his hands, urgently. "Please come back tomorrow to see me at Duval's?"

He stood up and took her shoulders. "I wish I could, because you're lovely. But this is a dream for only one night, Ellen. I'm married. You must have seen the ring."

She nodded. "I hoped you might be divorced or playing a trick or something. A lot of girls wear rings and aren't married."

"No, my dear. No trick. I'm married, and I have two of the handsomest little boys you ever saw. But it's fun to dream again. Everybody needs to dream again. Are you angry with me?"

"Oh, no. I'm not. Just sad."

He held her tightly and kissed her cheek and found a tear there. "Good night," he whispered.

"Good-by, Joel." She turned, and like a nymph again, she fled.

Joel walked back to the cottage through the shadows. The door was unlocked. He slipped in quietly. Valerie was asleep on the studio couch. He changed to his pajamas and came and knelt beside her. The glass jalousies were open. The breeze that blew in brought the sound of the breakers.

The little light that came from the street revealed Valerie's face and close-cropped hair. She was a beautiful little gamin sleeping. He remembered when she was like Ellen. He leaned over and kissed her mouth. Scarcely waking, she slid her arms about him and drew him to her. "I'm sorry I was mean," she murmured. "I was so tired. And then I was afraid you'd gone away."

Women really were terribly uncertain. Valerie, Ellen, even the ex-WAC. It was hard to remember. "I could never go away," he said.

As he lingered close to Valerie, hearing her soft breathing, the sound of the sea grew nearer and louder. The tide was coming in again. Tomorrow everything would be over. A dream would be over. The memory of it would bring a sad sensation, as if someone had died.

"I hope," he thought, "those boys are nice to Ellen. I hope it all did her some good. But let them be gentle with her. Let them understand and be gentle with her."

He smiled. It hadn't been at all like Mallarmé, after all. Against the sound of the rising sea, he murmured softly:

"Instead of the nymph, the faun fled."

THE END

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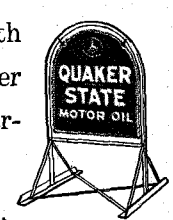

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Holland's New Weapon Against the Sea

(Continued from Page 19)

It sounded easy. The little harbor was still there, bristling with life. There was a puffing asphalt works, bulldozers, trucks, cranes, draglines, shovels—as well as a few neat, green huts with clean, white window frames, for engineers and workmen. A man was washing windows.

Above us, as we talked, towered the dam. Forty-five feet high above water level and 250 feet wide at its base, it was already Holland's tallest, stoutest dike, and it was being taken in, this morning, by a flock of rubbernecking engineering students. The free, most vulnerable, end was covered with glistening asphalt skin—tucked in for the bad season. But where the structure joined the shore, workmen were, at this moment, still laying on the covering. Come spring, the contractor explained, work would start off the Walcheren shore. And in the spring of 1961, when but a 1000-foot gap separated the two sections, the final operation, the closing of the gap, would be attempted.

This, he allowed, would be a tricky job. The currents here were lively at all times—the DANGER—NO SWIMMING! signs had not been stuck into the Walcheren beach for nothing. But drop an obstacle into a stream, and you will see its normal current, confined to a narrower bed, speed up like a feverish pulse, making construction work impossible. For centuries this fact had faced dike builders with a problem, until catastrophe produced an antidote.

The isle of Walcheren itself had been the proving ground. A German stronghold during World War II, it was attacked in 1944 by British bombers, which blasted holes into the dikes, flushing the Germans out. The breaches were so wide, the currents ripping through so powerful, that the conventional mending method of dumping rocks into the gaps could not have done the trick. Undaunted, the imaginative Dutch, after their liberation, sent for some concrete caissons left over from the man-made harbors of the Normandy invasion, filled them with rocks, and sank them in the breaches. Since then, this method, rather than the little Dutch boy's thumb, has been the classic way of plugging dikes.

I had seen it done, impressively, after the 1953 disaster, when many broken dikes were sealed by sinking caissons in the gaps and covering them, afterward, with sand and asphalt. The latest twist, according to my guide, was a new type of caisson equipped with movable side walls. Seven such caissons, he explained, would be lined up here, end to end, and sunk athwart the stream, with all their side walls open—allowing the water to run through at will during the operation. Then, at a signal, the panels would slide into place, and—presto!—there would be a dam.

A jeep took us to the tall, wind-swept sand dunes of North Beveland, to which the finished section of the dam was anchored. There, looking north, across six miles of choppy water, we could make out the coast of Schouwen-Duiveland, the island next in line. It was across this big body of water—the widest, deepest of the Delta sea arms—that, around 1968, the Dutch would throw Dam Number Two. How?

"It won't be easy," said my guide. "But we are picking up experience as we go along."

Here, we may briefly pause to re-examine some established notions about the Dutchman's fight against the sea. Ever since they discovered, centuries ago, that useless tidelands could be turned into good soil by draining, the Dutch have added acre after acre to their country, pushing the sea back in their path. Today, some two thirds of the Netherlands lies below sea level and is habitable only thanks to the protective dikes of sand and stones which subdivide it into watertight compartments, or polders.

Every now and then, the sea came back in with a vengeance, cracking the dikes, flooding the polders, drowning man and beast. The dikes were soon rebuilt, bigger and better, and man's advance continued. To make defense still easier, the Dutch, more recently, reverted to the strategy of shortening their lines, sealing off inlets up and down the front—what was a 1230-mile coastline in 1840 had been reduced to 800 miles by 1954.

Along with strategy, tactics improved. "We learn something," one engineer explained, "with every new dike we build. And every big job serves as a pilot project for the next. Even with those British caissons, we could not have repaired the dikes of Walcheren had we not learned our lessons in the Zuider Zee. And we could not have coped with the big breaks of 1953 without what we had done in Walcheren. Now, in the Delta, we profit from the 1953 experience."

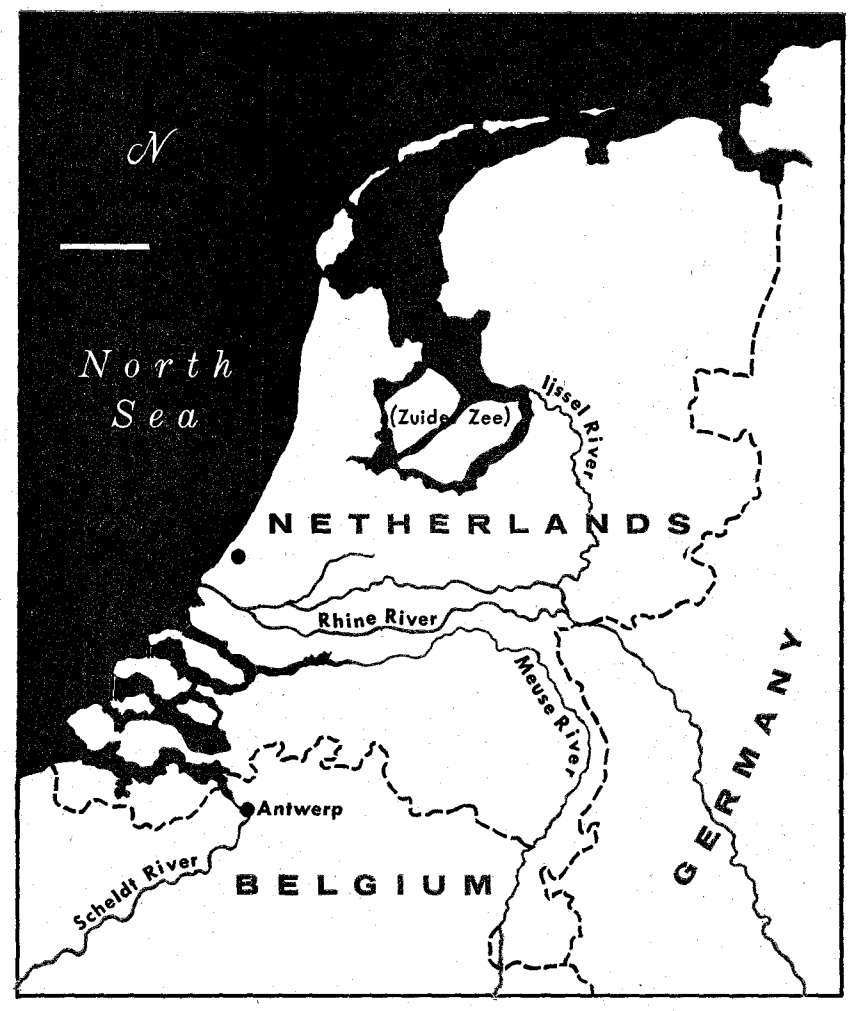
Behind the front, in lavishly equipped Dutch laboratories, scientists spend their lives studying wave formations, tidal currents, dike profiles and the like, on realistic scale models. New processes and new devices are examined, and new materials tested under stress. Those picturesque "mattresses," for example, used since the Middle Ages to keep the bottom of the sea from shifting while construction work goes on, may shortly be replaced by simple nylon sheets, laid down by a still-secret process. The nylon sheets, in turn, may be replaced by a new glue which, mixed in with the sand, would turn the bottom of the sea into a solid carpet. The land, the sea, the wind, the rivers—the Dutch know all there is to know about their subtle interplay. And final victory becomes a matter, almost, of arithmetic.

But the objective of the war itself has changed—it is no longer land the Dutch are after. With no more than one in every seven Dutchmen still making his living on the farm, there is little point in wresting yet another polder from the sea. And, with 10,000,000 people crowded into an area slightly larger than Maryland, and with the population growing by 100,000 every year, a few additional square miles would hardly solve the problem of breathing space.

Ironically, what the Dutch now crave is water. This dripping-wet, aquatic country, much of which has to be kept dry by constant pumping, is plagued by a disastrous water shortage. There are no springs to speak of, and the annual rainfall—averaging a heavy twenty-seven inches—is canceled by the loss of water pumped out of the low polders and carried off into the sea. At the same time, salt water from the sea creeps up the river mouths, seeps into the low-lying farms, poisons the soil. It takes fresh water to fight salt—and there is not enough fresh water handy. As people multiply, and as the better life calls for more bathtubs; as farmers concentrate, increasingly, on fancy cash crops such as seed potatoes, tulip bulbs and hothouse fruit; as factories shoot up around the cities, the cry for water grows more urgent by the day.

True, inexhaustible supplies of fresh water come rolling down the rivers into Holland, and all the Dutch would need is ample storage tanks to capture it. The closing of the Zuider Zee, in 1932, did, in effect, present them with a huge fresh-water reservoir fed by the River Ijssel. But land-making was, at the time, the Dutchman's prime objective. And though some space in the new inland sea, now called the Ijssel Lake, has been preserved as a fresh-water basin, most of it is still being filled, according to the prewar plan, with virgin polders—all of which need water.

The Delta Scheme puts the main emphasis on water and quietly forgets about the land. In fact, the total land surface gained in the process will not exceed 45,000 acres—the size of the smallest polder in the Ijssel Lake. Behind the four great Delta ramparts, what are now salty sea arms will become fresh-water lakes, sealed off—wherever necessary to maintain their levels—by secondary dams equipped with sluices. For the first time in history, the farmers of the region will have all the fresh water they can use. And Zeeland Province hopes to get its share of Holland's galloping industrial expansion.



In its latest campaign against the sea, Holland is building huge superdikes in the area south of The Hague. In the north, future dikes will convert the Wadden Zee into a lake.

Rivers, of course, want out. You can't shut them in forever, and if the Dutch closed off too many estuaries, old Father Rhine himself would kick over the traces, tearing to shreds the navigable inlet below Rotterdam—now the main shipping lane to Germany's Ruhr region—and flooding a large part of Holland. The Delta Scheme avoids this danger. One of the four new dams—Number Four on our map—which would seal off a major Rhine arm, will have a gate in it through which the excess water can escape into the sea.

This sluice gate, one of the most fascinating details of the plan, is now being constructed—in the midst of nowhere and at the bottom of the sea. A wildly bobbing little tug takes you out to the midstream "building lot" between the isles of Voorne and Goeree, where, in 1953, I saw some of the most heartbreaking devastations. The untamed estuary here is three miles wide. Currents are strong, and had the dam been built from both banks out, across the water, the angry waters rushing through the narrow hole would have prevented the construction of a central sluice gate. The sluice gate had to be built first, before the dam—and that is what the crazy Dutch are doing.

The job meant pioneering all along the way. "We rammed six poles into the bottom of the sea, about midstream," shouts the young government engineer across the spray, as we go out together. "Then we sank brushwood mattresses and weighed them down with rocks. After a while, we had an island."

The island looms in sight—and proves, close-up, to be a giant, elongated doughnut, a ring of asphalt-covered sand and rubble, twenty-five feet high above the water, 450 feet wide at the base, and two and a half miles around. The huge hole in the middle, painstakingly pumped dry, has, for its bottom, the bottom of the sea. There, forty-five feet below sea level, on a foundation of 22,500 concrete piles, the Dutch, this spring, will build their sluice.

It cost $6,000,000 to create this "building pit" and, even to the Dutch, it was a hard and complex business. A storm last summer bit off one 300-foot section of the wall; and at one of the island's corners the currents are so strong that twenty-foot-deep gullies are being gnawed into the sea floor, requiring constant mending. As soon as the sluice gate itself is finished, the artificial island will be taken down, much like a scaffolding no longer needed. But while it stands, the Dutch consider it a minor wonder, and, during the warm season, excursion boats bring up hordes of Dutch school children and grownups who walk along the road on top of the

(*Continued on Page 98*)

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(*Continued from Page 96*) big doughnut and gaze respectfully into the pit.

And what they see is still as nothing compared with the ingenious machine that it will take six years, and $55,000,000, to hatch. Back at his office, on the water front of a handsome old harbor, my escort demonstrates the workings of the sluice on a movable model. Filling the 3700-foot gap in the—as yet nonexistent—dam, there will be seventeen pairs of floodgates, each blade weighing 400 tons. These gates will swing from a suspended roadbed, fifty-five feet above the sea, with a five-lane highway on top.

"Frankly, I don't believe a thing like this has ever been built anywhere," the Dutchman modestly observes.

Needless to say, there still will be many long miles of dikes between the four new sea walls. To bring these old defenses up to the new standard—a chain is never stronger than its weakest link—soft points are being reinforced along the coast. At Flushing, on the Scheldt, where ancient city ramparts do double duty as protective dikes, I saw additional bulwarks being built along the beaches. And even on the other side of Walcheren, which will eventually come into the lee of Sea Wall Number One, farmers and fishermen had put an extra couple of feet on their old dikes—sometimes simply a double fence with earth between the boards, and flowers on the crest. Nowhere, not even far inland, will the old dikes be scrapped when the four superdikes are finished; defense in depth is an old concept here, and even with an "absolute defense" you never know.

The Delta dams themselves are backstopped by a "mobile flood defense" at one of Holland's most strategic points, some twenty miles inland. There, a freak tidal wave, originating in the sea and racing up the Rhine, might, literally, turn the nation's flank, taking some of its major cities from the rear. Such cities as The Hague, Delft, Leiden and Gouda—famous for its cheese—sit close together in a vast green saucer whose bottom drops as far as nineteen feet below sea level. Well fortified against frontal attack, directly from the sea, this region is exposed along its flank, where feeble river dikes leave its 3,500,000 inhabitants without protection.

To keep this heartland dry, a wonderfully simple $12,000,000 tourniquet has now been placed across a dead arm of the river. Consisting of a giant steel blade suspended between two 160-foot-high towers—allowing ships to pass beneath when open—it can be closed at the first sign of danger. The huge contraption is in place, and functioning; and though it is but distantly related to the superdikes up front, its formal opening, last fall, was greeted by the Dutch as a good omen for the Delta Scheme itself.

In fact, there is more to this scheme, it gradually dawns on you, than superdikes and sluices. For one thing, the new Delta Highway, running along the four big spans from Rotterdam to Walcheren, will rouse the island world from centuries of isolation. What is now drowsy, charmingly bucolic countryside—green pastures interspersed with ancient towns with quiet squares and Gothic steeples, marshes swarming with birds, and beaches visited by families of seals—will, overnight, become a wide-awake suburbia.

What this will mean to the tradition-bound, stanchly Protestant islanders—so "backward," in some regions, that the costume varies from one village to the next—is not hard to foresee. Thrown into a new century, they will be able, at long last, to take their vegetables and their fruit to market without seeing them spoil while waiting for the ferry. No doubt they will attune their crops to the new situation, become truck gardeners and, in the process, grow rich and citified. Nor will the traffic be one-way. The government plans to turn part of the green Delta region, with its fine ocean beaches and its new fresh-water lakes, into a tourist playground, patterned on our national parks, where city dwellers may spend weekends swimming, yachting, picnicking and fishing.

Apart from concern voiced by some elder churchmen, worried about bikinis on their beaches, there has been little resistance to the change that is about to come. The few discordant notes are struck by fishermen who may be forced to migrate to new grounds and by the port of Yerseke, on the South Beveland coast, which has been living off its oyster beds and which is likely to become a ghost town. Oysters need salt water to live in, and this particular bay, whose sandbanks store up sunshine and whose tidal movements are so nicely timed that baby oysters drifting out to sea are gently wafted back, is one of the world's finest spawning grounds.

"For eighty years, we have had a monopoly," one of the town's most prosperous oyster growers said. "All western Europe buys from Yerseke. And now they are going to turn our sea arm into a saltless lake, killing off oysters, mussels, lobsters, at one blow!"

What does it all add up to? It took the Dutch some centuries of dike-building, and the catastrophe of 1953, to bring the Delta project to fruition. Since then, ideas that had long been in the air, from river dams to better seaports, have been hitched, eagerly, to the bold concept of the superdikes—with the result that "Delta" has become the label on a Dutch Pandora's box containing a whole set of revolutionary changes. From what appears to be a random scattering of works-in-progress, there rises a new world—a world of glass-and-concrete cities devouring the green country as they spread; of a gray web of superhighways, complete with overpasses, underpasses, tunnels and viaducts; of clusters of new factories; of floodgates all along the lower Rhine which, at the flick of a few switches, will shoot supplies of river water now to the flower beds and orchards, now to the factories and cities; of a new deep-sea harbor, christened Europort, capable of accommodating the latest supertankers of 100,000 tons; and of, perhaps, a windmill here and there, and a few bearded fishermen with wooden shoes and clay pipes, preserved for the edification of the tourist.

This panorama, in itself, provides an answer to the question, Is what the Dutch are doing economically sound? The immediate purpose of the Delta Scheme—"absolute safety" for the threatened islands—might well have been achieved at half the cost by a mere heightening of the old dikes. But there would have been little inspiration to such a humdrum project—and besides, you are in the Netherlands and you are not expected to inquire whether fighting the sea makes economic sense.

"I struggle and emerge," says the proud Latin motto on the old arms of Zeeland Province which show a lion rampant, emerging, with a mighty trample, from the waves. Could it be that the Dutchman's contest with the sea, with its eternal rhythm of defeat and victory, has gone on for so many centuries that it has left its mark on his unconscious?

His outward reasons for continuing the war might change—more land, more safety, more fresh water—and still he would go on with it, one feels, as with a solemn tribal ritual, as long as there are dikes to build and gaps to close. Already with the Delta works barely begun, he has his eyes on the next round—a scheme to build a line of super-superdikes far off the country's northern coast, plugging the holes between the Frisian Isles, turning the Wadden Zee into a lake and giving Northern Holland the "absolute defense" the south is getting now.

"It will be a big job, of course," says Prof. J. Th. Thysse, one of this country's, and the world's, outstanding experts on hydraulics. "But once we've built the Delta dams, we'll know enough to tackle that one too. It will be done"—he runs a businesslike finger along the coastline on his map—"not later than the year 2000."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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What Ails the Theater?

(Continued from Page 26)

were, from time to time, forced to take refuge at the central altar from the storm of missiles that came rattling down at them when their customers—most of them in on passes, and having nothing but pleasure to lose—felt bored, cheated or otherwise neglected. An Athenian expected to like what he saw, and to lash out at whatever fell short.

As late as the eighteenth century in England audiences were inclined to rip the decorations from the walls, break the benches in two, and demand that actors beg forgiveness on their knees if they were seriously dissatisfied with the entertainment being offered them. And while the notorious Astor Place riots in nineteenth-century New York arrived at their thirty-one dead through a complex series of social, economic and deep-seated psychological aberrations, the hurricane began in a hiss and had as its terrifying center an aesthetic debate over the respective merits of two actors: the burly Edwin Forrest and the somewhat effete William Charles Macready.

I don't mean to become involved in a campaign for the re-establishment of hissing, even though Forrest, who was the original hisser in this last imbroglio, maintained to the end that there were two wholly legitimate forms of response in the theater, and that hissing was one of them. Hissing isn't the whole story. A letter that I have never been able to forget came to me a few years ago from a long-retired actress who had, as a youngster, been taken to see Edwin Booth play King Lear. It seems that toward the end of the play, when the mad Lear was brought face to face with his daughter Cordelia, there was a sharp pause, then, for a second that couldn't quite be caught, or measured, a startled, desperate, longing flicker of near-recognition stirred somewhere behind the old man's eyes, and then—nothing. The entire audience rose, without thinking, to its feet. It didn't cheer. It simply stood up. It was as though a single electrical discharge had passed from one body on the stage, instantaneously, through a thousand bodies in the auditorium. Something had been plugged into a socket; two forces had met.

This meeting is what the theater is all about; it is its greatest power; it is what most distinguishes it from all other arts and makes it the most *personal* of them. A painting rests in its frame, brazen and passive and waiting to be taken. A piece of sculpture thrusts itself into space, perfectly commanding and perfectly detached. A novel lies patient and unprotesting until we are ready to nod to it; it is an intimate, but an intimate born without eyes. A poem is a kind of cradle, moved by a hand that keeps gently out of sight. Even music, closest to the drama in the immediacy of its restless presence, refuses our handshake; we must turn slightly away in order to know it well.

The stage asks us to look at it so that it may look back, and make something of the eye-to-eye, nerve-to-nerve encounter.

But this is not simply to say, as we have so often and so feebly said in the competitive twentieth century, that the theater is the last of the "live" arts, the lone citadel of the flesh. (This argument, clearly, has got the theater exactly nowhere; each time it has been advanced the mass audience has struck up yet another love affair with some mechanical, most unfleshly gadget.) To go to the theater merely to *see* living actors, or to watch flesh passing by, is not all that exciting; we see people, and flesh on the hoof, every day.

To observe "live" actors going dispassionately—or even passionately—about their *own* business is never enough. The rewards of such detached sight-seeing are few, and trivial: we may have the satisfaction of looking directly at some well-known personality, of being in the same building with him, of saying later that we saw him "in person"; but it will almost be necessary for the actor to flub a line, or bungle a piece of business, to shock us into an active awareness that something *personal* is really going on—that he is a person, that we are persons, and that some secret is shared between us, if only his idiotic little mistake.

The actor, if he is to do what the great actors of the past seem to have done, must make his business our business, must turn to us and place it in our hands, must ask that we join him in a common activity. The theater gains its natural—and unique—effect not from the mere presence of "live" actors, or the happy accident of an occasional lively audience, but from the existence of a "live" relationship between these two indispensable conspirators, signaling to one another through space. When this exhilarating, intensely demonstrative union takes place the walls of the playhouse can barely contain the spiritual excitement that is bred; actor feeds on audience, audience feeds on actor; a fiery, nourishing pulse races back and forth between them.

It is obvious, I think, that twentieth-century theatergoers are not getting their share of the theater's most characteristic gift, a thrilling marriage of hearts and minds—with all the lovers' quarrels that properly belong to such a state. We do not hiss; we do not stand in unison on an impulse—what *could* prompt such an involuntary reaction?—we do not even care if we go very often; these are the polite, reserved, thoroughly decent signs of our discontent.

If we do not behave passionately, one way or the other, toward the theater, it is because the theater itself, somewhere along the line, must have banked its fires and asked that we be more discreet about our own. Where, and how, did the ice age begin? (Perhaps it is only the age of discretion.) The contributing causes are many, of course, and some of them are only mild and minor historical accidents: the anxiety of theater people to become refined members of society, more or less accomplished by the beginning of the twentieth century; the inevitable ebb and flow, with frequent cooling-off periods, that is the natural rhythm of any prolonged relationship.

Still, there are two continuing threads leading toward our present placid behavior that may be disentangled from the others without too much oversimplification: one of them is physical, the other philosophical.

We are encouraged to behave well in the theater today, and to keep the actors from making unsuitable advances to us, by the very shape of the playhouse in which we sit. We sit chastely outside the experience, as though we were keeping an eye on it from the front porch next door—attentive, but determined not to become involved. The actor, for his part, is safely boxed up in a neat little compartment with an invisible, but psychologically effective, "fourth wall" cutting him off from us at the one point where contact might be made. Each side likes to pretend that it is alone in the auditorium: the actor by scrupulously refusing to notice the audience, except surreptitiously, and the audience by being so quiet that its presence will rarely be betrayed. (When I went to

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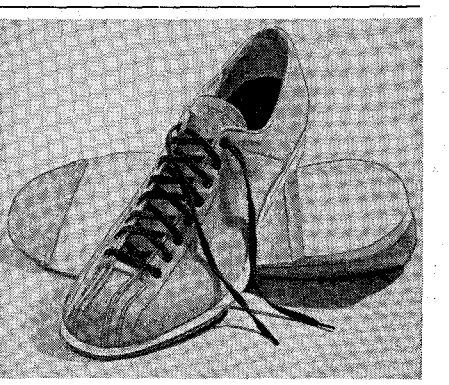

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drama school I was taught that it would be wise to abolish curtain calls, since these could only destroy the desired detachment, and hence all illusion.)

Under the circumstances it is difficult to arrange for the sort of violent meeting we have been talking about. Obviously, directors, playwrights and players in the past few years have been taking tentative steps toward breaking through the chill barrier which the proscenium arch has become: by poking little triangular aprons into the auditorium as Elia Kazan did for Cat on a Hot Tin Roof, by letting characters chat with us (but only in transitional, or borrowed-from-radio scenes) as Tennessee Williams did in The Glass Menagerie. But actors and audience are both noticeably uneasy when exposed to this gross familiarity (it remains false in a building that was never built for it), and it is necessary to go to the bold new tent-theater constructed for the Shakespearean repertory at Stratford, Ontario, to savor the first intimations of a candid and unembarrassed contact that may yet come back to us.

The standard theater shape we have come to accept began in what might be called an aesthetic error. An effete seventeenth-century court, in a culture no longer able to produce or digest the robust conversation between character and spectator of the late-Elizabethan, early-Jacobean age (never mind Shakespeare, settle for Webster or even Massinger), developed a hankering after pretty pictures. Because they wanted to hang their much-admired drawings at the back of the stage, they needed a frame: they borrowed it, naturally, from the art to which it belonged, the more passive art of painting.

Gradually, and with surprisingly little protest from anyone, the performing apron that had originally jutted out from the handsome backdrop was whittled away, until, at the end of the nineteenth century, the actors were safely housed in a private room of their own, reduced to figures in a landscape rather than friends in the meetinghouse. The two parties to the experience were now confined in isolation wards, unable to infect each other, to spread contagion. Contagion did disappear. Since the nature of the new experience was dictated by the presence of an isolating frame imported from an alien art form and having nothing to do with the peculiarly personal hand-to-hand combat of the theater, that close and bristling companionship which had always seemed so characteristic of the theater vanished.

I suppose there might have been an actors', or writers', or spectators' rebellion somewhere along the way if another thing hadn't been happening. The mind of the world was moving in a new and powerful direction: toward science, toward the glorification of the scientific method and of scientific knowledge as the only method and the only kind of knowledge worth having. (I am not, mind you, going to say anything against science as such, only against science as theater.)

Step by step, the theater—and to some degree most of the other arts, especially those that used words—marched into the camp of those calm, dispassionate, sedately objective fellows who wanted the world to stand still while they measured it and who quite rightly insisted that impulse and poetic intuition and raging emotion should play no part in the process.

In England, the eighteenth century had laid a very solid foundation for what was to come. Happy to call itself, and with some justice, "the age of reason," it begged mankind to be thoughtful, balanced, sane on all occasions, promised that universal happiness would arrive the moment cooler heads prevailed, and experienced great difficulty in convincing itself that the tempestuous behavior of a Shakespeare was not simply vulgar. If rowdies in the theater still felt heated enough to destroy the furniture now and then, that wasn't really very sensible, was it? Better that they should have paid quiet attention to a tragedy by Samuel Johnson, say the very reasonably worked-out Irene, than battle over impetuous nonsense. (They *didn't* listen to Irene, but no matter; the day would come when they would give something less warm-blooded than Irene their earnest, dutiful support.)

In the nineteenth century it wasn't enough for the arts to prove themselves reasonable; they were also forced to prove themselves useful. Can there ever have been a more glacial day for the friendly arts than the day the economist Jevons enunciated what was to become, for all of us, a ruthless guide to conduct? Jevons may not have meant to order our lives around a single standard when he pointed out that the only true value was extrinsic value (not what was in a thing, but what could be got out of it); that inherent value simply didn't exist. But we gulped him down wholesale, devouring every word: "A student of Economics has no hope of ever being clear and correct in his ideas of the science if he thinks of value as at all a thing or an object, or even as anything which lies in a *thing* or *object*. . . . Persons are thus led to speak of such a nonentity as *intrinsic value*."

> With world conditions as they are, the U. S. Cabinet needs a Secretary of Suspense.
>
> FRANK MILES

And we applied the principle indiscriminately, not only to such merchandisable objects as we might have for sale but to our time and our experiences as well. Before you could say "utilitarianism" the arts were in trouble: the exclusion of the artist from a practical society had begun, the divorce between common men and casual pleasures was under way.

Clearly, there was no profit to be taken from a painting hung on the wall (except perhaps by the interior decorator who placed it there), a poem held in the hand (until now successful businessmen had spent time in the evenings translating Lucretius), or a flicker half-caught in the eye of an actor playing Lear. If these things had no extrinsic value for the average man, and if there was no such thing as intrinsic value, what conceivable value was left to them?

In this new atmosphere, some of the arts simply ran away to hide, and became introverts; they are not heard above a whisper today. Some of them tried outrageous counterattack: Oscar Wilde and friends declared that the arts were above society, and indifferent to it—a position that did nothing toward re-establishing a relationship. Some others—the theater among them—genuflected slightly, confessed past error, and asked to be admitted to the scientific, and hence useful, fraternity. Plays, it was explained, could examine and, by examining, help solve the same problems that were being attacked by sociologists, economists, political scientists and therapeutic psychologists. (We have begun to see through this obliging self-deception in recent years, but still find it difficult to consider a play genuinely significant unless it tends to "say something" about juvenile delinquency or abortion or perhaps homosexuality.) What is more, the defense continued, plays could touch upon all these matters with the antipoetic, rigorously objective mental attitude of the laboratory technician.

Emile Zola nailed the manifesto to the wall. Until now, he said, scientists had been working as poets did: by guesswork and "intuition." Now that an unquestionably valid scientific procedure had been established, with proof positive as its reward, the old order must be reversed. Henceforward, poets would work as scientists did, depending upon "the accumulation of fact upon fact until some degree of truth shall have been arrived at."

Playwrights caught the hang of piling social fact upon social fact, and of presenting it with a minimum of poetic fancy. In the hands of Ibsen, Chekhov, Gorki, Galsworthy and Shaw the new tool was shaped and refined; it continues to do the work of Lillian Hellman and Arthur Miller and to dictate the surface form of such recent exhibits as Inherit the Wind, Sunrise at Campobello, Blue Denim, and Compulsion. One rarely praises a contemporary playwright by saying that he has struck a nerve so deep it cannot even be named; one praises him most highly by saying that his observation is accurate.

In the fact-finding laboratory of this latest of theaters the roles of the player and the spectator have necessarily changed. The player is not a partner to the experiment; he is the object of it. He goes his little way as "naturally" as possible: that is to say, he tries very hard to duplicate the precise surface conditions of "average" life and "average" language, to be a "fair specimen" held up for examination. If the sample of behavior he offers is in any way extraordinary, if it introduces elements that cannot be measured or promptly verified by comparison with the ordinary life we all know, he ceases to be sufficiently "representative"; as a freak, as an exception to the laws of commonplace experience, his scientific value is nil—you can prove nothing by *him*. The player, as well as the character averaged out for him by the playwright, is meant to be a statistic, and not even a variable one. Nor dare he interfere with the work of the man who is studying him; that would be as improper—as inexplicable, really—as the sight of a bacillus turning its head to wink up the barrel of a microscope at its owner.

Nor is the spectator any longer a partner; he is the calm observer who notes phenomena. He is not supposed to express partisanship, to feel passion, to hope for one or another answer. Emotion might blind him, invalidate his findings (have you noticed the tremendous resistance we've built up to being caught out in a show of sentiment?); the notion that he might wish to feel anything other than sober interest in the sampling before him is preposterous. Intellectual distance, and a rigid indifference to anything that might prove falsely persuasive, is what is wanted. Any sort of communion between the fact being examined and the examining mind might prejudice the outcome, as personal affection or close association might prejudice a member of a jury panel; and there would, in any case, be no point to it.

It is perhaps odd that an attitude of mind should find, at the very moment of its maturity, a perfectly expressive vehicle waiting for it. But that is what happened. The physical theater, steadily detaching the performer from the man out front, had come to look more or less like the glass-slide-under-a-microscope that was needed for controlled experiment. (We were quick to invent the term "slice of life" to indicate how perfectly we understood the scientist's needs.) The piling of "fact upon fact" that Zola had asked for was easy enough to manage in this sealed-off laboratory; the shape of the stage met the temper of the age gracefully; and the theater, though it soon lost something of its popularity, regained caste.

I am now at the edge of serious overstatement. If plays did become "accurate" records of observed life, and if the theater building did tend to detach the observer from the sample observed, the wholly dispassionate atmosphere of pure science was not—and could never have been—duplicated in the theater. For one thing, all the "samples" held up for scrutiny had been invented—and that made them bad samples. For another, we have continued to feel emotion in the playhouse. Certainly we are moved as we listen to a middle-aged aunt make a fuss over her niece and nephew, crack endless and very noisy jokes, and then suddenly find her hands out of control as she is forced to discuss her sexual failure in such a play as William Inge's The Dark at the Top of the Stairs. The squirming figures on stage are not bacilli, they are people; to some degree we "identify" with them, as the theatrical jargon of the day has it; the rhythms of their anguish reach us, and touch us. All is not lost.

But something has been lost. The emotion we feel at Look Homeward, Angel or The Dark at the Top of the Stairs (let alone Sunrise at Campobello) is, at root, a remembered emotion, not a new one. It is an emotion born of recognition in a literal, rather narrow, sense. In a realistic time the playwright must ask us to verify what he offers out of our own experience; to compare what he has done with what we already know (and know that we know); only by gaining our assent ("Yes, that's the way it was, exactly") can he hope to tease us into feeling something for his figures, into a sentimental relationship with them. I am caught almost at once in The Dark at the Top of the Stairs because Eileen Heckart behaves very much like a half dozen "aunts" I loved as a boy: she has caught the sound of them. I can now be led into disclosures that no aunt of mine ever made to *me*, but that are familiar in themselves from hundreds of treatises, scientific and semi-popularized, that have been written on sexual failure and emotional frustration. Two echoes join, imperceptibly; there is nothing I can question, and I am already committed out of fond memory; I believe what I see and am reluctantly, but effectively, stirred by it. I feel emotion at a contemporary play when I can say "That's just how she talked" or "That's how *I* felt" or "That's what the old place looked like" or "But this is an *actual* story!" The playwright seeks out averages; when he finds them, I cannot help but be drawn in. If statistics can be directly related to *my* vital statistics, even a scientific theater can make me respond in a highly unscientific manner. This may be a rather sneaky way for the playwright to seize the better of two worlds—the objective world of the "useful" theater and the subjective world of my emotional responses—but it does keep the contemporary experience from becoming hopelessly antiseptic.

There is, however, another kind of theatrical experience, the kind we have in coming to know Hamlet or The Misanthrope or Oedipus even though we have *never* known him, even though we cannot verify him out of our storehouse of perfectly intelligible associations, even though we cannot give him a name and must accept him not with our rational, measuring minds, but with our vitals. A friend of mine sat in the control room during a television broadcast of Christopher Plummer's performance of Oedipus and came out looking a little shaken and murmuring, "I can't (*Continued on Page 103*)

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He was everybody, grown a little taller...

LET'S SKIP all the things you've read about him, all the things you've heard too often or too young. Forget the face on the penny, the speech at Gettysburg. Forget the official things and look at the big thing. What was there about Abraham Lincoln?

He came out of nowhere special. His folks were nobody special. Abe was a smart boy, but not too smart. He told funny stories. He was strong and kind. He'd never try to hurt you, or cheat you, or fool you.

Young Abe worked at odd jobs and read law books at night. Eventually he found his way into local politics. And it was then that people began to know there was something special about Abe Lincoln.

Abe had a habit of growing without changing. So it seemed perfectly natural to find him padding around the White House in his slippers, putting his feet on a chair when he had a deep one to think about. And when the war came that might have torn his country apart, no one doubted what Abe would do. He was a family man. He resolved to keep the American family together.

Abe Lincoln always did what most people would have done, said what they wanted said, thought what they would have thought when they stopped to think about it. He was everybody, grown a little taller-proof of our American faith that greatness comes out of everywhere when it is free to come.

John Hancock
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
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(*Continued from Page 100*) help it, that play is so *visceral!*" A very well-known comedian got hold of a kinescope of the same performance and played it for himself daily for a week, arriving at a different (rational) interpretation of its meaning each day; but since its meaning was somehow received by the whole body and not simply by the working mind the task was superfluous, and perhaps impossible. (If you don't mind one more legend, it is said that when the Furies first descended upon Orestes in the ancient Greek theater strong men fainted and women miscarried.)

I am not, let me hasten to say, talking about a theater of outrageously sensual appeal, of simple animal passion. (In all probability no more controlled play than the Oedipus was ever written.) The word we are searching for, I think, is the one Zola so wished to discredit: intuition; specifically, poetic intuition. Nor am I going to be able to define this term to anyone's satisfaction; it will be enough to remind ourselves that the experience is known to exist. It constitutes knowledge of a sort, but knowledge that eludes rational or scientific formulation, that leaps like an electric current from eye to eye, that flares into visceral certainty only in the immediate presence of the person or thing known, and that is of no earthly use once the immaterial thread is broken.

It is a great deal like love: sure of itself without being able to explain itself, skyrocketing toward delight rather than carefully stalking a common-sense profit, exhilarated by a conscious sense of increasing well-being, expansive and generous and incredibly excited by the realization that something inexpressible is exactly communicated and exactly shared, gloriously passionate when things are going well and violently disconsolate when they're not. (Those people who broke benches *were* disconsolate; they had come happily prepared to fill themselves with love, and the loss was intolerable. If we don't rip up theater seats, or hiss, it is because we expect so much less, and are therefore far less disappointed.)

The climate of the contemporary theater is still temperate. But there are signs of a possible heat wave to come. We have begun to prowl off-Broadway basements and reconditioned cabarets, overlooking a good bit of discomfort, trying to get closer to the actors and to grasp them "in the round." We sense, faintly, the companionship of the "arena," even when the arena is too small for a really demonstrative meeting; when it is as big as a summer "musical tent," we feel happier. We scratch our heads and wonder if, when the next new professional theater is built, it oughtn't to be built along the lines of the strange new show place in Canada. Realistic actors bide their time taking lessons in Shakespearean playing from Richard Burton, after hours; not that Shakespeare is so important, but one day scale and poetry and fiery contact may be.

If we can learn anything from the legends, it is that the theater is *capable* of provoking a response—a deeply personal and highly inflammatory one—that is rather unlike the response generated by any other art form. It will be most perfectly itself when it most perfectly explores and exploits that peculiar gift.

The Eagle of the Snows

(Continued from Page 28)

small yellow plane of Manfred, the small yellow plane that landed on the glaciers, on the mountain ledges, that brought the fallen climbers down from death to life, that had made the pilot, Manfred, known all over Switzerland as The Eagle of the Snows. And now, Jocelyn could see the man climb into the cockpit, and he decided he would wait here awhile, hoping that Manfred would fly up the ravine and dive the plane on him as usual on the plateau.

Jocelyn swung his glasses east and down on the three lakes and the golf course of Kranz, from where the aluminum cabins of the aerial cableway brought up the summer visitors to the Cry of the Wind. Then suddenly as he swung the binocular up again to look across to the Hornblau, he found the girl with the golden hair looking into his eyes. The powerful lens pulled her in so close that for an instant he fancied she was sitting on the grass just before him. But she was on the twin plateau across the ravine, maybe three hundred yards away, although in the clear air, with the strong lens, he could see her teeth when she smiled. She was smiling, he guessed, at the music of the cowbells, at all the summer beauty.

Then he dropped his binocular and figured out how she had got up on her plateau. Away, below beside the brook, he saw the blue convertible parked, and he guessed she must have come up the Goat's Stairway on the cliff of the ravine. In a summer dress and in those white city shoes he had seen beside her on the grass! Eight hundred feet on a goat track that only a Valais shepherd dared climb!

They sat there, each on a private plateau, in the Swiss Alps. Jocelyn looked at her again through his binocular. And then, as he knew he had to climb the Hornblau, Jocelyn knew that he had to meet this girl. But how? He would have to go down by Kranz to reach the foot of the Goat's Stairway. During that time she could have descended the stairway and vanished in the blue car. He raised the glasses again and saw that her white handkerchief was red from the blood on her feet. She had climbed barefoot on the rocky stairway.

Below, the snarling buzz of Manfred's yellow plane filled the throat of the ravine. Jocelyn jumped to his feet, estimated his plateau was sixty meters long and thirty meters broad, and prayed that Manfred might come up and salute him with his usual dive. He stood high on the brink, and he saw the yellow plane begin to climb to him. He waved. Manfred came up the ravine, banked, gunned his plane and roared at Jocelyn, hoping to make him dive flat as usual in his joke. But Jocelyn stood high, signaled to the grinning Manfred to land, and he waved back from the cockpit and turned over the pasture land.

Manfred wheeled back over the ravine, hugged the wall under the girl, and had three hundred meters to aim his plane at Jocelyn's plateau. It sloped up slightly from the brink of the ravine, and to land on sixty meters was just an exercise jaunt for Manfred. He hit the grass a yard inside the brink, the wheels spun, the sleds behind the wheels braked him on the grass, and he had stopped in forty meters. He killed the engine, stepped out and waited for Jocelyn to come up. He was a stocky man with steel-blue eyes, a bony face and the smile of a man who smiled at death nearly every day.

All he said was, "Just why?"

All that Jocelyn said was, "Can you land over there?"

Manfred looked over at the girl's plateau, paused, then asked, "How necessary is it?"

Jocelyn handed him the binocular, and Manfred looked at the girl for a long time. Then he turned and smiled. "Why don't you date them at the movies?" He paused. "Come on. Swing her round and we'll go."

They lifted the plane by the tail and swung her around, and Manfred signed to Jocelyn to climb in behind him. Then he warned, "There'll be a bump over the brink until we catch the air. O.K.?"

It was not only a bump but a dive, and Jocelyn thought they were going to collide with the blue convertible below. But Manfred brought her up again and now he hugged the wall of Jocelyn's plateau, and came up aiming his wheels just by the girl. She dived flat as he skimmed her head, and Manfred only just missed hitting the rock face behind the plateau as he completed his landing.

He mopped his forehead, gave a long gasp, then grinned at Jocelyn, "After that, you'll have to marry her."

Neither even looked down at the girl as they alighted and swung the plane. Manfred got in again and eyed the slope. When he gunned the engine and began to roll, the girl ran hastily from the brink, and Manfred laughed. Then he was gone, over the brink, and going down the ravine in a long banking dive. Jocelyn paused, considered Manfred and said to himself, *A montagnard—with wings!*

Then he strolled down and stood beside the girl as she watched Manfred soar up the slope to the Cry of the Wind. She turned and looked at him. There was a curious green light in his blue eyes that made her think of the Alpine green in the blue sky, a light smile on his clean mouth, and he was buoyed with a kind of grace, as if it was natural for him to alight on a mountain. She had a golden skin, eyes of Scandinavian blue, hair with gold dust—and bare feet with streaks and drops of blood on the skin. He smiled as he looked down at her feet.

"Don't walk—fly. That way you don't get your feet cut on a goat path," he said.

"I meant only to climb on the ledge over the brook, and then I—I just had to come up into the sunlight."

He looked steadily at her as the *montagnard* looks at the peak that is his destiny. His voice was very quiet. "Yes, I guess you had to come up here."

She did not blush. On the contrary, she went a little pale. Then she looked at the yellow plane circling the hill. "That is Manfred?" He nodded. "He is your friend?" He nodded again and smiled.

"He must be, to land you here," she said.

"It was necessary," he said. "You know of Manfred?"

"Everybody knows of Manfred," she said, "all over Europe." She paused. "I would have been in Italy by now, but for Manfred. I stopped at Orion for gas, and I saw the crowd as he brought down that sick child from the alp to the hospital. So I stayed for lunch in the *auberge* at Orion, and I listened to the stories about The Eagle of the Snows. The Swiss worship him. The waiter told me that last week he refused ten thousand dollars for five days' flying with an American film company in Zermatt. But he will land on a glacier and bring down a man for nothing." She smiled. "And it was quite dangerous, landing you here."

"I gave him the binocular and he looked at you, and I guess he felt it was necessary."

"Necessary?"

"Necessary like the Hornblau, and Everest, and running at the Olympic games. And getting to the moon."

"A scientist," she asked, "or *montagnard?*"

"Both," he said, and knew a lot about her when she used the word *montagnard* and not "alpinist" or "climber."

She listened to the cowbells as if she did not want to leave their music. Then suddenly she spoke.

"Now I must go down. I have to be in Venice tomorrow, and I must get at least to the frontier this evening." She paused. "I—I would like to stay until the herd went down and I could hear the bells in the woodland. But I must go."

"A date?" he asked, and then he saw the ring with the blue stone on her third finger. She looked at the ring and twisted it and she nodded.

Suddenly her eyes were lost, and her voice trembled. "Yes, that is the date."

He felt snow colder than on the Hornblau run in his veins, but he said gently, "I'll go down first. Maybe we can bandage your feet with my handkerchief and your scarf."

"No. I don't mind the pain." Her voice was sharp, like a cry. "It is so little for all that is up here."

That cry went in like an ice pick, and he did not speak all the way down the goat path, twisting, dark, slippery from a mountain spring that dripped from rock to rock under the wind-gnarled pines. She slipped once and gashed her leg and left a trail of blood like a memory down that precipice. Below, in the clean sunlight again, she washed her limbs in the brook, and soaked her feet in the cold pool, but when she got into the car, she could not put her feet on the pedals.

"You can't drive. I'll run you down to Orion, and you can get your feet dressed and bandaged and wear sandals. You can drive then."

Going down the spiral road, he asked her where she came from and she told him Denmark.

"How do you speak English so well?"

"I learned at school. And then my father was at Washington, and I spent a year in America. And you?"

"Irish. But I work in Berkeley. I guess I'm almost American now."

"But you came back to climb?"

"Yes. The Hornblau once again."

... ...

Unfair Competition

By Roy V. Steele

He's a paragon of virtue,
He's loaded down with
money.
He's charming, generous
and kind
(His jokes are even funny!).

He's handsome, suave and
debonair,
He leads a life unharried,
For he's the chap, when
things go wrong,
My wife could once have
married!

... ...

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"My uncle died on the Hornblau," she said. "Grandheim. Nine years ago. They only found his body four years later. You know the name."

"Yes, I know it. I found his body."

She gripped his wrist with her hand, and he stopped the car. She did not look at him. She gave a little pant and said, "I—I am sorry. I—I don't know what is happening to me."

Neither of them looked at each other until they pulled up at the pharmacy. The chemist dressed and bandaged her feet, and she got sandals out of her suitcase, and then Jocelyn said, "One drink at the *auberge* to say good-by."

They sat on the terrace of the *auberge* and watched Manfred land his yellow plane on the field below. The peasants were gathering the grapes on the sunny fields, and the white peaks glittered in the snow.

"What a country! Like music in the eyes." She paused. "So you are Jocelyn, Jocelyn Moore. I remember that my aunt wrote and asked you to come and stay when you found my uncle's body."

"Yes. I could not come. I had to go back to America. It was my last year in college and I could not lose study time. And your name?"

"Doria. My grandmother was Italian. I got her name."

They were silent then. There was nobody on the terrace but a girl who looked American and who from time to time went to the giant telescope and pointed it to the Hornblau. Jocelyn knew that she could not see climbers up on the Hornblau at this range, but it was easy to guess somebody belonging to her was up there. Then Manfred came up, on his way to his chalet just above the *auberge*. Jocelyn called him for a drink, and he nodded to Doria as if he had known her a long time and sat in a wicker chair in silence. He raised his glass of wine and was about to toast Doria when the maid came out and said, "The telephone, Mr. Manfred."

They waited in silence, and when he came back he raised his glass to Doria and then spoke quietly:

"That was from the Grandheim hut on the Hornblau. Fritz Allmein saw a cordee of three on the rim over the glacier. One has fallen over the west wall onto the glacier. Only one. Either they were not roped or the cord broke. But he's down on soft snow of last night on dead snow, and he may be alive. Even if his friends could get down to him, they can't bring him off the glacier with no equipment. And I don't think they can get down. Fritz thinks he saw him move in the snow."

Manfred paused. The American girl came over and, her face white, asked, "Do you know which one has fallen?"

"No. All I know from Fritz is that the man down has a red jacket."

"Thank you."

She walked away and the maid quietly brought her a carafe of water. She drank it all. Manfred went on talking.

"It is nearly five o'clock. It is too late to go in the helicopter, and the vanes won't hold in the thin air maybe at that height, so it's the plane. It will take fifty minutes to fly around by the valleys and not burn up all my gas. I can take one man up and one man down. I must have somebody with me to turn the plane in the snow and load the man in behind me. The man I take up must stay there, or be able to get down to the refuge before dark. And above all, the man must know that mountain." He got up. "I'll go down and gas up and lower the sleds for the snow and get the gear ready." He turned to the maid. "Go up and tell my wife that I'm going off for a breeze to the Hornblau." He grinned at Doria. "See you when I get back." He looked at Jocelyn. "Ten minutes."

He was gone. Jocelyn sighed, got up and smiled at Doria.

When he came back, he was dressed in his climbing gear and clanked in like winter on the summer terrace. He walked over to the American girl and touched her on the head.

"That red jacket is yours?" She nodded. "Don't worry. Manfred will bring him down." She nodded, tears in her eyes. Then he came back to Doria. "Sorry not to finish that wine. Maybe one day. Give my love to Venice. I know it well. 'By."

Doria watched him walk down to the airfield, put in the stretcher and the medical kit with Manfred, and in less than eight minutes they were gone, climbing into the blue light. In a daze, Doria waited until they were over the low hills and gone along a valley, and then she stepped off the terrace and slowly walked over to the car. She opened the door, looked once at the yellow speck of the plane, then started at the soft voice that now had a sharp nervy tone, "So, you are going to Venice—while he is up there."

Doria turned and looked at the American girl. She flushed, "But I—I've only known him an hour. He ——"

"I would have thought," said the American girl with a cold smile, "that ten minutes would be long enough to know a man like that—forever. He is going up there to bring down my husband, a man he does not know, and he will have to spend the night on the Hornblau, and who knows whether he will be alive or dead in the morning? Have a nice time on the Lido, and don't get your feet wet in the Grand Canal."

They looked at each other, and both flushed. Then Doria unlocked the trunk of the car, went in to the *auberge*, and a boy came out and took in her suitcases. Then she went and sat by the American.

"Thank you," she said. "I think I would have been glad to have killed myself on the road to Venice if I had gone."

"Do you have to go to Venice?"

Doria twisted her ring and turned the blue stone inside her finger.

"Yes. We are—were supposed to be married in Venice, and—and I'm going to be late and —— Let's have some tea."

There was a blue tint in the gray eyes of the American girl when she smiled. She murmured, "Yes, I guess you are going to be a little late. By the way, I'm Carol—Carol Goland. And you?"

"Doria Grandheim. I'm Danish."

"Grandheim? There's a Grandheim hut on the Hornblau, called after the famous climber who was killed there."

"My uncle."

"Ah —— Then your father was ambassador at Washington?" Doria nodded. "Tom works in the State Department. I guess I know why he just has to get up on a mountain every summer." Her hands were knotted tight. She looked up at the Hornblau, golden-pearl in the Alpine light. She shivered. "I'm cold. I've got snow inside me. I must have some hot tea."

Doria called the maid for tea and she looked gently at Carol. "Don't worry. Manfred will bring him down. He always brings them down. He ——"

The maid leaned down and said softly, "That is Mrs. Manfred."

The woman who came on the terrace ordered chocolate ice cream for the two children—Hans, aged four, who was like his father; and Christiane, just three, who had the same name, fair hair, oval face and beauty as her mother. She spoke to the children variously in German, French and English, and joked about Manfred's going all the way up to the Hornblau to play with snowballs. She knew that Carol was the wife of the man down on the glacier, but she gave no sign. Nor did she once look over at the Hornblau.

Maybe to get her mind off the Hornblau, Carol asked softly, "Tell me about the man in Venice that you are—were going to marry. And why marry in Venice? Is he Italian?"

"No; Norwegian. But his family loves Venice. They have a *palazzo* on the Grand Canal, and ——"

"Only one *palazzo?*"

"Can he help it if he is rich?" asked Doria, flushing. "His father is the timber king of Norway, and ——"

"He cuts down trees and he makes millions. I prefer the people who plant trees and make things grow."

"I'll say this for Walter, he has a way with children."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Carol, I am going to get very mad with you."

"Don't waste time. Just work out that telegram you are going to send him. Just say the car is disabled and you are spending the night at Orion. That will stall him."

"Not Torgin. He's got his plane at Milan, and ——"

"Only one plane?"

"—and he can land it here, on that jet runway, and ——"

"Then you'd better send that telegram very late this evening, and —— When's the wedding?"

"The day after tomorrow. I ——"

"The telephone, Madame Manfred!"

Mrs. Manfred got up and smiled at the children before she followed the maid into the *auberge*. Carol's hands tightened again, and it was a long three minutes before Mrs. Manfred came out and sat down and laughed with the children. Carol could not stand it and walked over to the table.

"Excuse me. I know you are Mrs. Manfred. Was that call from the Hornblau?"

"Yes. From Fritz at the Grandheim hut. They have landed, about a hundred meters from your husband. They have turned the plane and are now going to him. Fritz will call again." She paused. "But Fritz is a mile away, and you won't have any news until they bring your husband down here." She smiled. "Don't worry. My husband is very lucky."

"Very lucky," said Carol, as she looked into the calm eyes of Christiane, who had waited over a hundred times for The Eagle of the Snows to come back.

They waited in absolute silence for the next call, which came in twenty minutes. Mrs. Manfred came back again and walked over to Carol.

"They have put your husband in on the stretcher, and Manfred has taken off O.K." She paused. "Mr. Moore is on the glacier, of course, but Fritz thinks he is going to try and make the refuge before the night. He is a great *montagnard*, and knows that he must get off that glacier. That is all."

She did not mention the avalanches. One did not mention these things. Then she went in again and called the hospital, and very soon the white ambulance, the doctor and nurses stood waiting on the green of the airfield. Carol's dress was drenched in sweat, and with an apology she went in to change. She seemed cool when she came out again, and at last they saw the yellow plane, now dark gold in the lowering sunlight, come along the valley, flying low.

When the plane landed and taxied to a quick stop, Carol leaped in her chair. Then she said, "I—I guess I wait here."

"Yes, madame," said the maid very firmly.

They saw the doctor bend over the stretcher, move his hands over the man; then he was hurried away in the ambulance. Very slowly Manfred came up, produced two snowballs from a can and flung them at his children. Then he came over to Carol.

"There is nothing wrong with him. Just an arm broken and a leg broken. When he fell, he started a small avalanche and that brought him down on the glacier. They will call you from the hospital when you can see him."

Manfred turned away from Carol's eyes and looked at Doria. "Mr. Moore is going to try and get down to the refuge by nightfall. He has a lamp, and Fritz will watch him from the Grandheim hut, even if he has to go down the last part at night." He looked at Carol again. "Your husband's friends are on the way down to the (*Continued on Page 106*)

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About Cigarette Filters

Some Facts For Cigarette Smokers

AS A CIGARETTE SMOKER, you have probably wondered where you stand in relation to other cigarette smokers. You may have asked: How many other Americans smoke? How much do they *really* smoke? What's behind the big interest in cigarette filters?

It is estimated that in 1958 more than 60 million American men and women were cigarette smokers.

According to government figures, 462 billion cigarettes were produced in the U. S. in 1958—or just a shade over a pack a day for every cigarette smoker. This was an increase of 4.4% over 1957 and 9% over 1956, reflecting similar increases in the adult population. About *half* the cigarettes Americans smoked last year were filter tipped.

People smoke for relaxation and pleasure. Many people feel that cigarette smoking calms their nerves. Filters apparently contribute to this sense of well being, for they have become so popular that their pyramiding sales have been described as "the filter-tip revolution." Filters are designed to trap or strain out certain substances – resulting in what is often described as a more pleasing smoke – and recent reports of laboratory tests have confirmed the effectiveness of modern filtering material.

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Facts are always interesting—and sometimes they are also useful. Perhaps you will put these facts to your own good use by joining the 30 million or so Americans who already enjoy filter cigarette smoking—at least it might be well worth a try.

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(*Continued from Page 104*) Grandheim. They should be there in an hour. I'll call them and tell them your husband is O.K." He looked deep into Doria's eyes. "You did not go to Venice." He grinned. "That is twenty Swiss francs owed to me by Mr. Moore. He'd best get down alive, or I'll never get paid that bet we made on the glacier. I'll see you later."

Carol blinked her eyes and then grinned. "Gosh, I could do with a drink now, Doria!"

The valley was filled with clear moonlight when Carol came back from the hospital and found Doria on the terrace. She laughed.

"Tom's in great form. Gosh, the Swiss! They think no more of a broken arm or leg than a mosquito bite." Then she realized that Doria was very quiet. "Nothing from the Grandheim hut yet?"

"No. I'm waiting. Fritz saw Jocelyn as he went down the crevasse at dusk. Then he went out of sight. So Fritz is waiting until he shows the light at the refuge." Doria shivered. "It's ten o'clock. Down that crevasse in the dark! Maybe he's going to spend the night on a ledge. Manfred says he has a sleeping bag." Doria shivered again. "I can't forget that it was on the crevasse my uncle was killed."

"Don't think about it. They say that there's telepathy in the Alps, and ——"

Manfred came out. He was laughing. "I've just been talking to Fritz. He says that Moore signaled to him in Morse from the refuge just now. Fritz wants to know what some of the words Moore used mean. Ho, ho, ho, what a boy is Moore! Ho, ho, ho ——" And he rolled his way in, laughing, to the bar.

Suddenly Doria burst into crying. "I just can't help it. The way Manfred told us he got down. Oh, I want a hot punch now, and sleep, sleep, sleep. Oh, dear, all this for somebody I've known only a few hours!"

"Did you send that telegram to Venice?"

"Yes—to arrive in the morning." Doria sighed. "Then I know what is going to happen. He's going to fly from the Lido to Milan, pick up the plane and land down here. He'll be on the telephone in the morning, and ——"

"And tomorrow is going to be quite a day, honey," chuckled Carol. "Now to bed."

When Doria came out to breakfast on the sunny terrace at eight o'clock, she saw that the yellow plane was not on the airfield.

"Just coffee, and *croissants*," she said to the maid, who spoke in French to Doria.

"But, mademoiselle, there is a telephone message from Mr. Moore saying that he wants four eggs, ham, and you for breakfast at nine o'clock on the terrace. Mr. Manfred has flown over to bring him back. Perhaps just a coffee now?"

Carol had come out and heard the message and laughed. "It's always a bore, waiting for a man at breakfast. You'll have to get used to it. He must have started his climb down at dawn. I guess he was just hungry."

It was a beautiful morning, and the telegram came from Venice just as the yellow plane came into sight. Doria read it and looked at Carol.

"I guessed right. He's coming to pick me up here in his plane about noon. What am I going to do?"

"Don't you think, honey, that Jocelyn Moore is going to decide all that? He looks like a very deciding man to me."

The yellow plane landed below, just as a sweep of jets took off on the long runway westward and whistled through an Alpine gulley only eighty yards wide. Jocelyn and Manfred watched the marvelous Alpine flying awhile and then came up and did not say good morning to Doria until they ordered a dozen eggs and extra servings of grilled ham. Jocelyn had got a slight fall on the crevasse, and his face was gashed and his hands cut.

"I need a shave, but I need breakfast more," he said, smiling at Doria. "Didn't I meet you yesterday? No. It can't have been you. The girl yesterday was going to Venice —— Where the deuce are these eggs and ham?"

Manfred went back to his chalet after breakfast, and then Jocelyn got up. "I'm going to shave and change into human clothes again. Be here?" She nodded.

When he came back she got up and said, "Like to drive somewhere?"

"Yes."

"I'd like to go up and sit on the hill where you were yesterday. How far can we drive?" she asked.

"Nearly all the way, if you'll ride a grass track where the jeeps go up to bring down the milk from the herd."

"You drive. My feet still pain."

They did not say anything, driving the elegant convertible through woodlands and mountain pasture and startling the surprised shepherds on the high pasture. They walked the last half mile and then they crossed a glen to the plateau, and lay in the sunlight.

Looking down at the lakes, watching the silver jets in the sky, listening to the cowbells, they were silent. At last she spoke, "It's been a long time since yesterday, Jocelyn."

"I don't think of time that way. I don't think I ever did. That is why I am a physicist. But why did you say it has been a long time since yesterday?"

"But it is short now, Jocelyn." She looked at her watch. "It is just ten-thirty. In about ninety minutes a big plane is going to be down there in Orion to pick me up."

"Sounds urgent. When is the ——"

"The wedding is fixed for Venice tomorrow."

"It's nice to have a big private plane."

"Perhaps. But I prefer a small yellow plane—one that takes people off glaciers. And leaves people on glaciers, when it is, as you say, necessary. Was it cold on the crevasse?"

"A little. But the moon was very kind to me last night. I must go up and thank the Lady Moon one day."

"That's going to be an awful long wait on some terrace somewhere for whoever is waiting for you to come back." She paused. "How long will it take to get to Orion?"

"Less than an hour."

"I want to be there when the plane lands. That is, as you say, necessary. I think I can drive down alone. You stay up here." She got up and walked a little away. Then she turned. "Would you like me to bring some sandwiches and a bottle of white Valais wine? Then we could lunch up here."

Jocelyn turned on his elbow and looked up at her. "And a flask of hot coffee. That would be possible?"

"In this hot sun?"

"No. But it might be cold in the evening and it might be late before we go down. The moon will be up early, and it looks nice from here, shining on the lakes."

When she waved to him and had gone down the pasture land in the blue car, he took out his writing pad and began figuring in space. Then he looked over at the Hornblau. He had come to Switzerland to climb it again this summer. But this summer, he knew, it would not be necessary.

The Atom is Going to Work (Continued from Page 29)

good deeds be expected to ease the political and economic tensions that now keep us on the edge of atomic war? Will the genie's smiling face eventually banish fear of its dark, destructive other self?

Only time—and probably a very long time—can bring the final answers. But the sheer magnitude and variety of atomic research and planning now going forward around the world, as I saw it in visits to installations in many parts of the United States and England and during my attendance at the Second United Nations International Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy in Geneva last September, certainly strengthen hopes in that direction. In the wake of the Geneva meeting have come other encouraging developments, including the signing in November of the United States co-operation agreement with EURATOM, the European Atomic Energy Community—France, West Germany, Belgium, the Netherlands, Luxembourg and Italy. This calls for us to lend them $135,000,000 to build five to seven nuclear power plants with a total capacity of 1,000,000 kilowatts of electricity.

Congress approved the agreement in principle last summer and must now approve its details and appropriate the funds, which include a $50,000,000 research-and-development allocation, to be matched by the EURATOM countries, and a $90,000,000 guarantee for the fissionable fuel.

In this and a succeeding article I shall try to convey the scope of these nuclear activities and shall discuss some of the problems that must be solved, at both national and international levels, as the world marches into the atomic age.

The atoms-for-peace gathering in Geneva, sandwiched between conferences there to discuss control of weapons testing, was the largest and most truly international science meeting ever convened, with 6300 participants representing sixty-seven nations. And nearly every one of those nations had plans to put the atom to work—sooner or later.

There was and still is much interest in the atomic timetable. Britain, France, the United States and Russia already have plants in operation and others under construction. The EURATOM reactors to be built with United States loans are to be finished by the end of 1963. EURATOM's over-all target is 15,000,000 kilowatts of capacity by 1967. Certain other proposals, however, will have to be cut and trimmed to fit the slower technological pace of underdeveloped countries.

Indeed, the aspirations of the less advanced nations—about which we shall have more to say later in this article—were a major point of discussion at Geneva. And they will continue to demand attention in the years ahead. For these nations embrace 75 per cent of the population of the globe—now estimated at a total of 2,800,000,000. If the raising of living standards is to be an atomic goal, as it should be, the challenge here is tremendous. Moreover, in the East-West competition for friends and spheres of influence, atomic assistance to these countries will be a strong ploy.

The conservatism displayed in appraising the atomic capabilities of the under-equipped nations was part of a theme of realism that distinguished the recent Geneva meeting from the more expansive atmosphere of the first atoms-for-peace conference, held in the same city in 1955. It is guiding much of the present thinking and planning, in both the United States and Europe. Even against this realistic background, however, the general outlook sketched by the Geneva discussions was encouraging.

In spite of the architectural awkwardness of the huge, sprawling Palais des Nations, with its blind corridors and closet-size elevators, the participants did manage to mingle. And in the two crowded weeks of formal meetings, press conferences—with 500 correspondents—and more intimate blackboard sessions in the exhibit booths, they showed a heartening willingness to exchange information and to help one another along with their tasks.

The thawing of scientific secrecy, begun in 1955, proceeded rapidly at the 1958 gathering. On the very first day the heads of the United States and British delegations—Adm. Lewis L. Strauss and Sir John Cockcroft—announced the declassification of all their nonmilitary work on controlled fusion. Russia, on her part, presented to the conference four volumes of reports on her own atomic research, including more than 100 papers on fusion. However, when asked by reporters if this meant that all Russian fusion research was being declassified, Prof. V. S. Emelyanov, stubby, blond chief of the Soviet atomic-energy board, would only reply: "These books include work done in 1958. That ought to satisfy you."

Public interest in the conference outran all forecasts. Residents of Geneva and thousands from other countries thronged through the big, temporary wooden exhibition hall on the sloping lawn of the Palais, overlooking Lake Geneva. Even with the Swiss National Circus competing for their attention in a downtown park during the full two weeks, the atomic exhibits—including the commercial one near the circus—drew a total attendance of 150,000. Men and women, teen-agers in tight jeans, and babies in arms or carriages ogled the glittering display of atomic hardware.

Among scientists as well as laymen, the American exhibit was by all odds the hit of the show. At times several hundred lined up outside the gate, waiting to be admitted in small groups to avoid clogging up the traffic. The exhibits were rather technical for many of the visitors, who could only push buttons, look amazed or bewildered and have their radioactivity measured—along with their weight—in special counting booths.

But many really got something out of it all—and others made a serious effort to. In one of the groups moving through the United States section was a Swiss woman in a pink-flowered dress, holding a child by each hand. The group paused before a model of an atomic power reactor while the girl interpreter, one of a team of bright young things in gray-blue uniforms and yellow berets, explained all about fuel cores, control rods, steam cycles, and so forth.

After a few minutes of patient listening, the two youngsters, a boy of ten and a

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girl of about twelve, started to edge away toward another exhibit, with flashier lights and louder bangs. But their mother pulled them firmly back. "You pay attention to what *mademoiselle* is saying," she admonished them, in a loud whisper. "After all, this is what you children are going to be living with. This is *your* age—the atomic age."

Although her erudite patter went over the moppets' heads, the girl interpreter and her fifty-odd teammates helped make the United States exhibits a notable achievement in international communication. The girls, most of them from the University of Geneva's School of Interpreters, had been given a quickie course in atomic physics and chemistry. They were then able to conduct lay groups through the displays of isotopes, reactors and fusion fireworks and describe them knowingly in any one of six or more languages. Visitors were usually assigned to groups according to language spoken. The attractive guides also served as linguistic catalysts in some of the exhibit-booth conversations between scientists of different countries.

Here another diplomatic stroke was scored by the United States exhibit managers—Dr. Clyde Cowan, professor of physics at the Catholic University of America; Col. John H. Rust, of the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology; and Dr. Lloyd J. Roth, professor of pharmacology at the University of Chicago.

"We felt the exhibits should consist not only of things but of people," Doctor Cowan explained. "So we rounded up about two hundred of the leading scientists from fields we were planning to have exhibits on. We couldn't just stand them on the floor with dead exhibits around them, so we brought pieces of their own laboratories to Geneva (or installed working duplicates). As a consequence, when a foreign delegate called at an exhibit it was like visiting the American scientist in his own laboratory—and watching him work. A number of our people actually continued research projects here which they had begun back in the States."

To assemble the displays cost the United States about $4,000,000—not including the value of the borrowed laboratory apparatus. In terms of international understanding and good will, it was well worth the investment.

Although the American scientific exhibits were the most elaborate, nineteen other nations, including Russia, put their atomic accomplishments on display. In the commercial exhibits in downtown Geneva the most impressive showing was made by Great Britain. All of these demonstrations, as well as the papers presented in the sessions, gave clear evidence that atomic activity is progressing at a rapid rate in the technically advanced countries, with lively competition among the three major atomic powers—the United States, Britain and Soviet Russia—for leadership.

It is a race with mixed goals. For the United States and Russia, each well supplied with coal for many years, the principal peacetime aim is international prestige, proof of technological supremacy. England has that in mind too. But she has in addition an urgent need for a new power source. Her coal deposits are running out and becoming more and more expensive to work. "Carrying coals to Newcastle" has lost its meaning. Of all the countries, therefore, England is most immediately concerned with atomic power.

A brief run-down on the race to date, and on the power prospects of the future, was given at Geneva by Sir John Cockcroft, director of the British Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell. Sir John and Dr. E. T. S. Walton, of Dublin, were the first to split the atom by artificial means, in 1932, and for this feat they were awarded the Nobel prize in physics. "There is general agreement," said Sir John, "that by 1975 most new power stations will be nuclear." A tally by nations indicated that by 1970 nuclear power stations will be turning out at least 15,000,000 kilowatts of electrical capacity, about fifty times as much as they are now producing. (This figure would be too conservative if EURATOM's own goal of 15,000,000 kilowatts by 1967 is achieved; obviously there is not full agreement among forecasters.)

The prediction is firmer when narrowed down to England alone. Her three reactors at Calder Hall, in the northern county of Cumberland, are now putting electricity into the national grid, and a fourth, at Chapel Cross, in Scotland, went critical in November. Contracts have also been placed for four more large power stations.

As to the economics of atomic power, Doctor Cockcroft believes the balance in Britain will soon tilt in the atom's favor. He sees a continued reduction in capital costs during the next decade and predicts that by 1962 nuclear power will be as cheap as electricity from coal-fired stations located at some distance from coal fields. By the late 1960's the cost of atomic electricity will be well below that from conventional plants.

It is estimated that atomic plants in England and Scotland will be generating power at the rate of 6,000,000 kilowatts by 1966, or a quarter of their total. Sometime before (*Continued on Page 109*)

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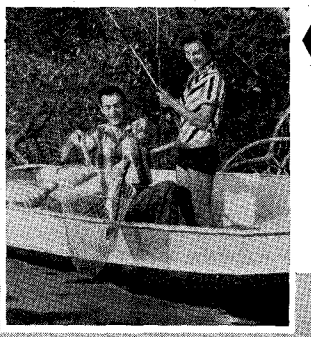

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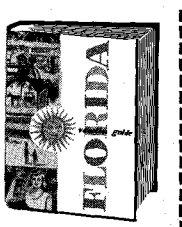

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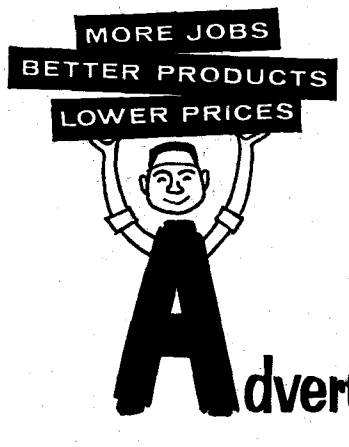

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(*Continued from Page 107*) this date, I was told, all the electricity used at night in England, when the load is lowest, would come from atomic stations. Load fluctuations always impair the economy of power-plant operation, by the way, and Britain and France are now working out a co-operative plan to reduce this fluctuation in their existing conventional plants. They will swap excess capacity via a power cable across the English Channel. It seems the people of the two countries keep different hours. The French get up and go to work earlier in the morning and create a peak demand during off-peak hours in England. At the other end of the day, and in spite of Paris' reputation for night life, most Frenchmen turn the lights off earlier in the evening than the British, which would permit their spare current to flow to England.

Britain also plans eventually to balance uneven demand by using its atomic reactors, during off-peak periods, to pump water to elevated reservoirs. Then at the peak-demand period the water would turn hydraulic generators to augment the atomic output.

The other great European power, Russia, sprang a surprise at Geneva. She was thought to have only one modest-size atomic plant in operation, and had even intimated as much in answer to questions earlier in the meeting. But in the middle of the conference she presented a movie of a 100,000-kilowatt reactor, and announced it was only the first unit of a 600,000-kilowatt station. This initial unit would be the largest reactor now operating anywhere in the world, although the Shippingport, Pennsylvania, plant is expected to attain this capacity when its second core is installed in a year or two.

The Russian film, in color and with classical background music, showed a well-planned industrial city, with handsome apartment buildings, women wheeling baby carriages along the sidewalk and the usual statue of Lenin. But when Doctor Emelyanov was asked where this atomic city was located, he gave a characteristically evasive answer. "It is in a geographically undefined area," he said. He finally admitted the town was in Siberia, but said it had not yet been given a name.

"If we wanted to write a letter to someone living there," a reporter asked him, "how would we address it?"

Emelyanov smiled and replied, "Just send it to me, and I'll see that it is delivered."

Soviet reticence about the location of this plant probably indicates its military importance. Dr. Walter H. Zinn, president of General Nuclear Engineering Corporation, at Dunedin, Florida, former director of the AEC's Argonne Laboratory and one of the world's foremost reactor experts, believes that the Siberian reactor's primary purpose is to produce plutonium for bombs, and not electricity. In a statement prepared for the Congressional Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, Doctor Zinn said the Russians' reports at Geneva showed they are making rapid progress in atomic power, are working on as many reactor types as we are and in some developments have ventured further than we have.

Another Russian atomic boast is her icebreaker Lenin, powered by three pressurized water reactors similar to those on our submarine Nautilus. The Lenin was launched in 1957, is to be commissioned early this year and will begin breaking paths through the Arctic ice in the spring.

France, making a late start in the atomic race because of her wartime isolation from the early developments, is rapidly catching up. Although her energy needs are not so urgent as England's, she must fill 40 per cent of them by imports, including Middle East oil. Uneasy in her dependence upon this vulnerable supply line, she has been surveying many alternative sources, with first reliance upon the atom.

Reactors of various types and sizes are under construction or in the planning stages in nearly all the other countries of Europe. Most of them will generate electricity, but Sweden and Switzerland are also building reactors for direct heating of homes. Sweden's atomic central-heating plant, named ADAM, will pipe hot water to Vasteras, a city of 70,000 located sixty miles west of Stockholm. The reactor will be buried in solid rock, a safe distance from the houses, and the rock chamber will be made radiation-tight by injecting concrete into the cracks and by lining it with concrete and heavy steel plate.

Probably no power station in Europe has received such close and careful international scrutiny as the 150,000-kilowatt atomic plant to be constructed in southern Italy, at Punta Fiume, between Rome and Naples. It is to be owned and operated by the *Societa Elettronucleare Nazionale*—SENN—composed of several Italian power companies. The project was launched by the Italian Government and the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development—known as the World Bank—and because it is to serve as an economic yardstick for other large European nuclear plants, it was subjected to a year-long study. Bidding was international in scope, with four British companies, four United States firms and one from France submitting bids. The winning bidder, announced shortly after conclusion of the atoms-for-peace conference, is the International General Electric Company.

The SENN decision represents a triumph for the boiling-water type of reactor, to which General Electric has devoted its main atomic effort for several years. In this design the heat of fission in the reactor core causes the circulating water to boil and turn to steam, and this steam flows directly to the turbines to generate electricity.

The United States' own atomic-power program, now entering its second round, leans heavily on both boiling-water and pressurized-water reactors. In the latter type the water in the fuel core is kept under pressure so that it can get hot without boiling. The heat is then transferred to a secondary loop of pipe, where steam is formed and conveyed to the turbogenerators. Westinghouse has been the chief protagonist of the pressurized-water reactor, and among its best-known examples are the submarine Nautilus and the Shippingport plant of the Duquesne Light Company, near Pittsburgh.

From the standpoint of atomic economics it has been unfortunate that Shippingport, America's first large civilian plant, was built on such expensive lines. Constructed to answer technical questions rather than to turn out cheap power, it was overdesigned and heavily instrumented. And the current it has been producing since December, 1957, has been correspondingly high-priced, about fifty mills per kilowatt-hour.

The five large reactors now under construction in the United States, however, should bring atomic power much closer to the cost of electricity from conventional stations. Four of them are to go on the line in 1960. The largest will cost less than half as much as Shippingport—$45,000,000 compared with $110,000,000—and will have three times the capacity—180,000 kilowatts compared with 60,000. This is the Dresden station being built by General Electric for the Commonwealth Edison Company and other utilities near Joliet, Illinois. A boiling-water reactor housed in a spectacular 190-foot-diameter steel sphere, it is expected to produce current at a cost, excluding the $15,000,000 item for research and development, of seven and one half mills per kilowatt-hour, or about the same as power from Commonwealth Edison's newest coal-fired power plant.

Three other plants to be completed in 1960 are: the 163,000-kilowatt pressurized-water reactor being built by Babcock and Wilcox at Indian Point, twenty-four miles north of New York City on the Hudson, for the Consolidated Edison Company; a 134,000-kilowatt pressurized-water reactor being constructed by Westinghouse for the Yankee Atomic Electric Company at Rowe, Massachusetts; and the Detroit Edison's 100,000-kilowatt fast breeder—producing new fissionable fuel as it generates power—going up at Lagoona Beach, southwest of Detroit on Lake Erie. On a slightly later schedule is the 75,000-kilowatt-capacity sodium-graphite reactor which Atomics International is building for the AEC at Hallem, Nebraska, to be operated by the Consumers Public Power District.

> The best way to bring up some children is short.
>
> ANTHONY J. PETTITO

Other reactor types will appear on the American power horizon, including one using a waxy organic liquid as a moderator and heat exchanger, and a helium-cooled reactor with graphite, encased fuel elements. A plant of the latter design, to be built in southeastern Pennsylvania, with Atomic Energy Commission support, has been proposed by the Philadelphia Electric Company and High Temperature Reactor Development Associates, Inc., a group of fifty-three other utility companies from all parts of the United States.

One of the most aggressive commercial efforts to speed America toward nuclear power is that of the General Electric Company, which has decided to put most of its atomic eggs in boiling water. Impressed by its twelve years of experience with boiling-water reactors and pleased with the interest shown in them at Geneva, G.E. has launched an all-out sales campaign aimed at "achieving nuclear power in the the shortest possible time and at the lowest possible cost."

Francis K. McCune, vice president of the company and general manager of its Atomic Products Division, in San Jose, California, announced that the campaign would be in two parts. One, Operation Sunrise, calls for a three-step expansion of boiling-water-reactor construction, with a goal of eight-and-one-half-mill-per-kilowatt power in seven years, and six-and-one-half-mill power by 1970. The latter figure, said Mr. McCune, would be competitive with 25 per cent of the conventional plants then being installed. Second part of the program, Operation Know-How, would be the mass production of twenty-five to fifty small reactors, patterned upon the 5000-kilowatt Vallecitos boiling-water plant now being operated by G.E. and the Pacific Gas and Electric Company near Pleasanton, California. These would be offered at $4,000,000 to $4,500,000 for the purpose of giving utility companies operating experience before they invest in larger plants.

The General Electric Company also suggests that the plants be placed within easy driving distance of cities and be kept open to visitors so that any notion of "mystery" may be dispelled and public acceptance accelerated.

General Electric is not worried about its project being upset by break-throughs in controlled fusion, the effort to harness the H-bomb principle for power production. "Fusion is still only a long-range hope," the company statement observed. This agrees with the view widely expressed at Geneva. For in spite of the impressive advances seen at the exhibits there, no one could say he had yet achieved a self-sustaining reaction in the laboratory. And forecasts of the date this will be accomplished ranged from ten to fifty years.

Not only are many American firms engaged in building our own atomic future; they also are much involved in Europe's. But the European business will not be so large, nor last so long, as many had assumed. This, at least, is the opinion of the more realistic observers. Europe has a lot of engineering skill, they point out, and will eventually become self-sufficient in the atomic field.

Alfred Iddles, chairman of Babcock and Wilcox and past president of the Atomic Industrial Forum, talking with me at Geneva about American deliveries to EURATOM, remarked: "The first thing people from these countries always ask us is how much of this they can make themselves. Actually, at least 45 per cent of the material can be produced in Europe. And after ten years or so we will have very little business here, because the Europeans, with lower labor costs, can make these things more cheaply than we can."

Much more important to us than the commercial gain is the strengthening of European defense that will come about through her atomic expansion. Robert Schaetzel, in charge of the State Department's program for peaceful uses of atomic energy, told an Industrial Atomic Forum conference recently that the EURATOM program would be "a big step toward a United Europe, a policy we have supported for ten years. Atomic power," he said, "will reduce dependence on Middle East oil and to that degree eliminate what is now a vulnerable factor in European defense." At the same meeting, Gerd Brand, director of the foreign-affairs division of EURATOM, welcomed United States co-operation as an aid to Atlantic solidarity. "We want a United Europe," he asserted, "but not without the closest ties with the United States."

And what about those nations which are less advanced, technologically and industrially, than Europe? How much help should we offer them in this field? How much atomic energy are they prepared to use?

The issue was brought pointedly to the attention of the Geneva delegates last September in the opening address of the conference president, gray-bearded Dr. Francis Perrin, distinguished head of the French atomic-energy commission and son of the late Jean Perrin, Nobel-prize winner in atomic physics.

"It will be easily understood," said Doctor Perrin, "that the appearance of a fresh source of power which seems to be unconnected with any accident of geography (uranium is now known to be much more generously scattered around the earth than was previously thought) should have raised great hopes in all those countries which are inadequately supplied with traditional sources of energy, and that atomic energy should have appeared to many underequipped countries as a sort of royal road to prosperity."

But the sober fact, Doctor Perrin continued, is that "in the near future atomic

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energy can play an important part only in a fairly restricted range of countries, which does not include those . . . which have the greatest need to raise their living standards." Before these nations can profit from the new energy source, Doctor Perrin asserted, they must first go through "a preliminary stage of industrialization in the old way"—that is, using coal, oil or falling water as their power source.

It is not simply a matter of ordering a reactor, giving it the old Aladdin rub, mumbling "$E=mc^2$" and sitting back to wait for the genie to do the work. Both capital and scientific training, it was gently pointed out, are prime requisites. Moreover, atomic power comes cheapest in large packages, as Doctor Libby emphasized at the conference; and many countries that had hoped to acquire it do not yet have enough industrial or household need for electricity to justify the investment. Offering an atomic plant to such countries, as a West Coast engineer privately commented, "would be as silly as offering a radar navigation aid to an Indian in a canoe."

Not all of the underdeveloped countries were willing, however, to accept a delayed timetable. Several are large enough and sufficiently urbanized to use fairly big blocks of power, and they indicated at Geneva that they were eager to get aboard the atomic train as soon as possible. There was also a feeling that the highly publicized advantages of atomic energy may give a stronger push toward industrialization than anything in the past.

Assistance to the countries less advanced in atomic knowledge has a high priority in the programs of the International Atomic Energy Agency, with headquarters in Vienna. This is an autonomous body organized by the United Nations in response to President Eisenhower's historic atoms-for-peace address in December, 1953, although it was almost blocked by an isolationist group in Congress and did not actually come into being until the fall of 1957. (See THE BATTLE OVER ATOMS-FOR-PEACE, by Demaree Bess, The Saturday Evening Post, November 16, 1957.) Its director is former New York Congressman W. Sterling Cole. The agency is set up to act as a clearing house for supplying nuclear fuel and to see that that fuel does not find its way into military channels. The first application for assistance in obtaining fuel has come from Japan, which wants three tons of natural uranium. The agency has also just completed a valuable manual of practices for safe handling of radioisotopes. In the field of training, it is supporting twenty-five fellowships on its own budget and is administering about 175 fellowships placed at its disposal by thirteen of its sixty-nine member countries.

Most eloquent spokesman for the underdeveloped nations at Geneva was Dr. Homi Jehangir Bhabha, urbane, Cambridge-educated chairman of India's atomic-energy commission. He was president of the first atoms-for-peace conference in 1955 and gained world-wide attention at that time by predicting that controlled fusion would be achieved in twenty years. He had less to say on fusion at the 1958 meeting, but he did present a detailed analysis of the energy needs of the underdeveloped regions.

China, Africa and the Middle East, Doctor Bhabha observed, have enough conventional sources of energy to raise them to a fairly high level of development before they have to call upon the atom. Other areas are less fortunate. "The underdeveloped region most poorly endowed in per-capita energy resources, and where atomic energy may be expected to find the earliest application," said Doctor Bhabha, "is South Asia and the Far East, a vast area stretching from Afghanistan through India and Burma to Malaya, the Philippines and Japan, but excluding China. A total of 775,000,000 people live here (as of the 1955 count), 382,000,000 of them in India alone."

Reducing the power picture to individual terms, Doctor Bhabha finds the "maximum readily extractable energy" from conventional sources in this region is only 2.3 megawatts per capita per year. This is only one sixtieth of the energy available to the people of North America. But more important, it is only about 50 per cent more than the Asian region's present rate of consumption. Since world energy demands on the whole have been increasing 100 per cent every ten years, the 50-per-cent margin won't be enough for Asia if she is to catch up with the parade. Doctor Bhabha, therefore, concludes that "any substantial rise in living standards in Asia and the Far East will require a vast import of fuel or a very considerable use of atomic energy."

He himself favors the atomic route for many of these countries, and he suggests that some of those not equipped to build their own reactors might purchase them abroad.

One of the strongest arguments for atomic plants rests on their fuel, which is required in such small amounts that it can be imported much more easily than coal or oil. A few tons of refined uranium will do the work of hundreds of thousands of tons of coal, and if enriched with Uranium-235, the weight advantage is even greater. Hence a nation far from coal fields or oil wells would have no trouble bringing in enough uranium to keep its atomic-power plants running. If rail lines were not available, the hauling could be done by truck or cargo plane. Those nations with their own deposits of reactor fuel would be even more fortunately situated.

India herself, with several large industrial centers clamoring for more power, is already launched on a fairly sizable atomic program. Her goal is 1,000,000 kilowatts of installed nuclear power by 1966, 140,000,000 by the end of the century. She has 700 scientists and engineers in her research center at Trombay, near Bombay, and expects to put into operation in 1959 a substantial research reactor built under a joint agreement with Canada.

Exploitable uranium deposits have been found in northern India, and a plant is being built in Behar to process 1000 tons of ore a day. India is also extracting uranium and thorium from the black monazite sands of the Kerala coast, in the south. They contain 10 per cent thorium—which can be converted in a reactor into nuclear fuel—and .3 per cent uranium, a higher content than most uranium ores being mined today.

The monazite operations are of special interest from the standpoint of radiation exposure. For the workers who shovel the sand into baskets and carry it on their heads to a narrow-gauge railway have lived on this radioactively "hot" beach all their lives. So have their ancestors, for generations back. The radiation here is ten to thirty times the background elsewhere and is as high as the maximum permissible limit for atomic workers in the United States. Indian scientists are therefore studying this community of approximately 100,000 to see whether genetic effects are apparent.

Typical of the smaller underdeveloped nations seeking their place in the atomic procession is Burma, with a population of 19,000,000, largely agricultural and still wrestling with the problems that came with independence. Immediately after the 1955 atoms-for-peace conference, Burma organized an atomic-energy center at Kanbe, Rangoon, named as its director an enthusiastic but level-headed young physics teacher, Dr. Hla Nyunt, and sent him to the United States to study for a year at the International School of Nuclear Science and Engineering, at the AEC's Argonne Laboratory, near Chicago.

"Our government feels that Burma's present underdeveloped state exists because we missed the first Industrial Revolution," Doctor Nyunt told the 1958 conference, "and now that we are independent we can by no means afford to miss this present atomic revolution."

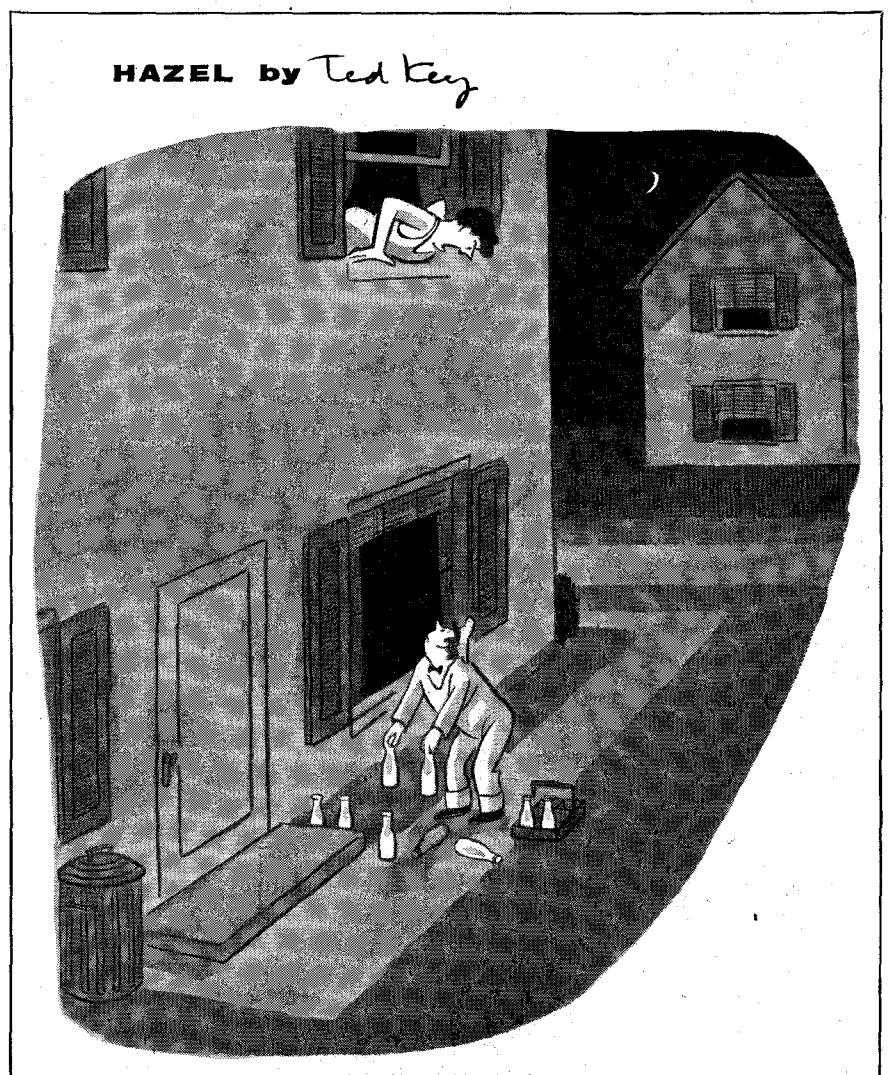
Burma realizes that her needs for atomic power are not immediate. She is still, for the most part, a wood-burning nation; 80 per cent of the fuel consumed, said Doctor Nyunt, is wood or charcoal, most of it for cooking, some for transportation and industries. What electricity is produced is generated by diesel or other forms of internal-combustion engines, or by steam. And to meet an anticipated 30-per-cent-per-year increase in power demand she has begun to develop large water-power resources. However, her industries are clustered in the Rangoon area, approximately 250 miles from the coal mines and the best hydraulic sites. This means expensive high-voltage transmission lines, which in the present disturbed state of affairs are vulnerable to sabotage. Therefore, Burma is looking to atomic power as a future alternative.

Whether the dates for atomic expansion in Burma and the other underdeveloped nations are far in the future or on this year's calendar, help from the technologically advanced countries will play a large part. And not all of the atomic leaders are as pessimistic about the timetable as Doctor Perrin was at Geneva. William E. Knox, president of the Westinghouse Electric International Company, recently told the National Foreign Trade Council, at its annual convention, that small nuclear-power units promise a rapid fulfillment of the energy needs of the underdeveloped areas. Nor does he believe these nations will have to pass through a slow industrial apprenticeship.

"I am convinced that nuclear power is destined to become the safest and cheapest power in most parts of the world," Mr. Knox declared. "And I personally consider that the nations with scientists, physicists, engineers, industry, manufacturing know-how and money have an obligation to all mankind to produce nuclear-power plants which will produce electricity cheaper than by any other means." Discussing the underdeveloped countries, he said: "It is in these vast expanses of desert and jungle where atomic energy will, I hope, play its most important economic and social role. In these areas of our shrinking world, demands will not wait for gradual evolutionary developments. We must help them leapfrog many stages of progress and endeavor to telescope into the next twenty to thirty years much of what it has taken a century or more to realize in the United States or Europe."

And regardless of their timetables, all nations can help themselves by using those atomic tools which are less expensive than power plants and easier to handle—namely, the small radiation sources, such as cobalt "bombs," and the wide assortment of isotopes now being produced by the reactors. In the second article of this series we shall look at some of the curious yet practical jobs these radioactive tools are performing.

Editors' Note—Mr. Spencer's concluding article on the peaceful use of the atom will appear next week.



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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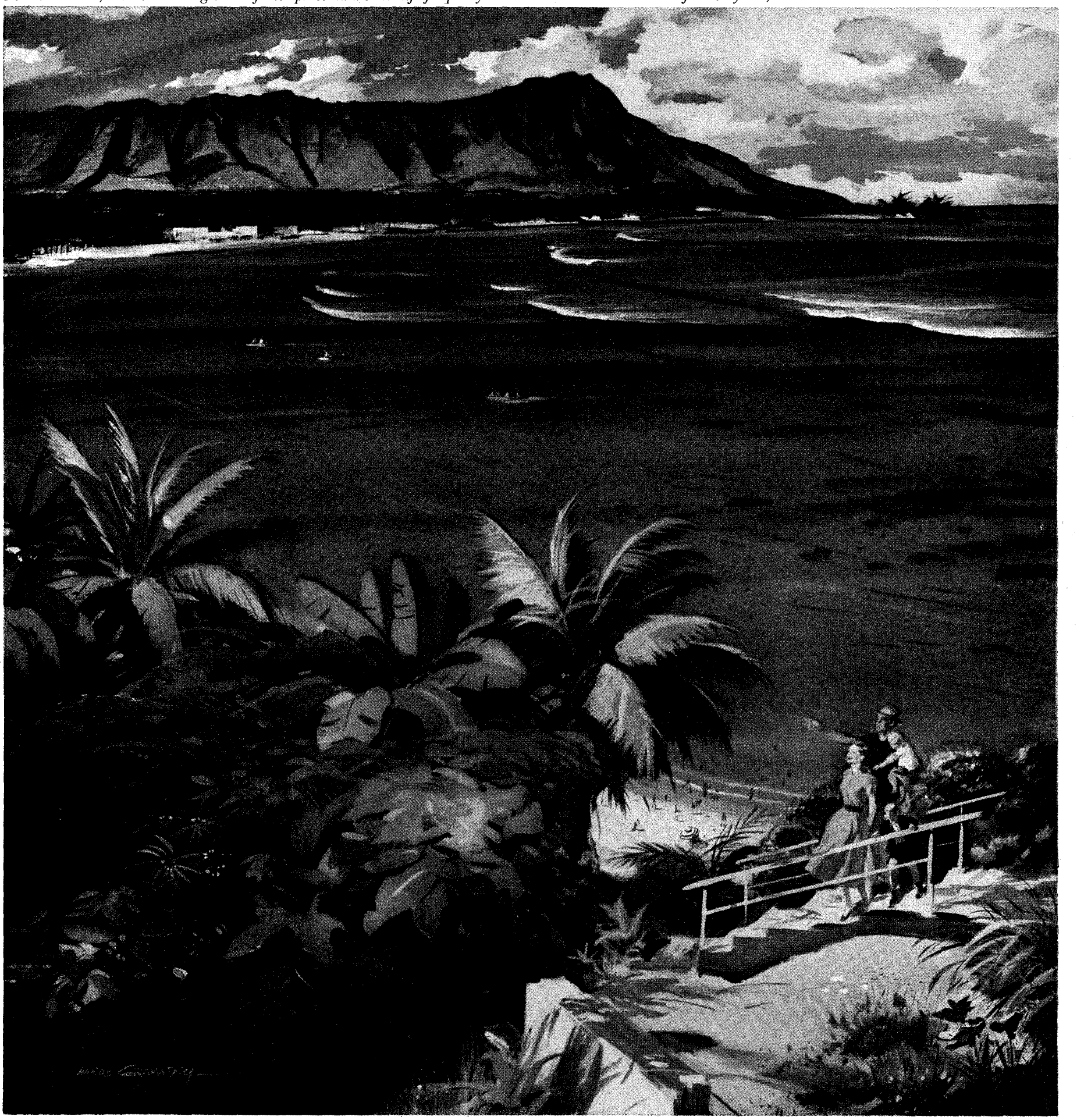

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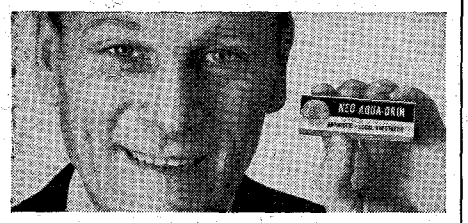

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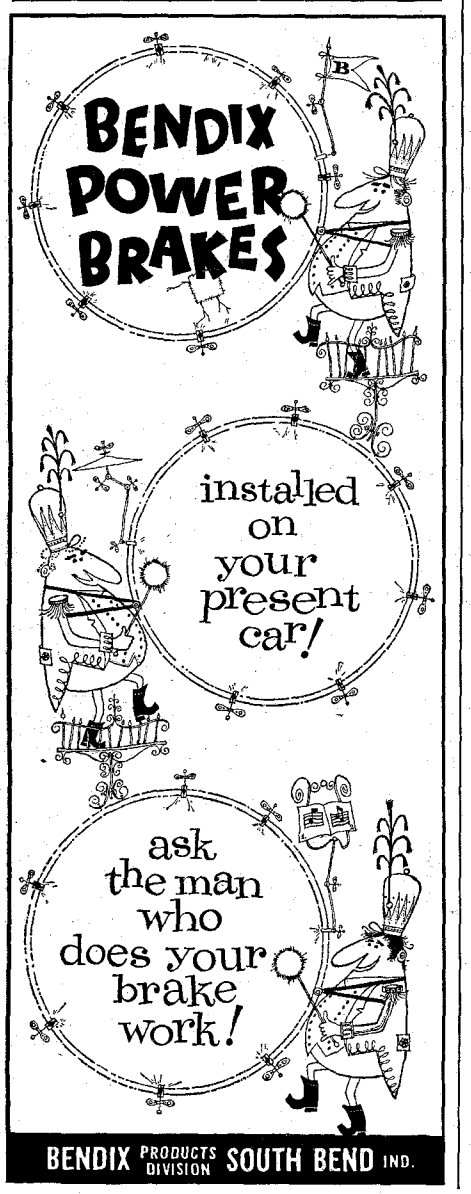
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Keeping Posted

Post editors at weekly staff meeting: editor Ben Hibbs, far end of table, is reading schedule of contents.

These People Produce the Post

Let's consider for a moment the company of people who edit the magazine you are reading. You'll find their names on the masthead (page 3): forty-five men and five women—exactly half a hundred of them. They hail from all over the country, but a dominant contribution to the staff was made by the Midwest—including editor Ben Hibbs, from Fontana, Kansas; executive editor Robert Fuoss, Saline, Michigan; art editor Ken Stuart, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; foreign editor Martin Sommers, St. Louis, Missouri, and seven other Midwesterners.

Other sections are strongly represented.

Managing editor Robert Sherrod is from Thomasville, Georgia, which state also claims senior editor Erd Brandt (Savannah) and contributing editor Harold Martin (Commerce). Assistant managing editor William J. Stevens is a Philadelphian; Washington editor Beverly Smith, Jr., is from Baltimore; and associate art editor Frank Kilker from Butte, Montana. There are eleven New York Staters, eleven Pennsylvanians, five New Englanders, and the rest are spread around hither and yon. Most distant in the yon category is the only foreign-born editor, Ernest Hauser of page 17, a naturalized American citizen of German birth.

When a questionnaire was passed around, staff members, including the ladies, were admirably cooperative about listing their ages, so let's not press this luck any further than to note that the average is 46.5—the ages ranging from twenty-four to sixty-five. That the editors totaled about 170 years of college preparation seems less noteworthy than that four of them never went to college at all.

Many children and a variety of avocations.

Most of the Post people are married, which brings us to the statistic that they have ninety-eight children, a promising outlook for future editors. When associate editor Bob Johnson reported on the questionnaire about his hobby, he set down "children." He has five. Yet he isn't bossman in the children's derby—so has Ash Halsey.

The recreational interests of the editors range from skin diving—did you catch Clay Blair's articles about treasure hunting and the cowardice of sharks?—all the way to the hobby of Harold Martin, which he declares is "thinking noble thoughts." (See Martin on page 30.)

Pete Martin, Marione Nickles and Jay Brennan go in for reading, a sort of busman's holiday, while Fred Nelson, who presides over the editorial page, lists reading first, but his mind often wanders toward the race tracks. The fishermen include Bob Fuoss; Stewart Alsop, "tennis, fishing"; Dick Savage, "music, fishing"; Bob Taylor—"fishing" period. Among the bird-watchers is Bill Bailey, who also watches "flowers, people and things." Although Bob Murphy is a mighty hunter and fisherman, his first love is falconry; once he brought an ominous hawk to the office on his wrist, but nobody was attacked. You ought to see Merrill Pollack zoom around on skis.

More ways in which they fill leisure time.

Arnold Nicholson, who rehabilitates old houses, not long ago told you in print about his charming old-new home in Philadelphia. Stuart Rose, once an amateur steeplechase rider, now is an enthusiastic fox hunter and a judge of horse shows and hunter trials. Peggy Dowst Redman's hobby is "people," so she seldom runs out of entertainment.

Erd Brandt never gets bored, being equally addicted to archaeology, classic cars, science and the Civil War. Among the sports-car addicts are Doug Borgstedt and Bill Stevens. Dick Thruelsen tussles with his farm, and Art Baum carves wood. Mrs. Katharine Mishler and her family have a wonderful time breeding sheep, horses and dogs. One of Ash Halsey's interests is "playing with deadly weapons," and you'll want to read his article about old cannon in next week's Post. As for Wes Price, he lists on his questionnaire, "filling out forms."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"My Husband, Arthur Murray"

Kathryn Murray, TV dancing star, tells the intimate story of the world's most successful dance teacher.

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